November 7, 1931

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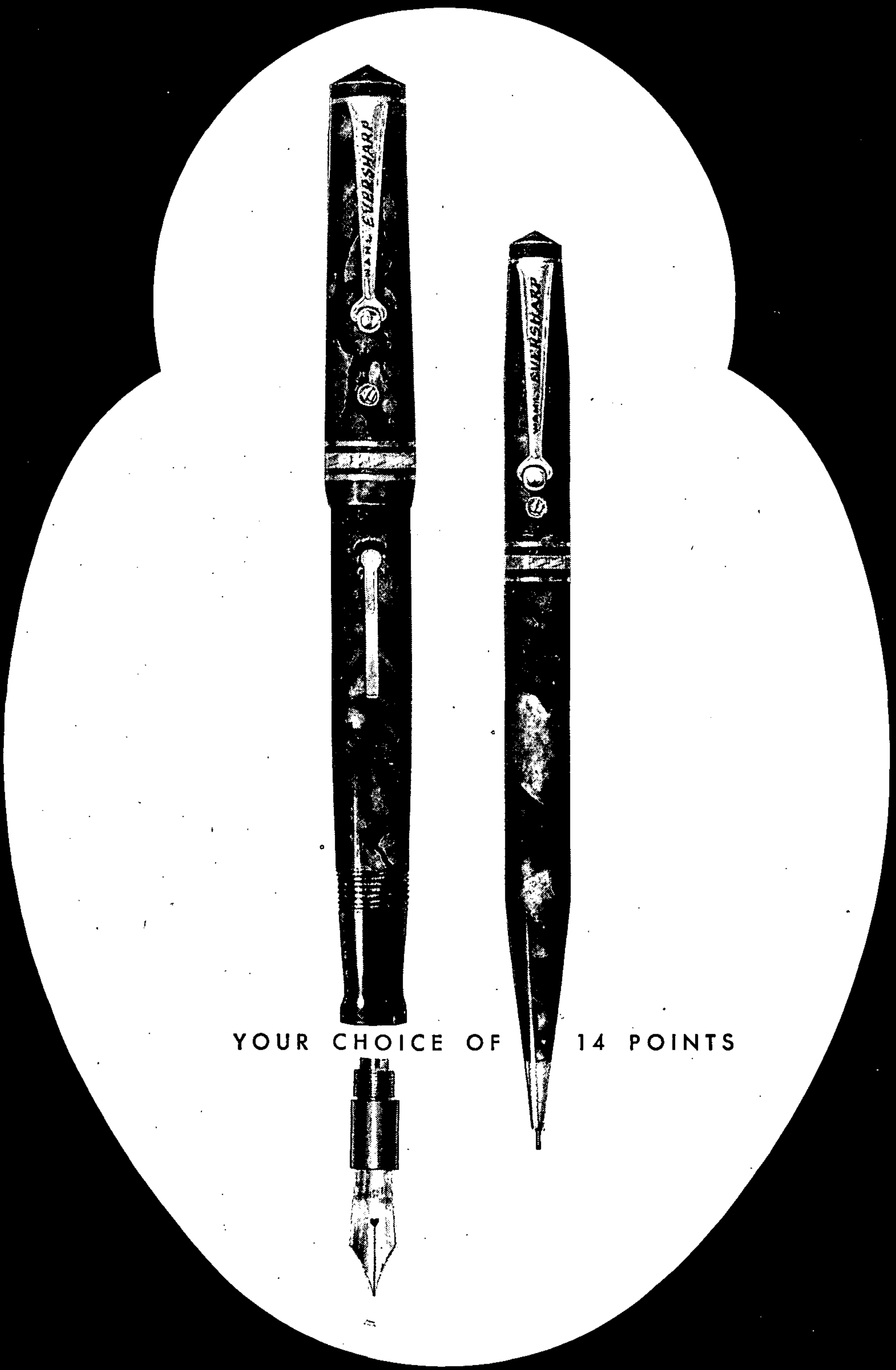

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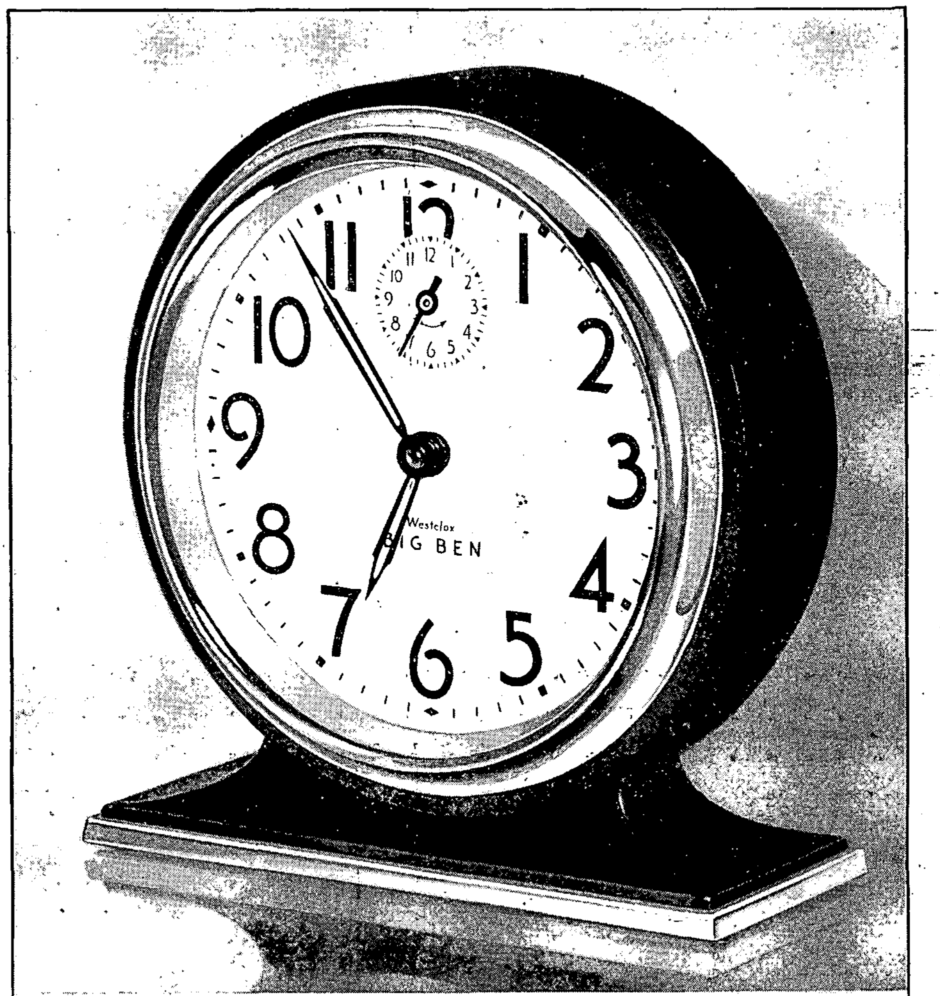

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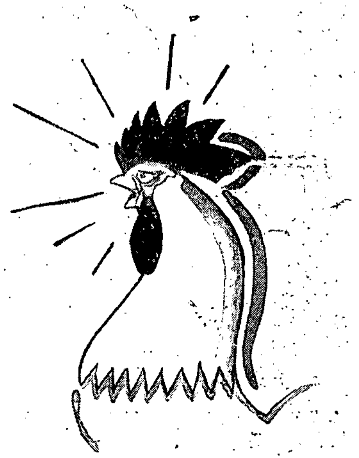

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE ENVY you the delight of reading for the first time Damon Runyon's football story, "Hold 'em Yale." It has very little football in it because Mr. Runyon's narrator, although present at a big game, knows almost nothing about football and is unable to report it properly. "What I am doing in New Haven," he admits, "on the day of a very large football game between the Harvards and the Yales is something which calls for quite a little explanation, because I am not such a guy as you will expect to find in New Haven at any time."

Sam the Gonoph, an inveterate ticket speculator, started it. If he hadn't had some tickets left over the boys never would have gone to New Haven and the little doll standing at the gate crying because her boy friend hadn't arrived wouldn't have seen the game at all.

A joyous occasion indeed, although the fight for the goal posts after the game was deplorable because the boys introduced fighting methods unknown to college guys.

THE movement toward some form of unemployment insurance in the United States gathers headway. The latest forward shove came from Messrs. Swope and Young, industrial prophets. We have frequently pointed to its inevitableness and do so again in this week's editorial. Industry is coming around to the view that it is as important, at least, to care for its idle workers as to care for its idle machines. Some employers have taken steps in that direction and already there is a considerable body of experience to guide the gropers. Owen P. White presents it in a dramatic article, "The Worker's Dividend."

ARMISTICE DAY approaches. The Legion men will be out marching again. Cheer them. They've got something on the other men of their age in the world. They can't get old. When they were twenty-one a bugle blew and they answered it. It led some of them to death and pain; it led the rest to youth eternal and triumphant.

Here comes the Watertown Post. In the front rank is Joe Baker. He's a margin clerk down in Wall Street, and has a wife and three kids. He's having a tough year. But what of it? He has seen lowering skies before. His story, inspiring and commonplace, is told by Edward L. McKenna in "The Flag Still Flies."

AND while you are in the mood turn to the verses for Armistice Day by Grantland Rice. You will see "Voices from the Dust" quoted frequently before the week is out.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT couldn't keep away from the theater even in China and Japan and writes about it with his usual gayety in "Going to Pieces in the Orient;" Pop Warner continues his football yarning; Hagar Wilde contributes a bright love story; J. P. McEvoy's radio novel and other items of unescapable excellence compel us to warn you not to tire your eyes.

THIS WEEK

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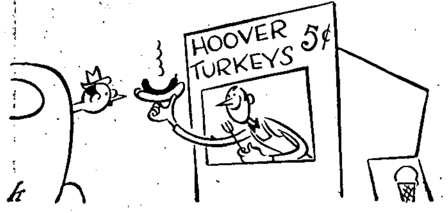
MOANING LOW.

Any Week

MISS MARY LOMASSO thinks that there is something wrong somewhere. Three years ago she went to work in a laundry in St. Louis and advises us that, at that time, the washing and ironing of a shirt (collar attached) cost the owner thereof just twenty-two cents.

"Six months ago," she writes, "we employees of this laundry got cut ten per cent in pay. Last week we got cut ten per cent more in our wages and the boss told us it had to be done because everything was coming down. But the owner of the shirt still pays twenty-two cents. This does not seem right."

AND Mr. Mack L. Smith of Bostwick, Florida, was driving his car through that hard-working state recently and observed a sign over a roadside booth—Hoover Turkeys, Five Cents. Stopping to investigate, he discovered that they were an inferior grade of Hot Dogs. Therefore he, too, thinks something ought to be done somehow.



WE COULD keep on like that indefinitely because our mail is full of reports of symptoms of general error. As for example Mrs. Henriette Downing of Fort Worth, Texas, who claims that she hasn't read or heard a good story for a year. All of which she attributes to the general bear market.

BUT we admire variety as well as you do and pass on to you a question propounded by Mr. Leonard Freas of Wheeling, West Virginia, who wants to know how much money the government would save if we stopped appointing commissions whose reports upon conditions will not be accepted unless they are helpful to the Republican party.

MR. ANDREW F. MURDOCH pauses on his way home from Milwaukee to tell us that he was awakened from a sound sleep in that city by a reverberating explosion followed by a series of minor bangs. In the morning he made inquiry of a policeman on the corner.

"Yep," replied the cop, "that was Jake's still blowing up again. Right back of your hotel. That sap is going to get a summons for disturbing the peace or something if he doesn't put in a new engine or move out to the suburbs. You can't keep blowing up every week without getting folks sore sooner or later."

YOU needn't try to convince Mr. F. L. Lukas of Portland, Maine, that the American Legion's rejection of the full bonus payment and its demand for beer weren't inspired by the Republican National Committee in the interests of the reelection of Mr. Hoover, because he says he won't listen.

"NOBODY knows just what ails us," writes Mr. Henry Loeser of Denver, "but everybody knows how to cure it."

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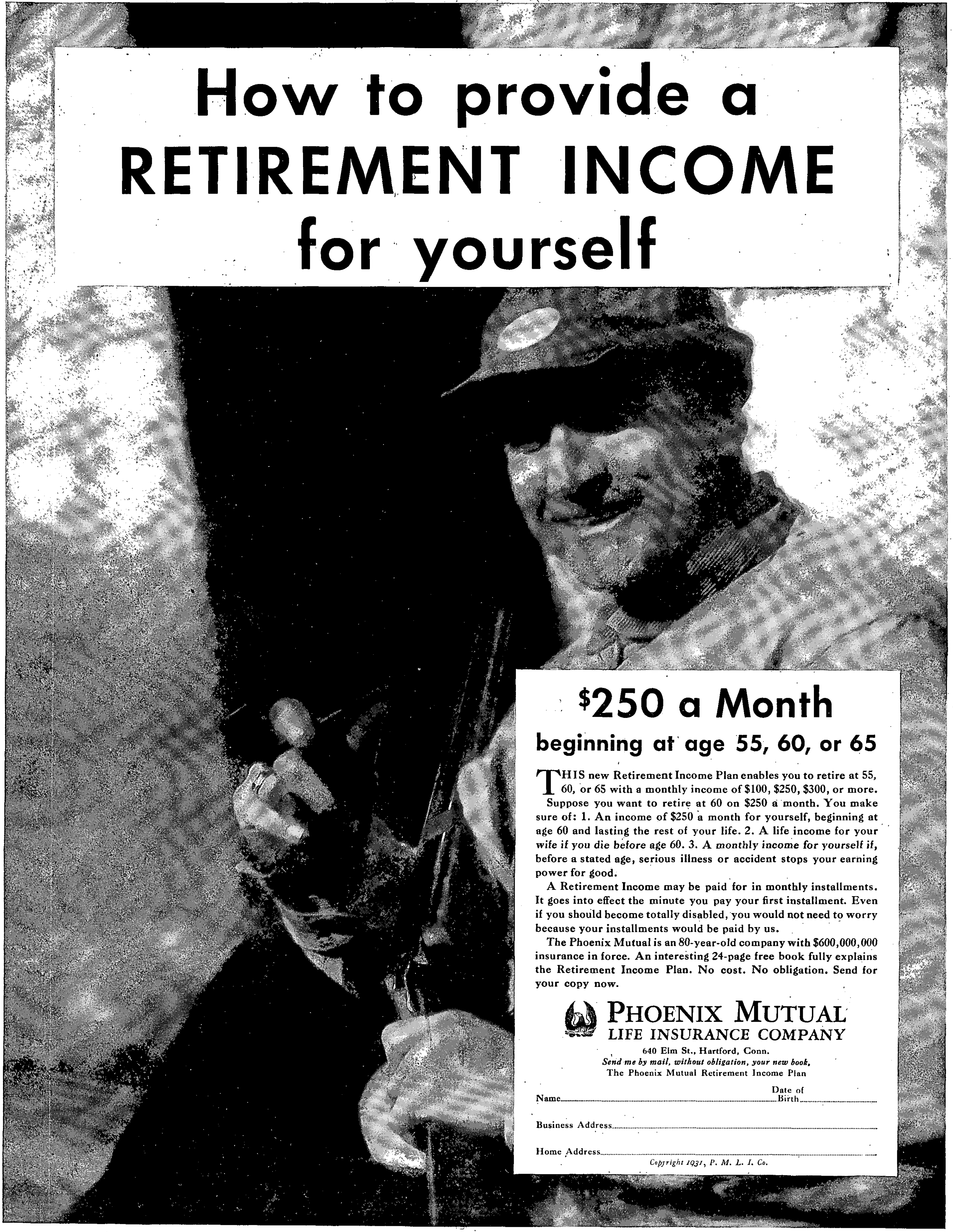

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Put new life in your radio today by replacing half-dead tubes with a set of brand new RCA Radiotrons—the tubes in the red and black cartons—the tubes backed by the *guaranty* of RCA. Isn't it worth it? Today—and *every* day—two hundred thousand dollars' worth of glorious entertainment is on the air!

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BEWARE of worn-out tubes!

Worn-out tubes are *destroyers*—destroyers of your enjoyment. They dim your reception, steal away volume, impair sensitivity and befog clear tone. Have your tubes tested *at least once a year!*

Hear the real KATE SMITH

Are you hearing this popular "Songbird of the South"—are you really hearing *all* the rich vibrating melody that she pours with such soul-stirring feeling into the microphone? If your tubes are worn-out, you are *not* hearing Kate Smith—not the REAL Kate Smith. Don't you owe yourself the enjoyment that a set of new Radiotrons will bring?

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The heart of your radio

Collier's
The National Weekly for November 7, 1931

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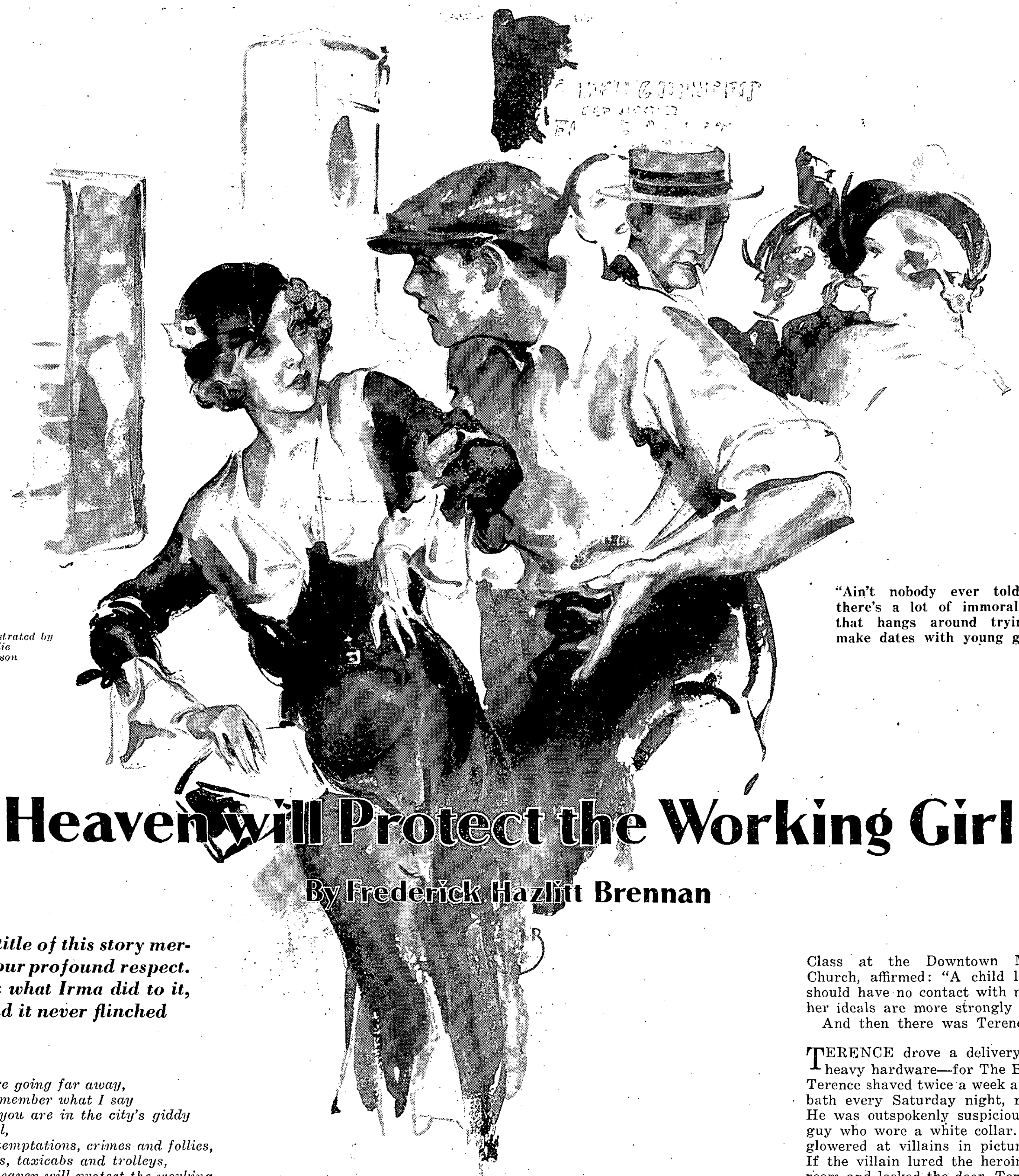


Illustrated by
Leslie
Benson

"Ain't nobody ever told you there's a lot of immoral guys that hangs around trying to make dates with young girls?"

Heaven will Protect the Working Girl

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The title of this story merits your profound respect. Look what Irma did to it, and it never flinched

You are going far away,
But remember what I say
When you are in the city's giddy whirl,
From temptations, crimes and follies,
Villains, taxicabs and trolleys,
Oh! Heaven will protect the working girl.

IRMA looked as if she needed protection. She always reminded Gracie, her roommate at the Y. W. C. A., of Lillian Gish as Miss Gish had appeared in The Two Orphans. Gracie also saw a close resemblance between Irma and Helen Twelvetrees. "Babe," Gracie said, "you was a dead ringer for Helen like she looked in Blue Skies when the matron of the Home was being mean to her." Irma modestly disclaimed these tributes by giggling delightedly and saying: "Oh, yeah, I'll bet."

But it was obvious why Gracie sighed on sundry occasions and said: "Don't you never go out with no man unless you tell me who he is and let me look um over." Irma had large, kitten-soft blue eyes; tears over the world's betrayal would rest as naturally upon them as dewdrops on pansies. Irma's silken, doll-like mop of ash-blond hair seemed pathetically to await the retributive snowstorm and the cruel, parental condemnation. Her round, childish face and dimpled, immature figure made her kin to all the heroines of fiction who have suffered man's wickedness. She was an urban Tess, a latter-day Marguerite, Camille's own sister.

There were others besides Gracie who worried about Irma's apparently inevitable destiny. Miss Lucas, head of the educational department of the Y. W., often said: "That child should go back to the country and work in some good Christian home." Miss Ledbetter, personnel director at The Big Store, gave her decision: "I think it will be much better for you to stay in Women's Wear, my dear." And added in an aside to Mr. Slocum when Irma left the office: "She'd last just about a month flirting with those men on the main floor." As Mrs. Hughes, teacher of the Older Girls' Class at the Downtown Methodist Church, affirmed: "A child like Irma should have no contact with men until her ideals are more strongly set."

And then there was Terence.

TERENCE drove a delivery truck—heavy hardware—for The Big Store. Terence shaved twice a week and took a bath every Saturday night, regularly. He was outspokenly suspicious of any guy who wore a white collar. Terence glowered at villains in picture shows. If the villain lured the heroine into a room and locked the door, Terence was apt to get excited and mutter: "You leave her be!" He always clapped when the hero ran to the rescue and worked his fists in unison with the celluloid avenger. Terence read and believed stories about white slavery in pulp-paper magazines; stories of skullduggery by hypocritical financiers; stories about two-fisted construction foremen who rescued bosses' daughters from the clutches of Harvard men and married them.

He was an amiable black Irishman, rather handsome except for the tendency of his eyebrows to grow together. He believed that a working guy was infinitely superior in morals, manners and intelligence to any guy who sat in a swivel chair and had his finger nails manicured. He believed that the city was a wicked place. It was his ambition to buy a cottage in a suburb, grow a backyard garden, marry a good girl and have six children.

Irma met Terence one afternoon at the employees' entrance of The Big Store. A bundle wrapper named Albert Johnson had addressed himself to Irma as follows:

"Well, they sure put it to us up there today, didn't they, Miss Lewis?"

Irma, despite many warnings, nodded.

"I'll say. Sales is somepin' fierce in hot weather. They claim like they got an air cooler but I didn't notice it working any. . . ."

"Naw, it never works. If they was to put on some extry help for a change I guess I'd drop dead."

"Me too. Seems like they don't care how hard you have to work."

Mr. Johnson smiled approvingly.

"I hope you didn't get all tired out or anything like that. I was wondering if maybe you'd like to go some place to eat and maybe a picture show?"

"Well—"

At this point Terence walked over. His attitude was suspicious, belligerent.

"This guy bothering you, sister?" he demanded.

Irma stared.

"Why, no," she said, "he was asting me would I—but what business is it of yours?"

Mr. Johnson laughed nervously.

"You've made a mistake, haven't you?" he asked.

Terence turned on him with a scowl.

"Oh yeah? And what are you gonna do about it?"

IT QUICKLY developed that Mr. Johnson wasn't going to do anything except to say weakly: "I'll see you some other time, Miss Lewis. I—I didn't know you was engaged or anything like that." He walked off while Irma glared at Terence.

"You certainly got a nerve," she remarked. "I don't know you. Who do you think you are, anyway?"

Terence looked very serious. His manner indicated that grave dangers surrounded Irma.

"I done it for your own good, sis," he said. "Don't get sore. You'd thank me for it if you was older and knowed more about this town. Just in from the country, ain't you?"

"What's it *to* you? What business you got butting in like a big smarty when I'm talking with a gentleman friend?"

Terence shook his head sadly.

"Him? A gentleman? Huh!"

"What's wrong with him?"

Her protector reddened.

"Never mind. It don't do young girls no good to be discussing all that so-on-and-so-forth before their face. You just ast your folks when you go home and they'll tell you—"

"I ain't got any folks and what's it *to* you, anyway? I'll talk to anybody I please."

Terence caught her arm.

"Lookit here, now, sis," he said, "that ain't no way for a nice girl to act. Ain't nobody ever told you there's a lot of immoral guys that hangs around trying to make dates with young girls?"

Irma exploded.

"For cryin' out loud. Say-y, you certainly got a nerve. Lemme go. Leggo of my arm. I'll have you pinched for mashing if you don't lemme alone."

He was stricken.

"Mashing? Me? You know better'n that, girlie. Listen—you come in and see Mr. Spencer who I drive for. He'll tell you I'm okay. If you don't believe Mr. Spencer you can call up Reverend Small of the North Side Baptist Church. My name's Terence Tait and I'll stand up to anything I ever done. I never insulted no girl in my life. I got just as high ideas as any guy you want to name and—"

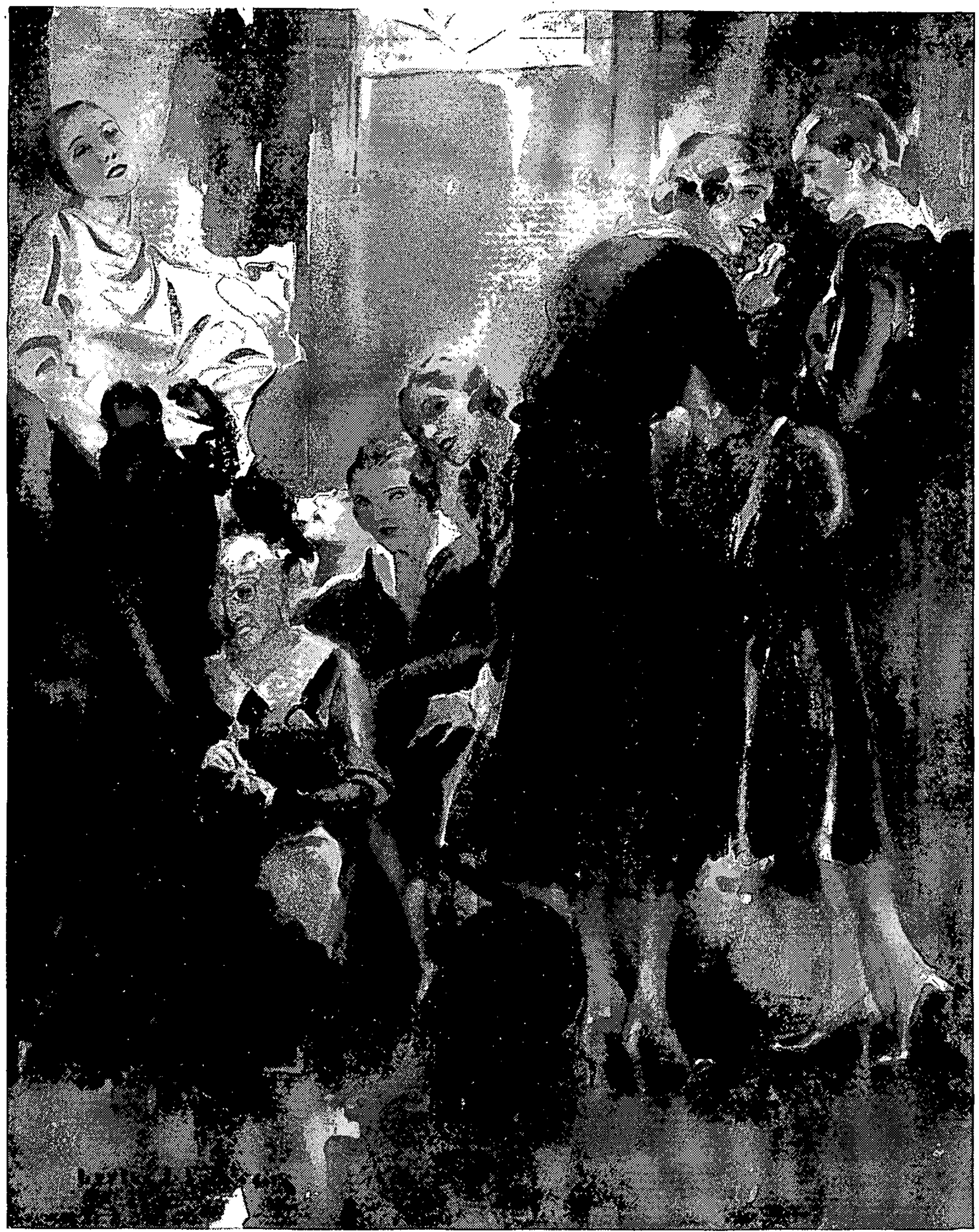
Irma walked off with her nose in the air.

But for two years she led a sheltered life amid the city's wickedness. Gracie and Miss Ledbetter and Miss Lucas and Mrs. Hughes and Terence saw to that. The schedule of her leisure hours ran about as follows:

MONDAY: Girls' Friendly Club at Downtown Methodist Church. Tuesday: Picture show or stock company with Gracie. Wednesday: Cultural Lecture Course for Underprivileged Girls at Y. W. C. A. Thursday: Social Hour, Employees' Association in The Big Store's recreation hall. Friday: Gym class and swimming at Y. W., followed by "busy hour of sewing." Saturday: Matinée with Gracie or trip to The Big Store's camp for employees. Sunday: Older Girls' Class at Downtown Methodist Church. Sunday evening: An occasional date with Terence when she couldn't get out of it.

Irma submitted to this regimen not without certain secret rebellions.

She was a regular reader of True Passion Story Magazine. She kept the current issue hid under the mattress of her bed. She was also a loyal follower of Hollywood Life, a movie-fan magazine. Her idols were in succession: Adolphe Menjou, Ronald Colman, Lewis Stone, Maurice Chevalier and Robert Montgomery. She had written Mr. Montgomery a fan letter, had received in return a letter from the studio publicity department thanking her and offering to send Mr. Montgomery's photo for twenty-five cents. When the photograph arrived she tacked it alongside her choicest possession, an autographed picture of Miss Norma Shearer.



Gracie cornered Irma in the rest-room during the mid-afternoon

Gracie, a Buddy Rogers fan, did not approve her taste in movie stars.

"You oughtn't to go around trying to copy Norma Shearer, Babe," she said, candidly. "You ain't the type. You're an ingenew. And I sure can't figure out your pash for that awful Robert Montgomery. He's practically a rooie or sompin' in his pictures."

AT RARE intervals Irma was stung into defense.

"Robert Montgomery's awful cute," she would say. "I like a fella to talk sorta wise-cracking. I guess you think I oughta be satisfied with Terence."

"Terence is a good straight fella."

"He's awful dumb though."

"You stick to Terence and you'll never be sorry."

Irma sighed. That Terence. Gee! He never made any wise-cracks about anything. His idea of a good time was to take you riding in his flivver out to some subdivision and look at building lots. He talked about basements and heating plants and gardens and how swell it was in the country. "That's a swell tree, ain't it?" . . . "Yeah." . . . "People sure live out here. Smell that air, sis." . . . "Yeah. It's awful nice." . . . "I sure am glad you come from the country. Gimme a country girl every time." . . . "I like it in town better." . . . "Naw, you don't. The country's the place for you." . . . You couldn't argue with Terence much. What was the use? You just said: "Yeah, maybe you're right."

She had visions during dull moments at the lingerie counter. Visions of lights and music and a swell fella who wise-cracked somepin' fierce and kept you laughing all the time. He was tall and slender and wore a dress suit and bowed his head when he told you how pretty you looked. She had visions during parties of the Girls Friendly Club while shy, stiff-necked young men in ill-fitting clothes stood about and said: "What particular activities do you follow, Miss Lewis?" Her thoughts were elsewhere during rallies at the store camp when shipping clerks and bundle wrappers clowned along the beach yelling: "Oh, you red bathing suit. Save me—I'm drowning!"

An evening frock started it.

Irma saw the frock one noon hour at Ginsburgh Inc. on Sixth Street. It was of black velvet and had a very low back. It looked just like the frock Norma Shearer wore in A Free Soul. The price was nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents and an unobtrusive sign in Ginsburgh's window announced that clothing might be "purchased out of income."

Going back to The Big Store, she told herself: "I don't care. I don't care what they say. I'm going to a dance if I have to wear my old blue crêpe."

Three days later, Irma made a date with Art Wilson—bathroom fixtures, basement annex—to go to the Fairyland Dance Palace.

SHE ditched Gracie and the Y. W.'s "busy hour of sewing" with an elaborate fiction about helping Miss Matthews mark tickets for a sale in the women's wear department. And, as always when Terence came around at closing time to ask for a mid-week date, she was snappish: "For Pete's sake, I told ya I was gonna be busy. If you keep pestering me you won't get to see me Sunday neither."

Terence was humble but protective.

"That's all right, sis, sure. You go home and get a good rest for yourself. You're lookin' peaked."

That Terence!

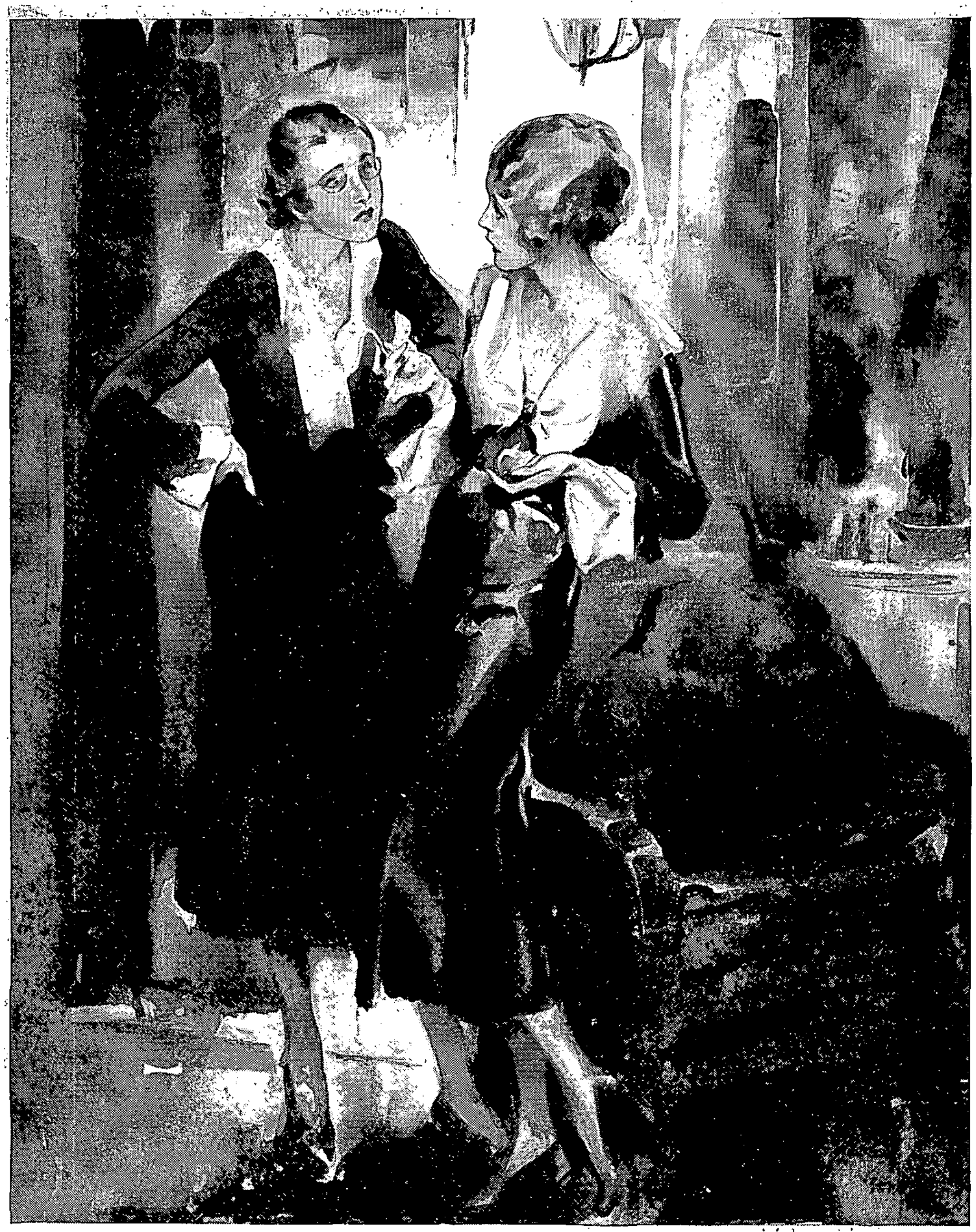
It was wonderful at the Fairyland Dance Palace. Art Wilson was tall and slender. By closing her eyes as she danced, Irma could forget that he had pimples and a prominent Adam's apple. He didn't wise-crack, but he had the merit of not trying to; Art was a young man of few words.

They danced three numbers. A bull-necked man maneuvered along the side-lines, warning dancers to be ladies and gentlemen.

"Seems like they're awful particular," Irma said. "I didn't know they was so particular the way you act."

Art remembered something.

"Aw, a lot of clubwomen have been



nose-powdering. To Gracie life was real and life was earnest

trying to close the dance halls. I guess Joe's afraid they'll send a committee around to inspect the dump."

Irma shivered with delight.

A few minutes later she was waiting on the side line for Art to bring her a glass of lemonade. The bull-necked man looked her up and down with disapproving eyes and walked over.

"You here alone, kid?"

"No, sir. I came with a boy friend."

"How old are you?"

"I'm eighteen."

The guardian of morals looked as if he didn't believe her. He stepped in front of Art as he approached and said something. Irma heard Art's voice insisting, protesting. The bull-necked one summoned an usher.

Art broke the news to Irma.

"He says you ain't old enough. I told him you was eighteen but he won't believe it."

"He's got a nerve," said Irma, hotly. "This is a free country. I guess I'm of age and—"

"I'd like to give you a break, big boy," interrupted the censor, addressing Art, "but she ain't a day older than fifteen. It's the boss' orders that we ain't to allow no girls on the floor unless they're of age."

"I'm of age and I can prove it!"

The bull-necked one shrugged. He got some money from the usher and handed it to Art. At first, Art was disposed to argue but a brusque "Gwan, now, get off the floor. I been polite about it, see?" settled the matter.

Outside, Art said apologetically, "We'll try it again after these buttinsky women quit howling. Come on, let's go to a picture show. Let's go to see Janet Gaynor."

Irma shook her head.

"I'd ruther see Marlene Dietrich."

Art stared.

"No fooling? Say—that's funny. But the truth is—I already seen Marlene's picture."

It wasn't a very successful evening.

NEXT day, Irma discovered that Gracie, who worked in woolen goods, had checked with Miss Matthews on the marking of sale tickets.

Gracie cornered Irma in the rest-room during the mid-afternoon nose-powdering. To Gracie life was real and life was earnest. She had a long, solemn face and her eyes shone piously behind hygienic, glistening spectacles. When Miss Lucas at the Y. W. assigned Irma to Gracie's care she knew her girl.

"Where was you last night?" Gracie demanded. "Miss Matthews says you wasn't at the store."

"What's it *to* you?"

"You was out with a fella."

"Well, what if I was? That ain't no crime, is it?"

"What fella?"

"Think I'll tell you so you can go and tell Terence and he can beat him up like he did with Lory Toombs? It ain't any of your business anyways."

"I'll find out."

"Oh yeah?"

Gracie played the trump card.

"All right. If that's the way you're gonna act I just guess I gotta quit associating with you. Any girl that tells lies and runs around with strange fellas, why, I don't guess I can be her friend."

"Huh! I guess I'll die or somepin'."

But that night Irma capitulated in tears and laid bare the whole horrendous story. Gracie was properly shocked. Maybe Gracie was a mite envious, too. But she concealed this under an eloquent appeal for Irma's reformation.

Gracie summed it up: "A girl like you, Babe, why she can't get away with going wild like that. You know yourself what happens to girls who go to dance halls with fellas."

Irma was sulky.

"I gotta have a *little* fun. Gee, Gracie, I can't meet the right sorta fella if I just stick around the Y. W."

"H'MPH. You already met the right fella. Terence is crazy for you. You can't tell me you meet the nice fellas at dance halls. I know those sheik fellas—how their morals are."

Irma tried to explain.

"It ain't got anything to do with morals or anything like that. It's how they talk. It's how they act. Gee. I like a fella to say somepin' funny oncet in a while. I like to carry on back and forth . . . sorta like . . . well, sorta foolish maybe."

A snort from Gracie finished her.

"Yeah. I know. Like them movie fellas. Fat chance *you'd* have traveling with a fella like that. Why, he'd high-hat you somepin' fierce."

Dismayed, Irma was tractable for nearly a month. She went back to the old routine. Gracie . . . matinées . . . Sunday School . . . picnics at the camp . . . sewing at the Y. W. . . . dates with Terence.

One Sunday, Terence with a great show of mysteriousness drove Irma to a scrubby subdivision on the northwest outskirts of the city. It was a region given over to bungalows with stucco walls and imitation stone porches. A few discouraged maple trees tried to hide a sky line of factory chimneys not many miles distant.

Terence swerved to a stop before a vacant corner lot.

"Well, Babe, what do you see?" he demanded, grandly.

"I don't see anything much," she said.

"It ain't been sodded yet," Terence explained. "I ain't gonna sod until the house is built. Say-y—don't you get the idea yet? It's my lot. I bought it last night!"

"Yeah?" Then, seeing the disappointment on his face, "Why I'm terrible surprised. It's a swell lot. It's—it's got a swell view and everything."

"I'll say it has," Terence exulted. "Highest elevation out here. Street all made and sewers in. And look how deep she runs. A hundred and forty-two feet. Plenty of room for a garden out back. And see them trees? They'll give shade next year."

She knew what was coming and tried to avoid it by saying with sprightly cheerfulness: "It sure is swell, Terence. Gee, I just remembered. I gotta be back to the Y. W. for supper. Let's go back by the river, shall we?"

Terence pawed at her hand.

"SAY, listen, Babe. You know why I bought it, don'tcha? It's gonna be for us, ain't it, Babe? You're gonna marry me, hunh? How about it, Babe?"

She said: "Aw, don't be sil. You got a fat chance getting married for years and years. And you only making thirty-two-fifty. Huh."

Terence said: "Oh yeah? That's all you know about it. What would you say if I was to tell you I already got a proposition lined up to buy my own truck and go into the hauling business?" He went on methodically, amiably, outlining the fine points of the hauling business and his prospects.

She stopped him with an impatient: "Oh don't be sil. I ain't gonna marry you. And that's that."

Terence set his jaw.

"Oh yeah? Want to make a bet on that? I'll betcha you marry me soon as I get the house built."

Irma looked at the lot again. Then she turned on Terence frantically.

"You shut up that talk, Terence! I ain't never gonna marry you. Never. I—I—got another fella I like twice as much as you. Just twice as much."

"Oh yeah? Name him!"

"Think I'll tell you?"

Terence grinned.

"You ain't been going with no other guy and how I know is Gracie keeps track."

"Oh yeah? Gracie don't know everything I do."

"Aw, now, Babe—quit kidding. You know I'm nuts about you," and then, confidently, "and you like me pretty well, too. Only you got a lotta flighty ideas."

"Oh, yeah?" she answered, in baffled exasperation. "Oh, yeah? I guess you think I'm gonna be an old stick-in-the-mud like you want me to be. You'll find out different, Mr. Smarty."

Terence only grinned at her, fondly.

Irma was out for no good the next week. She started a flirtation with Mr. Mudge, a floorwalker. Mr. Mudge spoke jocularly of being so lonesome he cried during solitaire games and couldn't see the cards. Irma said with unaccustomed boldness: "Gee, that's awful pathetic or somepin'. Ain't there anything I could do?" But Mr. Mudge was wary. He said: "What would your folks do if I and you was to go out some night, Miss Lewis?" She said: "I ain't got any folks." But apparently Mr. Mudge had heard about Terence for he said: "Oh, I wouldn't want to make the boy friend sore or anything like that."

ON WEDNESDAY evening, walking home from work, Irma stopped to window-shop on Twelfth Boulevard. A pudgy, well-dressed young man—he may be identified as Mr. Oscar Schurz, auto accessories, Detroit—halted to look in the same window.

"Hello, Beautiful," he said. "Isn't it pretty late for a little girl like you to be out?"

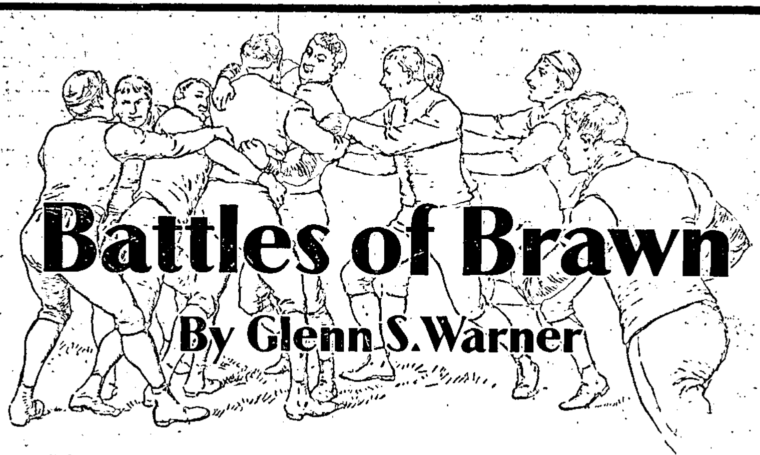
Irma turned hopefully, smiled.

"Oh, I dunno," she said. "It's only half past thirteen o'clock."

Mr. Schurz chuckled appreciatively and came right back with: "You better set your watch. It's two minutes of fourteen o'clock and they'll be turning the bears loose pretty soon. They eat little girls like you."

Irma was delighted. Here, at last, was a guy who could wise-crack somepin' fierce.

(*Continued on page 27*)



Battles of Brawn

By Glenn S. Warner

Culver

Here are tales of the days when a football line averaged two hundred pounds and a player with short hair was indecently exposed. A sock on the nose was very good psychology indeed and the man who couldn't "take it" sat on the side lines. Pop Warner, dean of America's football coaches and himself a hairy mammoth of the old days, recalls them for you

BACK in 1892, when football was a game to be played only by men born shaggy, our Cornell team met Harvard at Springfield, Massachusetts, a red-hot town in those days, sometimes furnishing crowds of ten or fifteen thousand people, who rode out to the field in traps, surreys and victorias and who were sporty enough to pay a whole dollar for a seat.

Mike Kelly, the famous Boston catcher, was in the grandstand that afternoon, a big man with a ferocious mustache. After the last whistle and while attendants were still sweeping up the teeth and ears, a newspaper man went up to the "King," and asked him how he would like to play the game.

"Not me!" he exclaimed. "Say, when I want to get knocked out, I'll go up against Corbett or John L. They'll do it quick and easy."

Early-day football was anything but a parlor sport, many games being little more than free-for-all fights. The average coach's idea of psychology was a sock on the nose or a kick in the shin, and when an official's back was turned everything went, from slugging and kneeing to mayhem. The historic break between Harvard and Pennsylvania dates back to a carnivorous game when it was claimed that the Penn players free-lunched off the legs of the Crimson players.

The ball was not kicked off as it is now, but each half was generally started with a flying wedge from the center of the field. The players locked themselves together in a V formation with the ball carrier at the open end, and the ground rumbled as the mass plunged forward. The only way to stop the rush was for the center and guards to throw themselves under the feet of the charge, while the tackles took a running dive right into the mass, with the ends and backs closing in from all sides to nail the runner if he managed to break away.

After each massacre, the players would stagger up and feel themselves carefully to find out what bones were broken. At that, substitutions were few, for an ability to "take it" was demanded of every man and all shrank from seeming to show the white feather. Ely of Yale, I remember, once played through a game with two smashed ribs, a sprained shoulder and a cracked collarbone. One popular anecdote told of a back who groaned, "I've got to quit. My left leg's gone."

"Well, what of it?" snarled the captain. "You've still got your right one, haven't you?"

No wonder all of us had our suits made of armor plate and grew our hair until it fell below the knees, some going in for mustaches and even beards. Headgear had not been invented, and the player's one hope was to mattress his skull with the thickest possible hirsute growth. This sometimes had its disadvantages, for when no arm or leg presented itself a man made his tackle by simply knotting both hands in the opponent's hair.

Played in a Pinch

No trick that produced results was frowned on. In one old-time game, Princeton discovered that the Yale quarterback pinched his center's hip as a signal for putting the ball in play. The Tiger right guard happened to be a giant with ape-like arms and, along in the second half when the Yale backs were crouched over, he leaned across and gave the Blue center a savage nip. The man snapped back at once, of course, and, as nobody was ready to receive it, Princeton broke through and grabbed the ball.

With all emphasis put on victory, there was small room for sportsmanship, and I have seen linemen pick up a handful of dirt and throw it in an opponent's eyes at the snap of the ball. One popular practice was to put in substitutes at the start of the game under orders to pick fights with stars on the opposing teams, either crippling them or having them disqualified. If a player was too good-natured or easy-going, the coach would tell one of his own mates to soak him in the jaw when he wasn't looking and then blame it on the other team so as to make him mad.

I played guard at Cornell from 1892 through 1894, and many a time after a battle that left me black and blue I used to ask myself whether I stuck at it because I was "game," or because I was plain crazy. Strangely enough, it was baseball that engaged my youthful fancy, and my dreams were all of the day when I would stand on the mound for some big-league team, pitching one no-hit game after another. When I went to Cornell, nothing was further from my mind than football. As a matter of truth, my entrance into college life was also largely accidental.

In the summer of 1892 I came back from Texas for a visit in the little town of Springville, New York, where I had spent my boyhood. Happening to go over to Buffalo for the Grand Circuit trotting and pacing races, I won fifty dollars and straightway jumped to the conclusion that I knew everything there was to know about horses. Moving on to Rochester, however, I lost not only my winnings but almost my entire capital, many of the animals I bet on not even having the sportsmanship to finish. Leaving the park, I bucked a "wheel of fortune" in a desperate effort to recoup and ended up with nothing left but my return ticket to Springville.

What to do now? I knew that my father wanted me to study law and after much thought I wrote him I had decided to enter the Cornell Law School, but that as the initial expenses were heavy I would need some help. He sent back a check for $100 and, thus committed to a legal career, I boarded the train for Ithaca. That afternoon I wandered over to the football field where practice was going on, eager to learn what the game was like, for I had never seen one in my life. I had been gawking from the side lines for about fifteen minutes when Carl Johanson, the coach and also the captain, walked up to me and asked how much I weighed.

Football Fundamentals

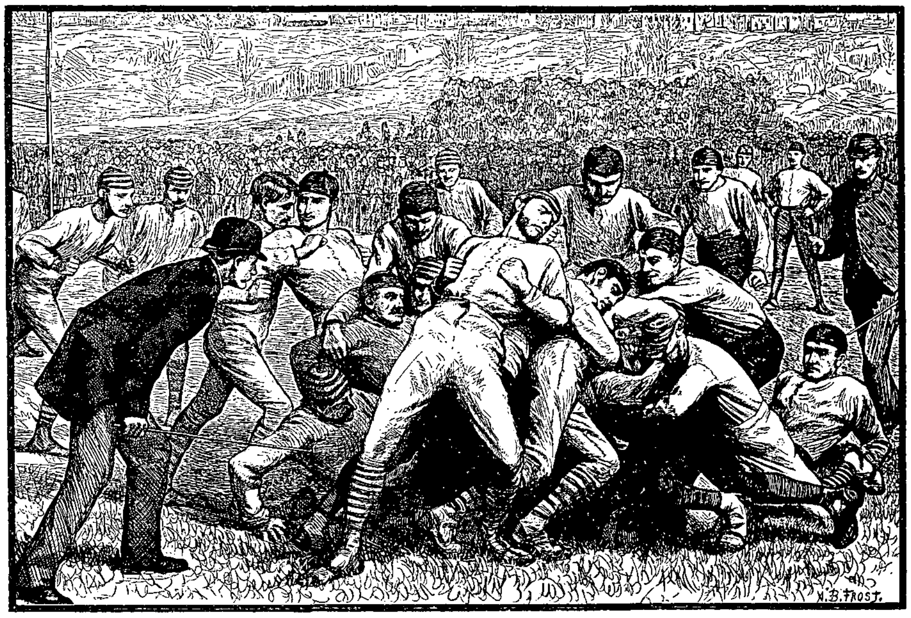
"Two hundred and fifteen pounds," I answered proudly.

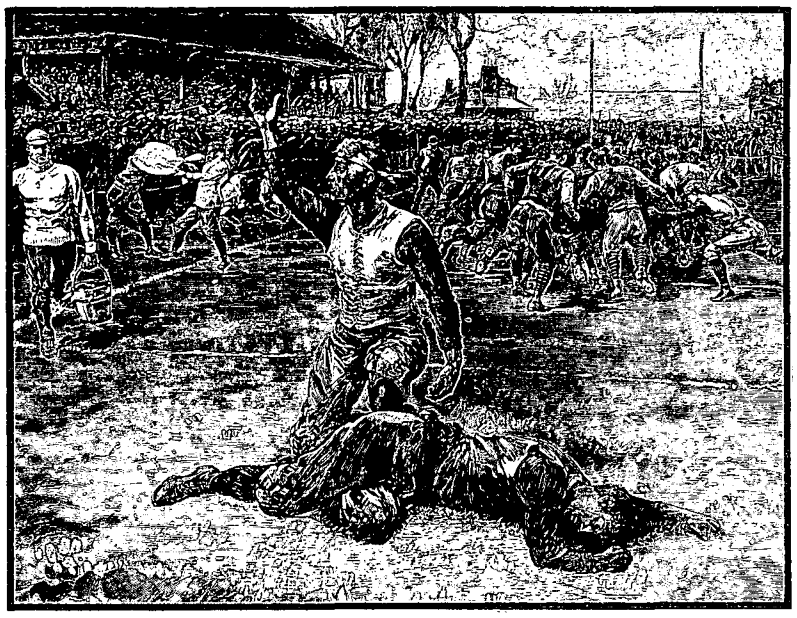
"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Get on a suit right away. We need a left guard."

"Wait a minute," I protested. "I don't know anything about the game at all."

"Never mind," he answered soothingly. "All you've got to do is to keep 'em from going through you and spoiling the play when we've got the ball, and when they've got the ball, knock the tar out of your man and tackle the runner. Perfectly simple!" All of which sounds rather woolly, but, as a matter of fact, it sums up rather accurately what a good guard is supposed to do today.

(*Continued on page 45*)





A. Sheldon Pennoyer Collection

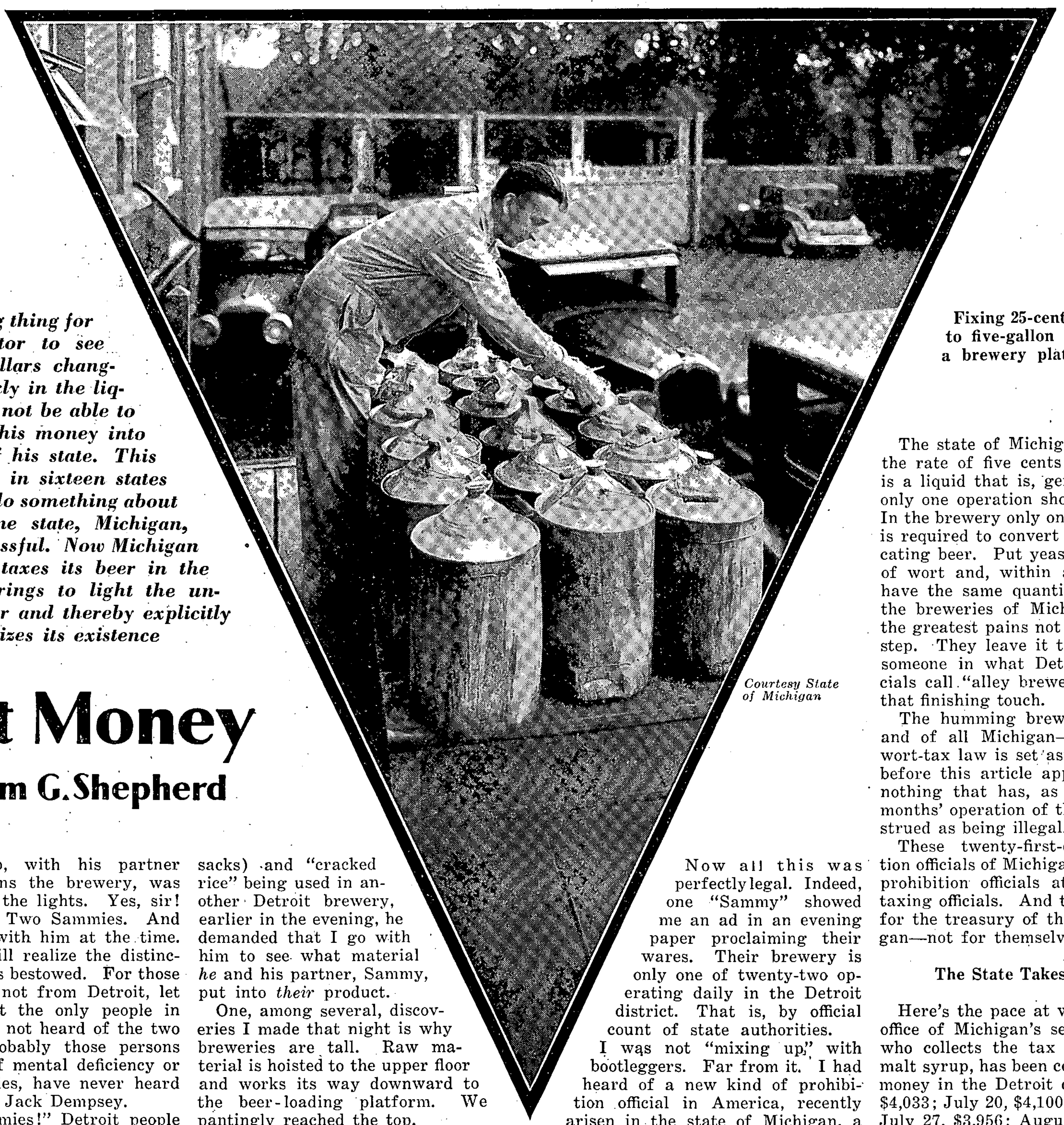
A. Sheldon Pennoyer Collection

Left, the 1879 Yale-Princeton game, from a drawing in Harper's Weekly. At the right is a drawing, "Out of the Game," which accompanied a Richard Harding Davis article, defending the game's roughness, in the same magazine

It's an annoying thing for a state legislator to see millions of dollars changing hands weekly in the liquor traffic and not be able to divert any of this money into the treasury of his state. This year legislators in sixteen states determined to do something about it. In only one state, Michigan, were they successful. Now Michigan measures and taxes its beer in the making. It brings to light the underground river and thereby explicitly recognizes its existence

Wort Money

By William G. Shepherd



Courtesy State of Michigan

Fixing 25-cent state tax stamps to five-gallon cans of wort, on a brewery platform in Detroit

SAMMY, who, with his partner Sammy, runs the brewery, was turning on the lights. Yes, sir! One of the Two Sammies. And this writer was with him at the time. Detroit people will realize the distinction that was thus bestowed. For those readers who are not from Detroit, let it be known that the only people in Detroit who have not heard of the two Sammies are probably those persons who, by reason of mental deficiency or other abnormalities, have never heard of automobiles or Jack Dempsey.

"The two Sammies!" Detroit people will exclaim. (No one seems to know their last names.) "Why, they're the two boys who dug under Woodward Avenue, right in the heart of town, and opened a brewery there."

The town abounds in tales of the "Sammies." To say you actually know them is like saying: "Gene Tunney stopped me and shook hands with me today." People who live outside of Detroit, having in mind certain local heroes of their own somewhat along the line of the two Sammies, will realize that it is no mean adventure to have one of the Detroit Sammies light up for you his whole huge five-story brewery, from top to bottom, at 10:30 on a late summer night.

It wasn't any easy feat, physically, to set that huge building ablaze with light.

Five flights of iron steps up to the top floor of a brewery; that was a tough climb for a hot night.

At every landing Sammy, garbed for a summer evening in immaculately white flannel trousers, black-and-white sport shoes and initialed, corded-silk shirt, had to grope around in the dark to find the electric light button. Dozens of lights blazed on each floor as he threw the switches.

It was my own fault. I had started the thing myself. Just because I told him that I had seen "flakes" (that means corn flakes which come in gunny sacks) and "cracked rice" being used in another Detroit brewery, earlier in the evening, he demanded that I go with him to see what material *he* and his partner, Sammy, put into *their* product.

One, among several, discoveries I made that night is why breweries are tall. Raw material is hoisted to the upper floor and works its way downward to the beer-loading platform. We pantingly reached the top.

Here at last was the material used by the two Sammies. Here was *real, whole-grained* barley!

The Best of Everything

"You must have a special boiler to break down barley," he said. "It takes lots more heat than cooking corn flakes." And here, in many sacks, was rice. It wasn't common, everyday, cracked or broken or crushed rice. It was *whole-grained* rice! Sammy poured some of it into my palm.

"The best chop suey restaurants don't buy any better," he said, with a broad smile.

"And come on in here," he said, pointing to a dark room. He went in and fumbled until he found the switch.

"Look here." I saw jute-covered, tightly pressed bales, perhaps three feet square and eighteen inches high.

"Read that." He pointed to stencil markings. I couldn't read the words; they were foreign.

"Hops!" he said, triumphantly. "Hops! The best that money can buy. They are imported from Bohemia. I'll say we make the best stuff in town."

From floor to floor the lights went out as we descended and came again into the presence of the other Sammy, squat, dark-complexioned, young and pleasant-faced, like his partner, in the brewery office.

Now all this was perfectly legal. Indeed, one "Sammy" showed me an ad in an evening paper proclaiming their wares. Their brewery is only one of twenty-two operating daily in the Detroit district. That is, by official count of state authorities.

I was not "mixing up" with bootleggers. Far from it. I had heard of a new kind of prohibition official in America, recently arisen in the state of Michigan, a prohibition official of the twenty-first century, rather than the twentieth, and I had gone out with a pair of them on their night rounds to see them work.

They were officials of the state of Michigan. And they were carrying out a strange, new duty because the state of Michigan has done a strange, new thing in our nation-wide effort to solve the prohibition question in some way or other.

Here's what the state did: It burrowed down into its underground world and brought up to the surface, where its flow could be plainly seen, regulated and in part controlled, just a small loop of that undersurface booze pipeline which stretches, in secret, from booze producer to booze consumer beneath our whole land.

Its flow can be *seen* in this small loop, but more than that, it can there be taxed. At this writing the state of Michigan, by measuring this flow through a small section of the pipeline, is taking in over $3,000 a day in taxes which are imposed on what, for short, we shall call the "makings" of beer.

Twenty-two breweries running in the Detroit district! And by running I mean humming. I visited over a dozen of them. They are not making beer. They are making the "makings" of beer. I here introduce a word that is new to most Americans. They are making wort—pronounced "wert."

The state of Michigan taxes wort at the rate of five cents a gallon. Wort is a liquid that is, generally speaking, only one operation short of being beer. In the brewery only one further process is required to convert wort into intoxicating beer. Put yeast into a quantity of wort and, within a few days, you have the same quantity of beer. But the breweries of Michigan are taking the greatest pains not to take this final step. They leave it to someone else—someone in what Detroit and its officials call "alley breweries"—to put on that finishing touch.

The humming breweries of Detroit, and of all Michigan—unless the new wort-tax law is set aside by the courts before this article appears—are doing nothing that has, as yet, after three months' operation of the law, been construed as being illegal.

These twenty-first-century prohibition officials of Michigan were not really prohibition officials at all; they were taxing officials. And they get money—for the treasury of the state of Michigan—not for themselves.

The State Takes Its "Cut"

Here's the pace at which the Detroit office of Michigan's secretary of state, who collects the tax on wort and on malt syrup, has been collecting such tax money in the Detroit district: July 17, $4,033; July 20, $4,100; July 23, $3,400; July 27, $3,956; August 1, $2,466; August 3, $2,648; August 4, $2,975; August 5, $3,843; August 6, $2,596.

The rate of tax collections in the Detroit district would indicate that Detroit is about a 500,000-bottles-of-beer-a-day town.

At the lowest possible estimate the state consumes the makings of 750,000 bottles of beer a day.

At twenty-five cents a bottle, the prevailing rate, consumers pay $187,500 a day for beer in the state. Not much money for one day perhaps. Multiply it by 365 days, however, and you have by official state figures the sum of over $68,000,000 spent yearly in Michigan for beer.

Out of the underground flow of money from consumer to producer that parallels the underground flow of booze from producer to consumer, the state of Michigan, at the time of my visit, had been taking in funds at the rate of about $1,000,000 a year.

I had just come from Chicago, where in late July over one million dollars in spring salaries remained unpaid to school teachers, but where *two million dollars a week* in booze graft money changes hands to keep about 25,000 speakeasies going.

The trickle of money into the treasury of the state of Michigan from at least part of the booze traffic in its great cities was an astonishing contrast. Booze, which some of the people of Chicago appear to be determined to have, sends money into the private pockets of officials. Booze, which some of the people of Detroit and Michigan seem determined to have, sends at least a little money into the state treasury.

The wort-tax business is as spectacular as a movie thriller. I've said that the state of Michigan, by this wort tax, draws the underground flow of alcoholic liquids—at least some of them—up to the surface, where it can get at them, at least for a moment.

This it actually does. You can see the operation with your own eyes, at any one of the twenty-two breweries in the Detroit district, or elsewhere in such institutions throughout the state.

Beer cars, usually fleet and furtive, stand still and let the state pat them, in Michigan. And in the state's palm, as it does this patting, is a batch of mucilaged stamps, costing from a nickel to a dollar each, which are fastened to the car or the truck, at the beer runner's expense.

The brewery, as we have seen, makes wort, and stops there. This wort is taken away from the brewery—where? Well, to places where that final important process, fermentation, is achieved.

Now I could not tell, as I stood on various brewery loading platforms, throughout a long and fascinatingly interesting night, and watched the "wort runners" in their curiously devised cars load up—I could not tell from anything I saw whether the state of Michigan knows that this wort is being moved away from breweries to be turned into beer.

However, there is only one purpose in the world to which wort can be put. It's a one-purpose article, like ink, for example. You can't even wash a car with wort. It is solely the "makings" of beer. But here, at the brewery, it is not beer.

And that's why these strange and often oddly shaped cars pass freely in and out through the brewery gates, throughout the night hours.

I was standing on one brewery platform with two of the malt-tax inspectors, talking with the night platform man, when a little motor car, of fast make but grimy appearance, dashed into the yard.

"All O. K.?" asked a blond young man, who might, from voice and appearance, have been a university sophomore.

"Come ahead," said the brewery platform man.

The young man glanced toward the three of us, questioningly.

"All right," reassured the platform man. "Malt-tax men."

The little car turned and dashed out, under the brewery yard arc lights, through the big gateway.

Shortly, one of the oddest-looking automobiles I have ever seen roared in through the gateway and drew up alongside the brewery wall, to make connection with the big hose which leads into the wort vats.

"Warm tonight?" asked a big, well-dressed youth, who came from the big car to the platform. He wasn't asking about the weather. He wanted warm wort. It costs extra money spent for fuel to turn cold wort into beer.

"Yes, a new run," answered the brewery salesman.

A Special-Purpose Automobile

We all went over to the car. On its chassis had been placed a long steel tank, about three feet high. This tank extended so far behind the rear wheels that it looked as if these wheels were at the middle of the car. The rear wheels were very heavy and the tires huge. The front wheels, on the contrary, were of the ordinary light-truck type. It was a motor truck that had evidently been built for a special purpose—speed and low center of gravity. It was well painted, a dark green.

One man unscrewed a plate from the top of the tank. Into the hole he thrust the end of the hose. The brewery salesman turned a valve wheel and the wort came rushing through like water from a fireman's hose. It came under air pressure. Gravity is too slow. These boys like to fill up in a hurry and get on their way. Brewery yards aren't healthy places for strange trucks like theirs. Prohibition men, Federal or state, might catch them and trail them.

The tank was filled. The boys screwed on the top. But they didn't dash away. They waited. The brewery salesman went into the brewery office and came out with a batch of state malt-tax stamps.

One of the men opened a door at the end of the tank. I caught a glimpse of gauges and valves, such as you see on boilers; air-pressure apparatus for quick unloading; for "blowing out a cargo."

"Slap 'em here," he said.

The brewery man pasted $40 worth of state stamps on the end of the tank and the young man slammed the door with a bang.

"Right!" he said. "Eight hundred gallons; forty smackers."

He paid in cash with four ten-dollar bills. He and his partner climbed into the sheltered seat.

"They go to Cleveland," the platform man whispered. "Make the trip sometimes twice a night."

"Got far to go?" asked one of the malt-tax men, banteringly.

"We'll make Denmark tonight if the Federal men don't take us on the road."

"They can't take wort, can they?"

"They can't but they do, sometimes. Well, so long."

It must have been a powerfully motored car. Its roar was deafening as the driver started it. The car moved slowly. Its huge, rear wheels jammed against the edge of a brick walk. Its projecting rear end settled back. It reminded me of a trick car I had seen at the circus. We thought that the front end of the car would be lifted into the air. The sloshing load of three and a half tons of liquid swayed on the car springs. The car was backed. It started forward again. This time it cleared the walk. It roared across the yard, headed for the great gateway in the high fence. Into the dark side street it turned and we soon lost the heavy throb of its engine in the distance. Back into the underground world dipped the cargo as the car went out into the night. But the state of Michigan had brought it up to the surface for two or three minutes, anyhow. Long enough to measure and tax it.

"They don't pay cash for the wort?" I asked the brewery man.

"Not all of them," he said. "Those fellows are regular customers. Their check comes round once a week. But I never let the boys put the state tax money on the cuff. That's cash, because the brewery has to pay cash for the stamps."

Feeding the "Alley Breweries"

You will see, with this article, a photograph of a common type of wort-runner's car. I saw dozens of them in a one-night round of the breweries. A welded steel tank is built inside of an ordinary large sedan car; such a job costs about $200, I was told. All the seats are taken from the car. The tank fills all the space, up to the window level. The tank makers ingeniously mold the tank so that the driver has a niche in which to sit. But underneath his sheet-steel seat is sloshing wort.

"That stuff gets too cold to sit on, some of our winter nights," one driver, who was proudly showing me his car, complained. "Gave me rheumatism. I'm going to try an electric pad for a cushion next winter."

State malt-tax stamps are sometimes placed on the top of the tank, behind the driver's seat; sometimes on the side of the tank, behind the rear door. They must be defaced as soon as they are put in place so that they may not be used again.

These tank sedans that go through Detroit's streets in the darkness to "alley breweries" often look shabby and inconspicuous. But any expert can spot one of them. The rear tires are one give-away. They are truck tires. The wheels are always too heavy for the type of pleasure car they seem to carry. Look underneath, and you will see that the springs are not standard equipment; they are strong springs, taken from heavy trucks. It's dead easy to spot a wort-runner's car, once you know how. And the easiest sign of all is a license plate wired to the car. Every "wort car" I saw carried this wired-on plate.

"So they can change their plates every night, if they want to," explained one platform man.

"Or at a minute's warning," suggested another.

Bad Customers—Bad Debts

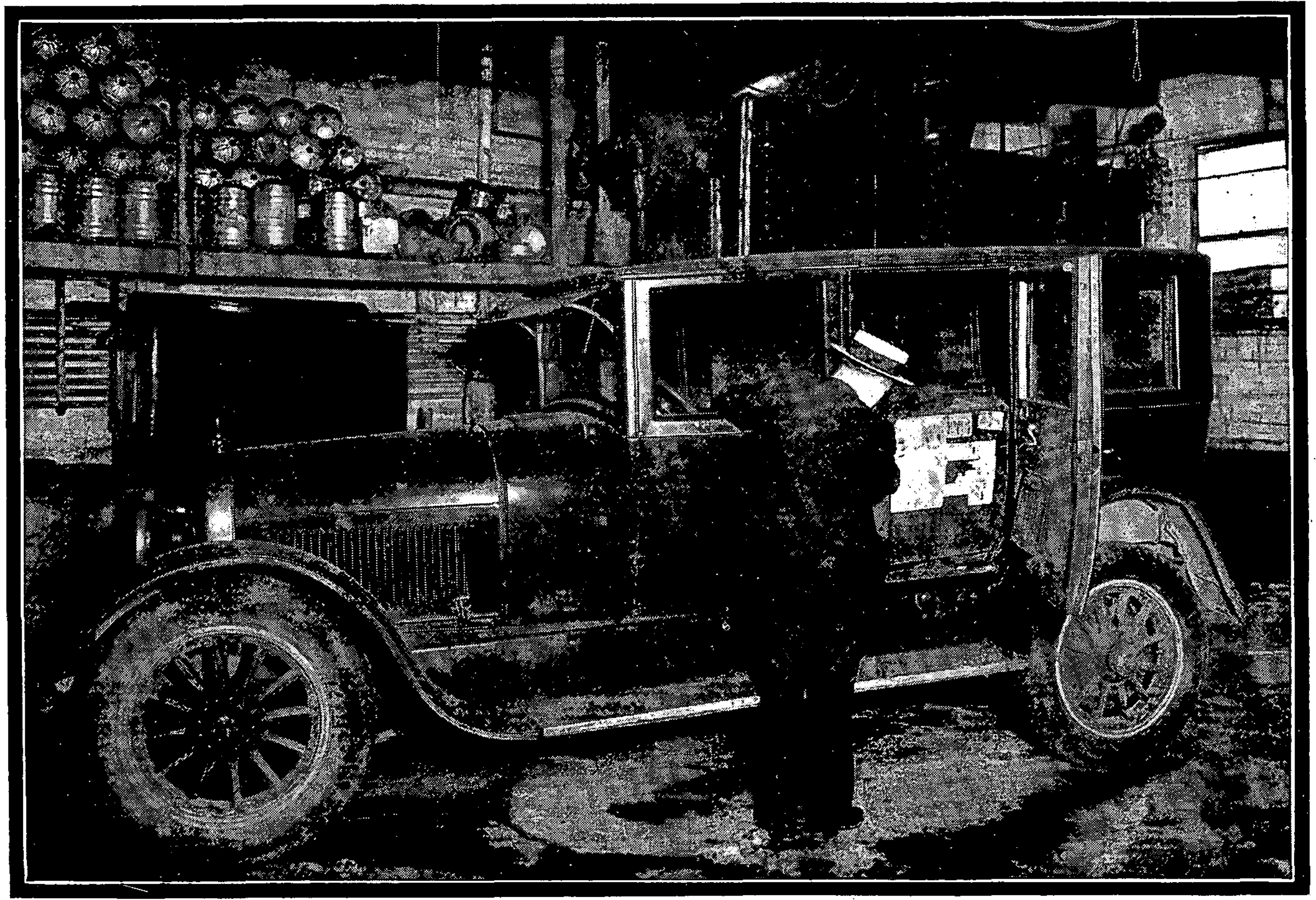
I discovered that a good many of the brewery platform men don't take great pleasure in dealing with some of their customers.

"A good many of 'em are rats," one man told me, "especially the foreigners. I can't tell you how tough some of 'em are. You wouldn't believe it. You'd think you were in some wild foreign land where there ain't any laws.

"Let one of those boys run up a bill on you and see what happens. You're out here on the platform all alone, after the crews have gone home, say about three o'clock in the morning, and in comes some of these boys in their car.

"You try to tell 'em you won't serve 'em until they've paid their back bill. They're likely to take you away in their car and make you quiet for good. They've done it, too, to brewery men. Thrown their bodies into the river, too, just to be devilish, so the folks couldn't take the body to the church."

One brewer told me he had lost $150,000 in four years by bad debts. "The boys get caught or put in jail or on the spot or something like that and blooey goes your dough."



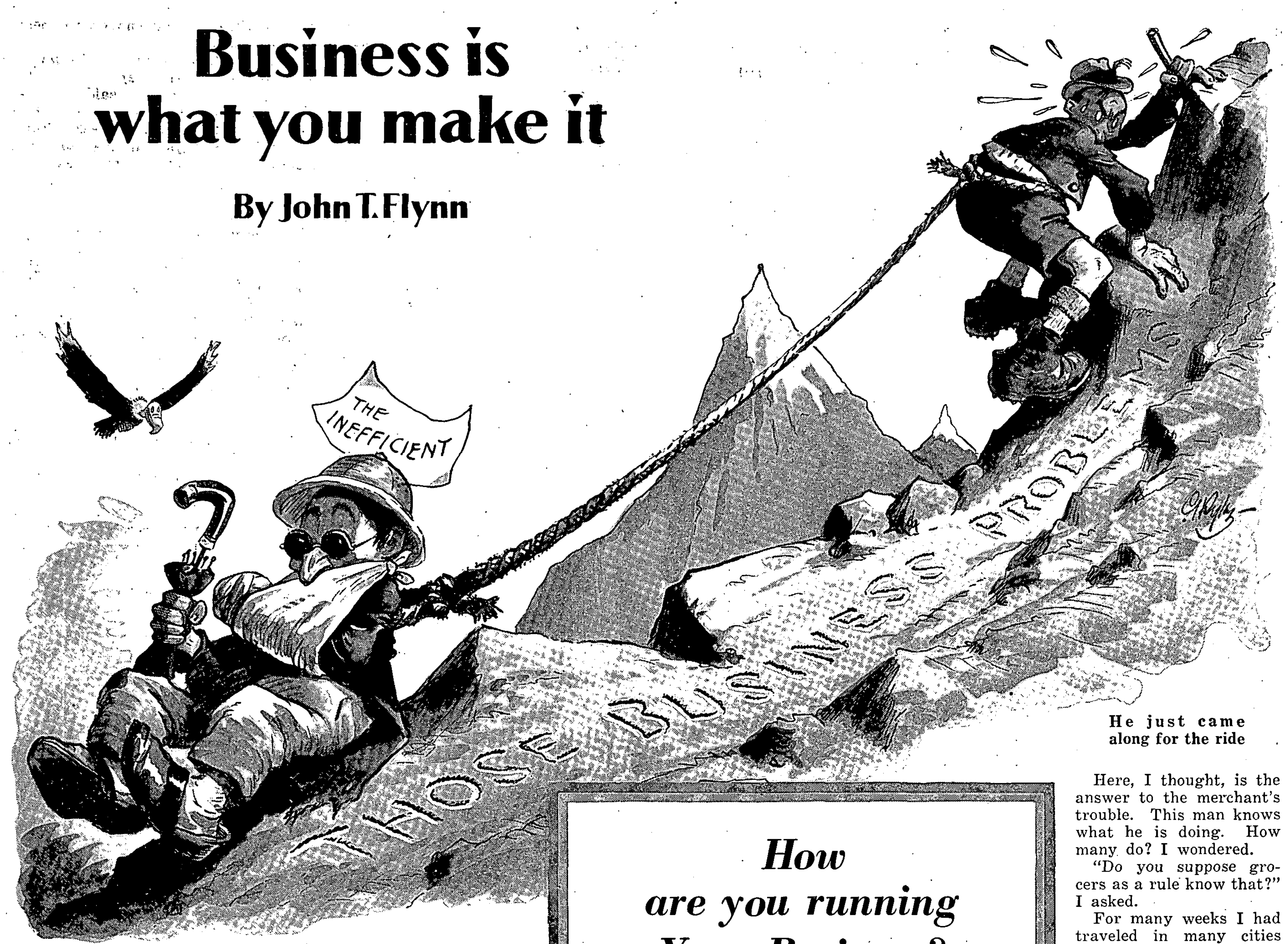
Courtesy State of Michigan

Attaching state malt-tax stamps to a "wort-runner's" tank sedan, before the car leaves the brewery

(*Continued on page 54*)

Business is what you make it

By John T. Flynn



He just came along for the ride

ON a blistering hot day last month I walked into a small grocery store in Birmingham, Alabama, and found a rotund, pleasant-faced man behind his counter eating a banana and looking a little wistfully at a package of tea he held in his hand. After a little chat I asked him why he was contemplating that small package so sadly, as if it were a suddenly turned-up memento of an old sweetheart. He smiled:

"You know, *mister*, a man in a store gets a kind of affection for some of the things he carries. I opened this store twenty-three years ago and the first case of goods I opened and put on a shelf was a carton of this tea. It sort of went into business with me. We—this tea and I—have been doing business on this corner for twenty-three years. It used to sell pretty good but it doesn't sell any more. Nobody knows about it nowadays and the people who distribute it manage to keep it a pretty tight secret while a lot of other tea companies keep telling the world about their tea every day in the year. What is my one poor little voice in this neighborhood compared with the incessant ballyhoo of all these other tea makers?

"Well, now I'll tell you why I was looking at this package a little sadlike. I was just getting ready to kick it out of the store. I have fourteen pounds of it left. They're like a lot of hired hands that used to be pretty good but have turned lazy on you and won't work. I've put up with 'em just about as long as I care to. So now I'm about to throw them out. I cleaned out a lot by marking 'em down and now I'm going to close out the line by sending these to an orphan asylum."

He offered me a banana, as a gesture of Southern hospitality, and took another for himself. He held this up a moment for my admiration and said:

"There is the best friend I have. You'd never guess what a wonderful thing a banana is around a grocery store. Now you see this tea. My turnover on that package was four times in a year. That is, I took my dollar, bought a dollar's worth of tea with it and sold it for $1.40. That was a pretty good gross profit. Then I took the same dollar and bought some more tea and made another forty cents' profit. I did that four times a year. One dollar and sixty cents gross profit on that dollar invested. But take this here banana. I buy a dollar's worth and sell them for $1.30. Then I buy another dollar's worth; and so on. Now how many times do you suppose I turned that dollar over in a year on bananas? One hundred times. Sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it's true. Now how much did I make with that dollar? Thirty dollars."

Here, I thought, is the answer to the merchant's trouble. This man knows what he is doing. How many do? I wondered.

"Do you suppose grocers as a rule know that?" I asked.

For many weeks I had traveled in many cities looking at stores and talking to their owners. Of course, I was looking for successful merchants. But one of the things which made a very powerful impression on my mind was the number of small stores everywhere which seemed to be just drifting along. And here in Birmingham my friend, the banana analyst, gave me a demonstration which revealed graphically and vividly what the unsuccessful storekeeper means to his successful brother. He took me for a little walk around his neighborhood. Here is what I saw:

His store was on one of those residential streets which break out every ten or twelve blocks into a little business section. This one was only a block long with the usual variety of small stores. My guide had the only independent grocery. There were three chain stores in the block and one around the corner.

"Now," he said, "you see my problem. There are four chains with plenty of money and plenty of brains. I have got to meet their competition at every point. I can do it easily on every point except buying. Now let me show you something."

(*Continued on page 39*)

How are you running Your Business?

IN THIS article and the ones that preceded it Mr. Flynn tells how certain retailers in all sections of the country have done better business this year than ever before. *It is an inspiring story of obstacles overcome by intelligence and initiative.*

To these storekeepers difficulties were a challenge and a tonic. More ingenuity and thought have been applied to selling this year than ever before.

Mr. Flynn has collected in these articles the results of this new wave of energy and determination. Perhaps the facts about your retail business will add another chapter to this chronicle of achievement.

Write Your Experience in a Letter to Collier's

Keep yourself down to 500 words. Literary style doesn't matter, but the facts do. Business men and women all over the country will be interested in what you say.

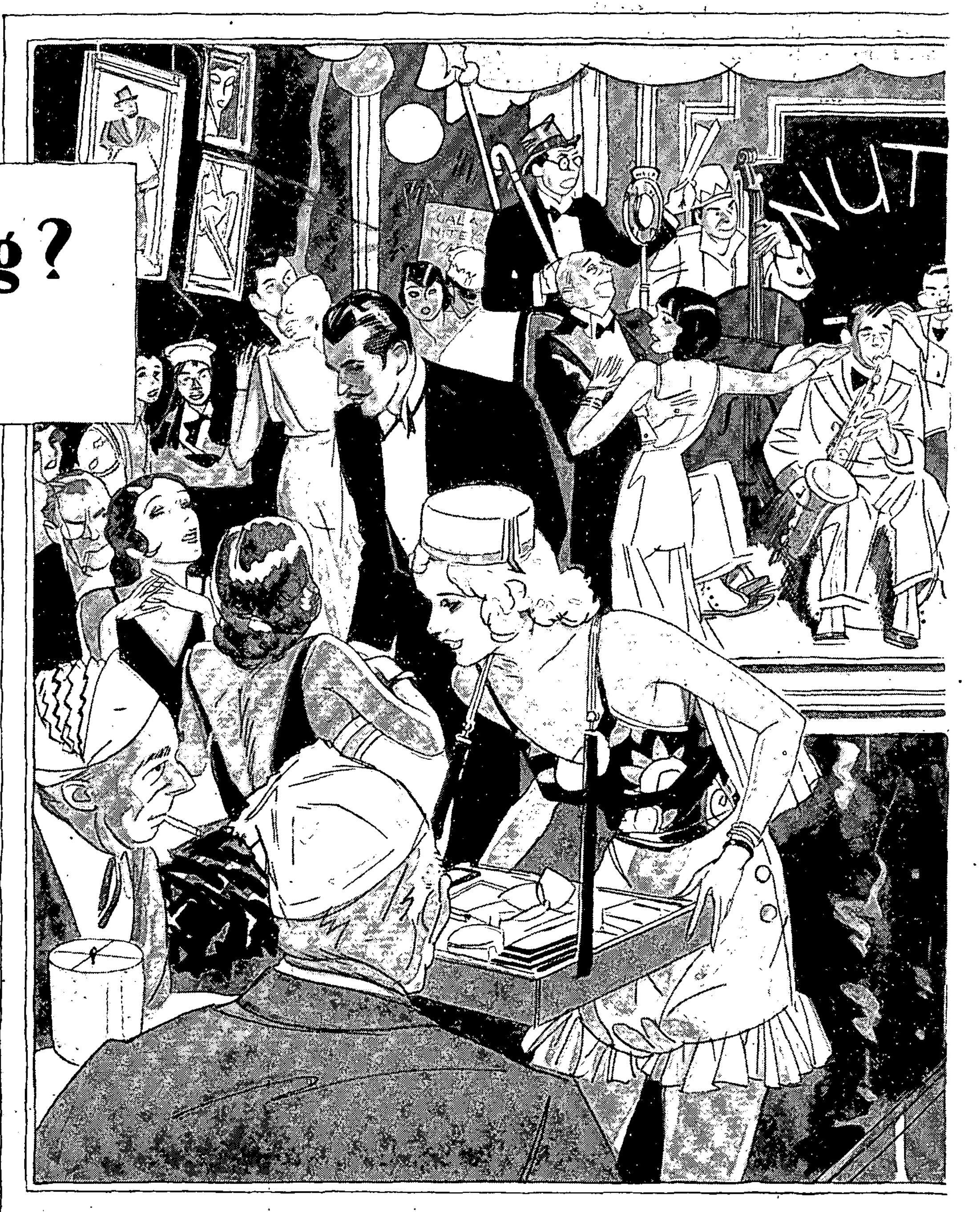
Collier's regular space rates will be paid for each letter which seems to us to contain useful information.

Address: Letter Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins



"So that's a gigolo! Well—so that's what they look like

The Story Thus Far:

MEET Bill Grimes of the Continuity Department of Station WBLA in New York. He's the man who writes the great love dramas by means of which the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company of Wheeling, West Virginia, advertises its wares. They're a good feature. They have beauty and sincerity. They ought to have. In them Bill is saying all the things he'd like to say to Laura O'Neal—the things he used to say to her before the break.

Laura is the "radio soprano" at WBLA. She wanted to be a great singer. She left her home in Middletown and came to New York and met Bill. Bill was full of ambition then: he was going to be a great writer. That was ten years ago.

Bill is married. He hates his wife and she hates him. But she won't let him go until he can "pay for his freedom." She nags him and he curses her. His nerves are going to pieces. It was that which led to his break with Laura. She said she'd never speak to him again and she's sticking to it.

Bill is drinking a good deal and is becoming more and more impertinent to his superiors at the station. Finally he is fired.

Meanwhile Laura is trying to forget him. She's going to parties with her two sisters, Sally and Honey, who share a one-room apartment with her.

Sally is in charge of the reception desk at WBLA. Honey, who has only been in the city a short time, has been given some small rôle to enact over the air. Larry Barnes, of the Promotion Department, has fallen in love with her. He's a serious-minded, inarticulate young man and he's not making much headway.

Both Honey and Sally are frequent guests at the parties given by Judge Considine. They're famous affairs, those parties, and they're likely to end up anywhere. Where they frequently do end up is aboard a yacht. Now Laura, too, attends them occasionally. But Laura is not having any luck at all in forgetting Bill.

IV

1. Nut Club: Honey O'Neal.

This is swell! This is the cats! Isn't this the nuttiest place you ever saw? Why didn't you bring me here before, Larry? Isn't it a scream? They're all crazy, aren't they? . . . What? . . . Is it really? It's a good name for it. The Nut Club. What is that orchestra yelling? I can't hear very well, there's so much racket in here. . . . What? . . . "Horsefeathers?" . . . Isn't that a panic? "Horsefeathers." Isn't that a riot? . . . What? . . . Oh, I understand that. "Cuckoo." I understand that. I understand Cuckoo but I didn't understand Horsefeathers. That's a scream. Why didn't you bring me here before, Larry? I know what I'm gonna say to you now when you start talking about love. Horsefeathers! That's what love is—Horsefeathers. Gee, that's a panic. I'll have to write that to Walter. I think I'll just send him a postcard—"How are you? Horsefeathers." I wish I could be there and see his face. He's so serious. I don't think he ever cracked a joke in his life. You know—one of those small-town lawyers that's gonna be governor or president maybe. President—Horsefeathers! What's that fellow doing now? . . . Oh, is he? . . . I didn't know they broadcasted from here. I never got it in Middletown. Maybe it doesn't go out that far. I'd like to be there and see Mother's face when she tunes this in. She thinks Amos 'n' Andy funny. She probably wouldn't know what this was all about. It's pretty smart, don't you think? You know what I mean. Crazy, but with a kind of an idea. Or isn't there? I dunno. . . .

Cuckoo!
Everybody happy?
Horsefeathers!

Horsefeathers. Oh, come on. Don't be so stingy with that. And don't tell me what I can do or can't do. You're worse than Walter. "Now, Honey, don't drink, don't smoke, don't sit like that." How does he want me to sit, on the back of my neck? Don't start giving me that Walter stuff. I go out with you to have fun and if I can't have fun I won't go out with you. Whadda you think of that? Clayton wanted to take me out tonight. I turned him down for you. Whadda you think of that? . . . What? . . . Because I like you, that's why. Because you're silly, like me. You and your love statistics. Big Lover! Big Horsefeathers! Gee, I'm crazy about this place. They're all crazy. Just the place for you, Larry. I'd better move down here too. Let's live here and raise little maniacs. Aw, come on. Raise your elbow a little. Lift it. Come on, Larry.

2. In-a-door Apartment: Laura O'Neal.

11 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

. . . continuing the program from the Greenwich Village Nut Club. . . .
Let's go down to the Nut Club.
Is everybody happy?
Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

Shut up, shut up, for God's sake! Shut up, will you? Shut up, I get enough of you all day. All day, every day, year in, year out. Jumping in and out of studios, singing to kill time until some bozo decides to show up. Oh, so you're a radio soprano, are you, Miss O'Neal? Yes, I'm a radio soprano. Oh, isn't that wonderful? It must be terribly interesting. My daughter's so anxious to sing on the radio. Well, your daughter can have it, you idiot, she can have my job and I hope she chokes on it. I hope everybody who has to listen to her chokes. I wish I could choke myself. That would be swell. That would be a surprise for my great unseen audience. Right in the middle of a song—choke! Wouldn't they be glad? Say, and wouldn't I! I could choke right now. Well, why don't you? Why don't I? It's a good idea. You're a coward—that's why you don't. You'd be a darn' sight better off dead and you know it. Dead! I wonder what it would be like. You wouldn't worry any more and you wouldn't cry any more. Like a deep sleep. No radios, no jazz bands. Nothing. No more walking the floor nights crying, waiting. Nothing would matter, not even you, Bill. No more lies. You wouldn't have to tell any, you wouldn't have to listen to any. God, I'm so tired.

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

Shut up! I can't stand it. It comes through the ceiling, through the walls, through the floor. . . .

3. The Grimes Home: Alice Grimes.

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

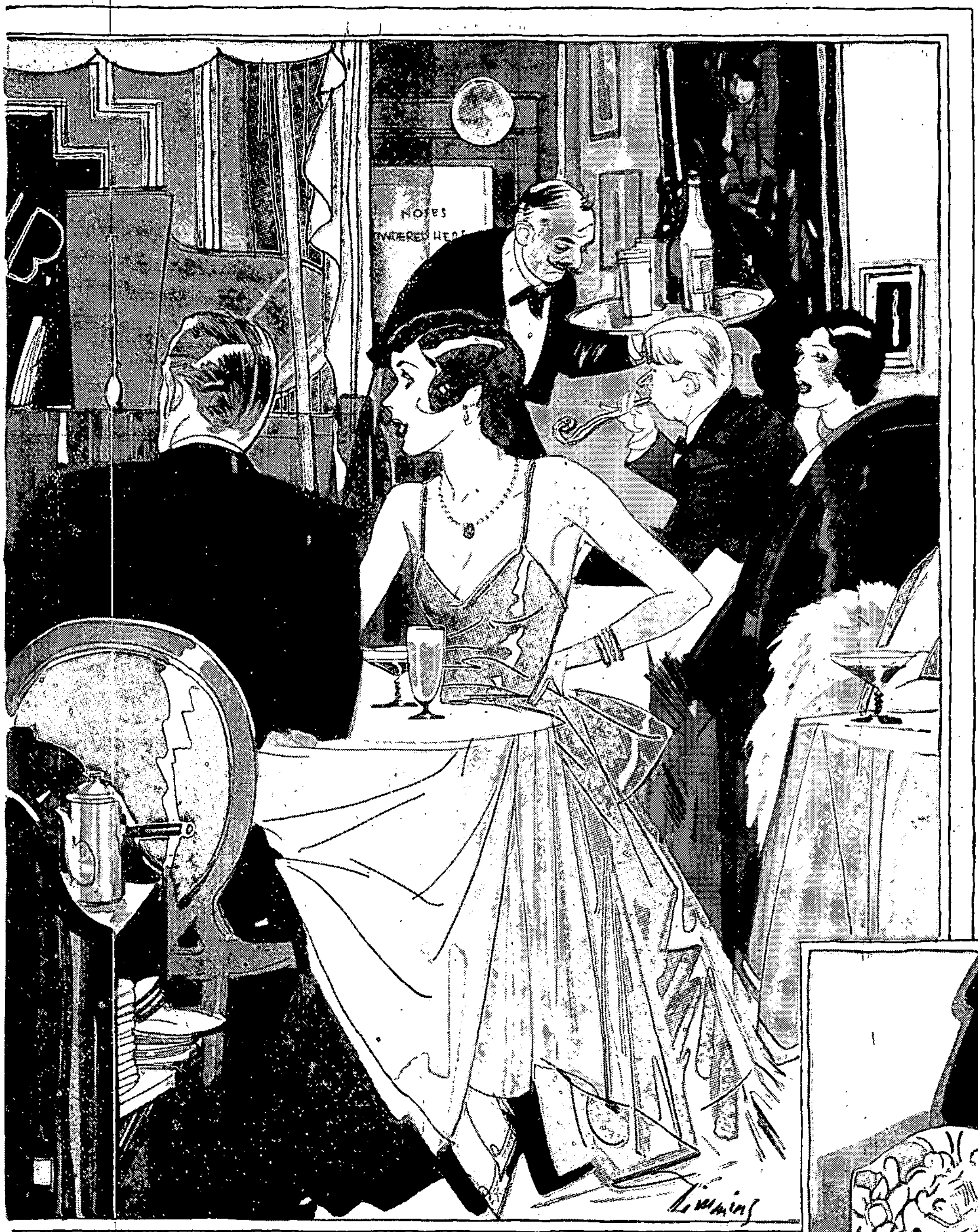
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Himmelwurst want to be made members of the Greenwich Village Nut Club, the nuttiest place in New York. Shall we admit them? Come on, give it!

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Himmelwurst are now full-fledged fellow nuts, with all attendant privileges and perquisites and . . .

Horsefeathers!

Well, it's about time you came home. It's a wonder you ever come home any more. I suppose you were out with that Laura again, spending your money on her. Spending your money on drinking and carousing when I haven't got a cent in the house and we owe for everything. You can find money for liquor all right. And yet you haven't earned a penny in months. How do you do it? You can find money for everything but your wife and your home. A fine home this is! . . . Don't flop down there on the couch with your clothes on. Get up and go to bed. Do you know what time it is? Do you know how long I've been sitting up waiting for you with nothing but the radio to keep me company night after night? I might have known you'd come home in this condition. No wonder they fired you up there at the station. No wonder you can't get another job. Take your muddy feet off of that couch. Take off your clothes and go to bed. Your precious Laura should see you when you come home. She'd know what kind of a man you were. She wouldn't be so



in real life. I wish he'd come over and ask me to dance"

crazy about you if she knew what you really are. I doubt if she's crazy about you anyway. Just roping you in, that's all. Breaking up a home. Well, she won't break up this home. Pick your coat off the floor. Put it on that chair. Can't you see that chair? Well, it's right there in front of you. . . .

. . . oughta be a moonlight saving
time,
So I could love that boy of mine
Until the birdies . . .

A fine specimen you are! You never amounted to very much anyway, and now you're not worth the powder to blow you up. A drunkard—that's what you turned out to be. Hanging around speakeasies. Where do you get money for all this liquor? Liquor costs money; where do you get it? I suppose Laura's giving you money. It'd be just like her. Giving you money to drink yourself to death. Well, it'd be a small loss. I don't see what good you are to anybody. Can't even get a job. Hanging around speakeasies, drunk every night. Running around with that woman. . . . Oh, you needn't tell me you don't see her. Any old day you don't! Look at the bum she's made out of you. And you were going to do such wonders! You were going to write books and plays and be famous! And now look at you! Books! You haven't had a book published yet. And never will have. Nobody wants 'em. Why should they? All you can write is silly radio sketches and you can't even write them any more. Oh, you were going to do such wonders! You'll never do anything. . . .

So I could love that boy of mine
Until the birdies wake and chime
Good morning . . .
There oughta be a . . .

I won't shut up. You hate to hear the truth, don't you? You'd rather hang around speakeasies and buy drinks for people that'll flatter you and tell you what a great guy you are. How misunderstood you are. Your wife doesn't understand you. Oh, doesn't she? She understands you only too well. I wish I had known as much about you when I married you as I do now. You took me in, that's what you did. With all your talk about the books you were going to write and the plays you were going to have on Broadway. I was willing to marry you on thirty dollars a week. Don't worry, says you. This newspaper job is just a stepping-stone. Yeah—stepping-stone! Stepping-stone to what? You've been stepping-down ever since. . . . Let you sleep? Why don't you sleep in the gutter where you belong? Go on and sleep. Who's stopping you? . . . Why should I shut it off? I'd rather listen to the radio than to drunken snores.

4. Nut Club: Honey O'Neal.

And now, fellow nuts, and all you nuts out in the great unseen outdoors, we will hear from Professor Ambrose Fibbledibber, N. U. T., and A. W. O. L., who will explain his new Five-Year Plan for Bigger and Better Prosperity.
Horsefeathers!
Professor Ambrose Fibbledibber. . . .
Cuckoo!

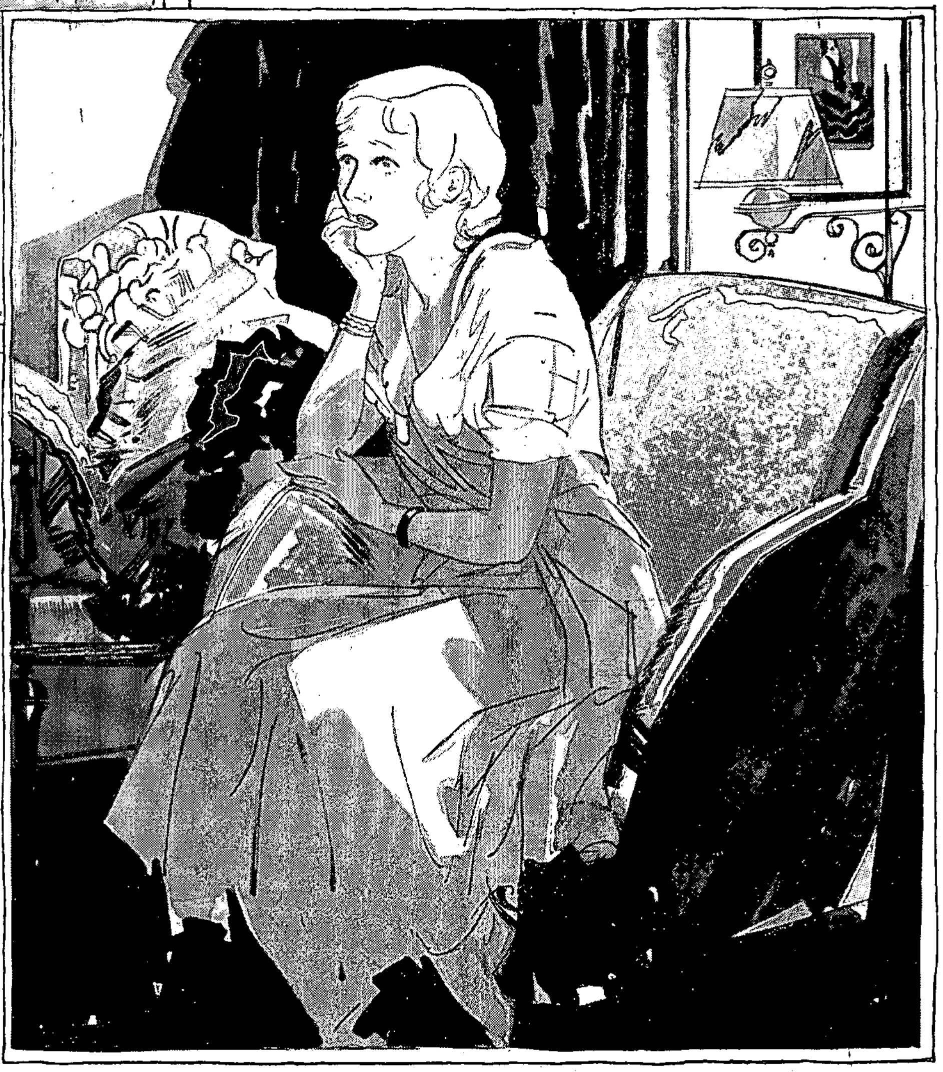
Look at that fellow they're introducing. . . . Look, Larry. . . . Turn around and look! He's going to make a speech. He certainly looks like a nut. This must be an asylum. What's he saying? I want to hear what he's saying. He probably doesn't sound any nuttier than all your talk about the Listening-In Appeal of Love. How do you know it's better at night? What do you know about love, anyway? You can't even dance. You've been sitting here all evening and I haven't even had one dance. I want to dance. Why don't you learn to dance, Larry? I could teach you to dance. Oh, sure you could learn. I bet you'd be a swell dancer. Why don't you snap out of it? Learn to dance, Larry. You're too serious. You're so serious you're nutty. I bet if they ever heard you talk down here, they'd hire you. . . . Aw, don't get sore. I'm only teasing you. I'm only kidding. . . . What is that fellow saying? Let's listen. Everybody's laughing. It must be funny. . . .

. . . and I would recommend as the final step of the great Fibbledibber Five-Year Plan that all bottles be made with corks at both ends, so they could be filled from both ends and emptied from both ends. This would double the consumption of liquor, putting 847,000 more men to work, in the Metropolitan area alone, releasing an equal number of women for home work. . . .
Horsefeathers!
Hurray for Hoover!
Cuckoo!
And now the Nut Club Boys will work themselves into a lather, performing on various instruments more or less in tune and sometimes in unison, and play for you that popular rhapsody, "I've Got Rhythm so Lover Come Back to Me." . . .

Come on and dance this one with me, Larry. Come on. You can do it. Come on, Larry. Let's not sit around and talk all night. Save it for New Art Plumbing Fixtures. Come on, Larry, listen to that. . . .

There oughta be a moonlight saving
time,
So I could love that boy of mine
Until the birdies wake and chime
Good morning. . . .

Come on, Larry. You're a stick. I wish I'd gone to George's party with Clayton tonight. I don't see why you can't dance if he can. He's years older than you and you act older than he does. I wanta dance. Come on. Listen to that music. It's driving me crazy. What's that fellow going around the tables for? Kinda cute-looking. Is he



"If I could see him once more—just once— I'm not going to see him"

Spanish? He looks Spanish. I bet he's a good dancer. . . . Why should he be? . . . Whadda you mean? Go on, you're kidding me. I never saw one before. I've always wanted to see one, ever since I heard that song, "Just a gigolo, everywhere I go, people know the part I play." So that's a gigolo! Well—so that's what they look like in real life. I thought they only looked that way in the movies. I wish he'd come over here and ask me to dance. . . . I would too. I certainly would. What's the harm in that? That's what they're for, isn't it? I don't see what kick you've got coming. You can't blame a girl for wanting to dance, and if you're going to sit there all night like a bump on a log I don't see. . . . Oooh, look, he's coming over here. Oh, boy! Thrills! I could care for that. Look at those eyes. Aren't they black? There aren't any eyes like that in Middletown. Ask him to dance with me. Come on, Larry. Be a good egg. Just one dance. You couldn't begrudge me one little dance. Come on, Larry. . . . How do you do? I don't mind. Do you, Larry? . . .

5. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal.

. . . *Croon a tune, croon a tune,*
To the man up in the moon,
And here's what I'd say:
There oughta be a moonlight saving time. . . .

Don't they think of the silliest things for songs? Oughta be a moonlight saving time. . . . I bet the fellow who wrote that thought he had hit on something clever. I used to know all the popular songs. Bill used to sing them in my ear when I was dancing with him. . . . Mean to Me . . . Baby Face . . . "You've got the cutest little baby face" . . . "We'll have a blue room, a new room, for two room where every day's a holiday because you're married to me. . . ." They sound so silly unless you're in love and then they tear your heart out. . . .

There oughta be a moonlight saving time,
So I could love that boy of mine. . . .

Oh, there oughta be a moonlight saving time! For what? What boy? Who? It's all right if you have a boy. But when you haven't anybody. . . . Whose fault is that? It's your fault. Is it my fault that I fell in love? Certainly. You ought to know better. You certainly were told enough. Falling in love with a married man. What's that going to get you? But he wasn't happy. Well, is he any happier now? Are you any happier? See, that's what you were told. Everybody told you. You're going to run around with him and he won't marry you—or he can't and you're going to lose all your friends and after a few years where are you going to be? And you won't know any other men and you're getting old and the new men you do meet will go for the younger girls. And anyway you'll be spoiled, and you won't be able to see anybody else because they don't use their hands like Bill, or talk like him or walk like him or crinkle their eyes like he does when he smiles. Isn't it cute? And he's helpless and he's so unhappy. . . . I'm going to make him happy. Oh, you are, are you? Well, he is happy when he's with me. Oh, sure, and how long is he going to be with you? When he leaves you he goes right back to his wife. He's always going back to her. She'll never give him up. She's going to give him up and let you have him? Snap out of it. Well, I won't see him any more, then. Oh, yes, you will. No, I won't. You won't stick to it. Well, I'm going to stick to it this time. I haven't seen him for three months. . . .

Got the bench,
Got the park,
Got a nook,
Nice and dark. . . .
Got the moon,
But I haven't got you-ooo-ooooh . . .

I'm not going to see him. I won't. Oh, yes, you will. I won't! I won't! I've stood it for three months. But you don't know how he's getting along. Don't you care? You know he's been out of work ever since you quit seeing him. I can't help that. Oh, yes, you can. You could talk to him when he calls up. If I talk to him I'll want to see him. If I see him it'll start all over again. Wouldn't you be happier if you did? Of course I would. And he would too, wouldn't he? You might straighten him up. He's going to the dogs like this. Why don't you see him just once and have a talk with him? What good will that do? It'll start all over again. I know. If I could just see him once more . . . just once . . . just for a minute. . . . Oh, I love you so, Bill. . . . I'm so miserable. . . . I can't hold out much longer . . . just once more, Bill. . . .

6. The Grimes Home: Alice Grimes.

The Nut Club Boys will have to stop and pant a while, folks. Somebody has been throwing peanuts into the saxophone. Which reminds me, how would you like to hear something new? "The Peanut Vender"?
Horsefeathers!
You can have that too.
Cuckoo!
In that case, Professor Ambrose Fibbledibber will climb out of his jar of alcohol where we have been preserving him for this occasion and will talk to you at much greater length than you can possibly care for on his new Twenty-five-Year Plan for Bigger and Better Prosperity, which he assures us is five times better than his original Five-Year Plan, which he has already sold to the movies for a Super-Colossal Epic of love and sacrifice starring Skippy Cooper and Greta Garbo. Here comes Professor Fibbledibber. . . .

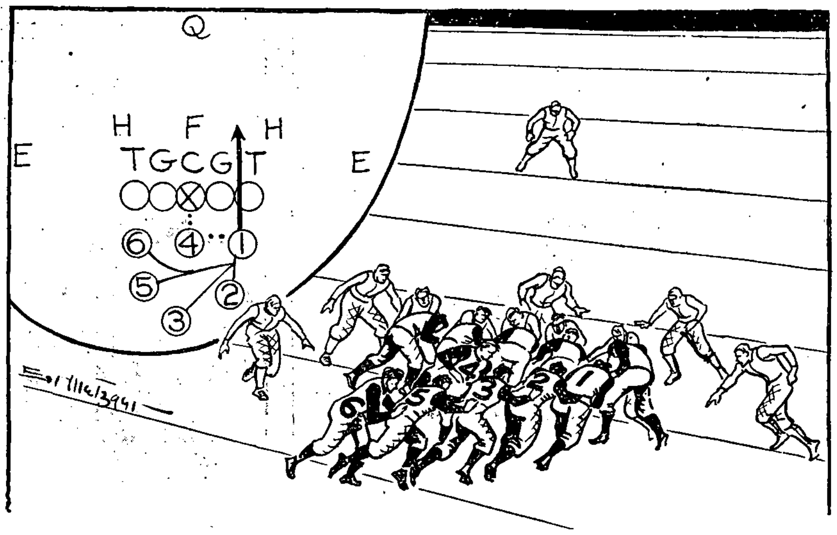
. . . When are you going to get a job? When are you going to start bringing some money in? You haven't done a lick of work for three months. . . . What? . . . Oh, yes, a lot of looking you've done. I know how you've been looking. Do you expect to find work in those speakeasies? Do you expect to find work running around with that Laura woman? . . . Don't tell me you haven't seen her. Any old day! Can't fool me. . . . Maybe you can fool her but you can't fool me. I'm on to you. You can't fool me for a minute. You used to fool me. You were going to do such wonders. You were going to do this and that. What have you done? . . . I won't shut up. You hate to hear the truth. Well, I'll tell you the truth about yourself and I'll keep on telling you. No, you won't stop me. You don't like to hear the truth about yourself. You'd rather hear what a great fellow you are and how misunderstood you are. I suppose you go around telling everybody how your wife misunderstands you. Well, she doesn't. She understands you too well. . . . Oh, you have? Well, you'll hear it again, and you'll keep on hearing it. . . . Oh, yes, you will. If you think I'm going to suffer in silence! If you think I'm going to sit home night after night with only a radio to keep me company while you're out chasing around with that woman! . . . Any old day you don't. Even if you can't find work to do to pay the bills, you can find money to drink. . . .

7. Nut Club: Honey O'Neal.

Hurray for Fibbledibber!
Horsefeathers!
Also we will eliminate unemployment under my new Twenty-five-Year Plan for Bigger and Better Prosperity. First we will declare a Ten-Year Holiday. Nobody will be allowed to do anything. This will pile up so much work that there will be more than enough for everybody for the next fifteen years. The solution is so simple that it took me to think of it.
Hurray for Fibbledibber!
Cuckoo!

. . . I wish that nut would stop talking and let the band play. Can that gigolo dance! Oh, boy! Why don't you learn to dance, Larry? You'd have more fun than just sitting. He has such a sad story. He was telling me all about it. His family used to be very rich in Spain before the revolution. . . . Boloney? What do you mean boloney? I guess you'll tell me there wasn't any revolution? I read the papers, don't I? He had just enough to get over here and he had to take this job dancing or he

(Continued on page 32)



King's Phalanx

By Sol Metzger

FOOTBALL by '93 was compelled to progress. Yale's defense had already sounded the death knell of the old V—flying or otherwise. Princeton, defeated by Yale and Penn in '92, sent its quarterback and strategist, curly-haired Phil King, to scout Penn in an early-season game with Lehigh in '93.

Woodruff was then experimenting with a new and radical formation. Five forwards only were on the line. The ends stood behind it in the identical position occupied by wing backs today. This placed six men in the backfield. Returning to college, King worked out an attack from a somewhat similar formation that before the season closed proved to be the most logical yet produced. As the ensuing tackle-back tandem was created by this Tiger undergraduate, and as many of the principles involved are the basis of modern strategy, those who now criticize football as a game between coaches should receive this bit of historic evidence with interest.

King improved on Woodruff by placing the Tiger ends directly behind their tackles. This more compact formation hid the ball from opposing tackles and ends—chief points of attack. Plays were designed to strike them at different lengths of time following the snap of the ball. Double and triple passes, in conjunction with straight-ahead bucks by close-up backs, accomplished this.

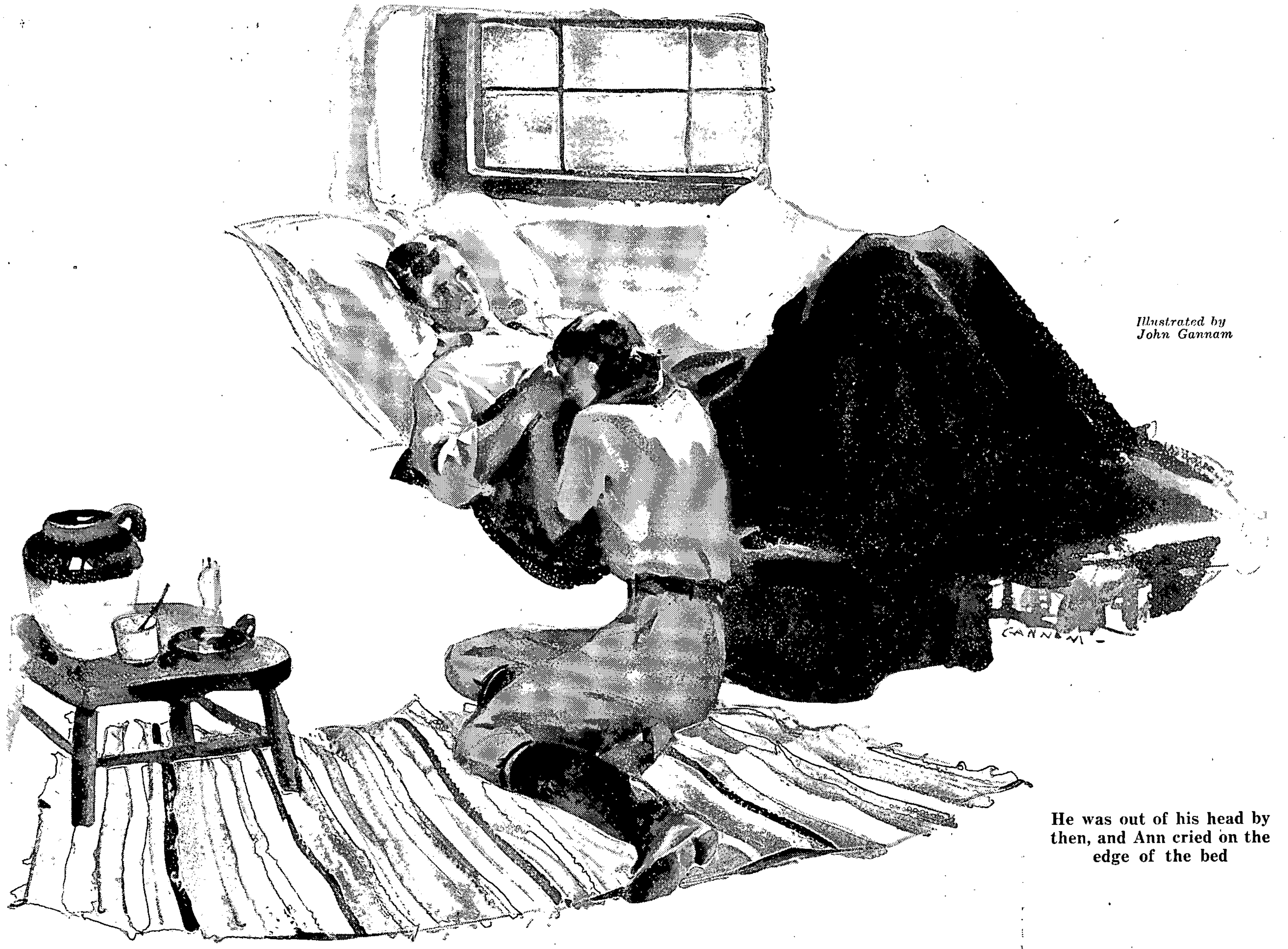
But what marked King as a rare gridiron genius was his plotting of plays to lure defensive linemen into shifting to check them. A run inside tackle would be made not only to gain ground but to draw this opponent in closer to his guard on the next line-up. Thus, a big gap was left outside of him to assure ground on the next rush. Or a plunge off tackle was made to cause the defensive end to move in to guard against it. Presto—an end run! Such ideas are the basis of modern strategy.

So certain was the Tiger of beating the Bulldog in '93 that King directed the attack mainly at Frank Hinkey, Yale's greatest end. Phil knew that if Frank could be outguessed and flanked, the game was on ice. Princeton 6, Yale 0—was the answer.

The backbone of King's offense was a tandem. Defensive lines, following Yale's precedent in stopping Harvard's wedge the fall before, would be crouched low. But at the snap of the ball they arose. Thus, by concentrating more men at a given point than the opponents, the old push game still would work. To that end King designed the tandem-tackle play, forerunner of what was shortly to become the last word in mass football.

The accompanying diagram of this Princeton tandem-tackle play explains it. The ends are No. 1 and 6. Ball snapped to King (4), who handed it to his right end, Trenchard (1). Trenchard drove ahead erect, followed by the tandem formed by 2, 3, 5, 6, each swinging in line to Trenchard's rear, grasping the player ahead and pushing.

Yale and Penn fell before this onslaught. The problem of helping the runner had taken another step forward. But this type of attack did not reach its final glory until next season, when Woodruff produced his guards back, a story I'll tell in the next issue of Collier's.



Illustrated by
John Gannam

He was out of his head by then, and Ann cried on the edge of the bed

A Neat, Quick Case

Old Man Coffee in another mystery drama of the West. And what a break for the suspects!

By Alan Le May

IF I'D wanted to, I could have claimed I had a hunch that something kind of morbid was going to happen that night; for though it was going on two o'clock when the game broke up I was of no mind to turn in, but sat smoking and playing solitaire.

After you've been hunting lions for twenty years you get to where you are a sucker for hunches—or anyway, such is the case with yours truly, Old Man Coffee. But the truth is that this time I was taken by surprise; and even when I heard the gun speak, off in the town, I thought nothing of it—though that gun was let off as the last act of By Davison in the instant he was struck down.

I was stopping over in a one-room adobe shack that had been loaned me at the edge of McTarnahan, on the desert side, and these four other fellers had come around for this game of high fives, and a more assorted four fellers you could hardly scrape together in one cow-and-mineral town. Dick Wheeler was there; and Vince Cahill, one of these eat-and-move-on saddle bums riding for the Bar 22 cow outfit; and Frank Ames, foreman of the Bar 22—square-set as a rock, though hardly more than a kid. And By Davison was there, in the last game of his life. Maybe I should have foreseen something, right there in that game.

But as it happened, the feller I was watching was not By Davison at all, but Dick Wheeler.

This Dick Wheeler I had known maybe eight years, a tall kid, but almighty slim, on the order of a colt that has had a hard pull through the winter. But he knew how to get along with people, and, furthermore, he was willing to use his head. He was a great hand to trade cattle; and though he didn't exactly have his own cow outfit yet, he had interests in different brands, and I had picked him as the most likely youngster in that end of the desert.

AND now it seemed to me that this boy was going to pieces right before my eyes, like hard rock busting up in the assayer's acid. I knew he had gone loco over that Wallace girl, but until now, when I saw him and Frank Ames in the same game, I'd never realized what all this thing had done to Dick. Ordinarily you think of love as being like an attack of fleas—keeps a feller pretty restless and upset, but after you're shut of it, it's kind of hard to remember how it had you so stirred up at the time. But with Dick Wheeler it seemed to be different.

Ann Wallace's father owned this same Bar 22, southerly from McTarnahan. She was always in the saddle, and a sweet rider she was; but her main asset was red hair. This red hair curled and whipped in tangles around her ears as she rode, and with the dry-country sun flashing in it she was a spectacle, well worth a day's ride. And Dick Wheeler worshiped the stirrups she rode.

Only, it seems like Dick had got the idea that he had no chance, and that Ann was gone on Frank Ames. Frank, being foreman on the Wallace ranch, where he was treated more like one of the family than like help, of course had a kind of advantage on Dick. And what had Dick turned around and set out to do, this being the case? Beat hell out of Frank Ames in cattle, and every way he could? Not him, for he thought Ann wanted Frank, and he wasn't going to spoil him for her. This everlasting chump set about to build Frank Ames up.

He lent him money, and he advised him on deals, and he gave him every break he could, until Frank was really on the up-trail finally. And meanwhile Dick had let his own interests just drift along, gathering dust like a cowboy at the tail of the herd, until he was near busted.

Why, even in this poker game, you could see what he was thinking about so plain that Ann was pretty near at the game herself. I swear I could almost see her standing behind those two boys, one slim girl with her hair, like red gold caught fire, twisting loose around the black handkerchief on her neck. I could have cussed her.

AND that was what I was thinking about as I sat smoking, playing a fool lone game after the rest was gone.

Then pretty soon I heard a couple of fellers coming down the board walk, and in a little bit more they were hammering at my door. I let them in, and it was Dick and Frank Ames.

Frank Ames said, "Somebody's killed Byram Davison."

We was quiet a minute, while I steadied my mind; and I noticed how pale Frank Ames was, under his brown tan. It was a right sharp shock to hear that old Davison was dead. Just a little while ago he had been playing these same cards that was still in my hand, all red-faced and hilarious over being heavy winner. The three of us, with By Davison that was dead, was all of us that had finished out the poker game, Vince Cahill having checked out early, and now we looked at each other real solemn, like three fool owls.

"Sheriff Crabtree's sent a feller out to look for Vince," Dick Wheeler told me. "Vince figured to spread his soogans in the catclaw." That was what Vince Cahill would naturally do, being one of these boys that lives like a wolf when he's alone.

It seems, from what they now told me, that Frank Ames had walked home with Davison. Ames was stopping at Hepmeyer's rooming house, and By Davison lived in a little frame house of his own the next door this side, just kind of grazing out his later years in peace. Ames went on in Hepmeyer's, and a little later he heard a shot; but he figured somebody had maybe fired at a cat. Then he heard somebody running along the walk—it turned out to be Bill Eads, the marshal. Ames heard Bill Eads call out, and he went out to Bill.

Old By Davison had been clubbed down, like with the barrel of a six-gun. He had fallen straight forward, and his gun was in his hand under him, fired once. All that money he had won was gone from his pants; and By was dead.

Now the marshal and Pete Crabtree, the kid sheriff, wanted us poker players; so after a second I blew out the lamp and walked down through town with Dick and Frank Ames. And near By Davison's house we come on Crabtree and Marshal Bill Eads, with eight or nine fellers that they had routed out to answer silly questions.

Somebody had fetched a high-power gas lantern, and there was a lot of muddling around and argument. Pete Crabtree, the pride of the Frying Pan, went in and went through the old man's clothes, and found some piñon nuts, and a stub pencil, and two wampum beads, and some string, and he wrapped this stuff in a piece of paper and looked wise. But what I noticed right away was that Davison's front door was locked—with the key sticking in it, outside. I tried it, and found out the lock was jammed. Even in carrying By into the house, they had had to go around by the back door. I cut out Harry Potter, the gunsmith, from the bunch that was standing around, and took him aside.

"FIND out what ails that lock, Harry, and let me know."

"Okay," he said. Then I borrowed the gas lantern from the marshal, who wasn't accomplishing anything, and took a look around.

The whole yard was trompled over and over by now. But going over the spot marked X, with the darkness crowding in against the lantern light, gave me an awful spooky feeling. Here was where the killer stood, I figured, waiting in the shadow; here was where old Davison come up the walk, maybe humming to himself, not knowing this was his time to die. Re-acting the thing in my mind, I could almost hear the killer's whisper, hanging in the air: "Reach, you!" And then old Davison had gone for his gun. Whoever killed him should have known he'd never put up his hands.

While I was wondering what to do next, Harry Potter came and put some bird shot in my hand, looking mysterious.

"What's this?"

"Bird shot," he said. He had got it out of the lock of By Davison's front door; and there was no question any more of what had made that lock jam.

I stood rolling that bird shot around in my hand; and then suddenly I sat down on By Davison's front step. I didn't know yet exactly what that bird shot meant. But I knew this: that it turned what had looked like an ordinary slug-down robbery into something planned and cold and ugly; and somehow I was sure that the killer was someone we all knew, and close at hand—perhaps standing there in the yard watching me, right now. All I wanted then was to be out of it, fair willing to let the youngsters blunder through it as they might.

Then, looking over that little crowd, my eye lit on Frank Ames, that square-set young foreman of the Bar 22, with his face a funny greenish color in the gas lantern's peculiar light. And from him my eyes went to that other, more rangy kid, Dick Wheeler. He was watching everybody there, more especially the marshal and myself, though without seeming to watch; and most particularly I saw that he was watching Frank Ames. And Dick's face had odd he made me think again of that slim, spur-wearing girl, whose hair had a fire to it that could burn Dick Wheeler up. And I knew that I couldn't get out of that case until the end.

I got up and went around the little house to prowl in the litter of empty barrels and buckboard wheels, and such junk as By Davison had accumulated around him. People had tramped around here, too; but pretty soon, close to the fence, I found a board that had moved maybe a quarter of an inch; and working close along the board I found a little impression in the dust, like somebody had tapped it with the side of his hand.

My hair raised up. That little mark was made by a heel without any boot.

I shinned over the fence with the lantern, feeling so much like a hound pup on the scent that I nearly gave voice. Who but the killer would be *just freshly gone over the back fence* in his stocking feet? But an outcrop of the hard rock that McTarnahan is built on stuck up beyond, and the wind off the desert had swept it clean, as far as to where a man could gain the board walk of the street. There wasn't any trail.

Still, I got down on my hands and knees and inched an eye along the rock, and I found it! In a little crack in the rock I found a thing that I felt dead certain was going to hang a man. And that thing was *one coffee bean.*

"A bean!" I said out loud. (You get that way, hunting lions alone.) "A genuine coffee bean!"

"WHAT'S that?" somebody said close to me. I looked up, and hanging over the fence was Marshal Bill Eads and Sheriff Crabtree.

"Bill," I said low, to the marshal, "I've your man for you. Give me fifteen minutes and some help and I—"

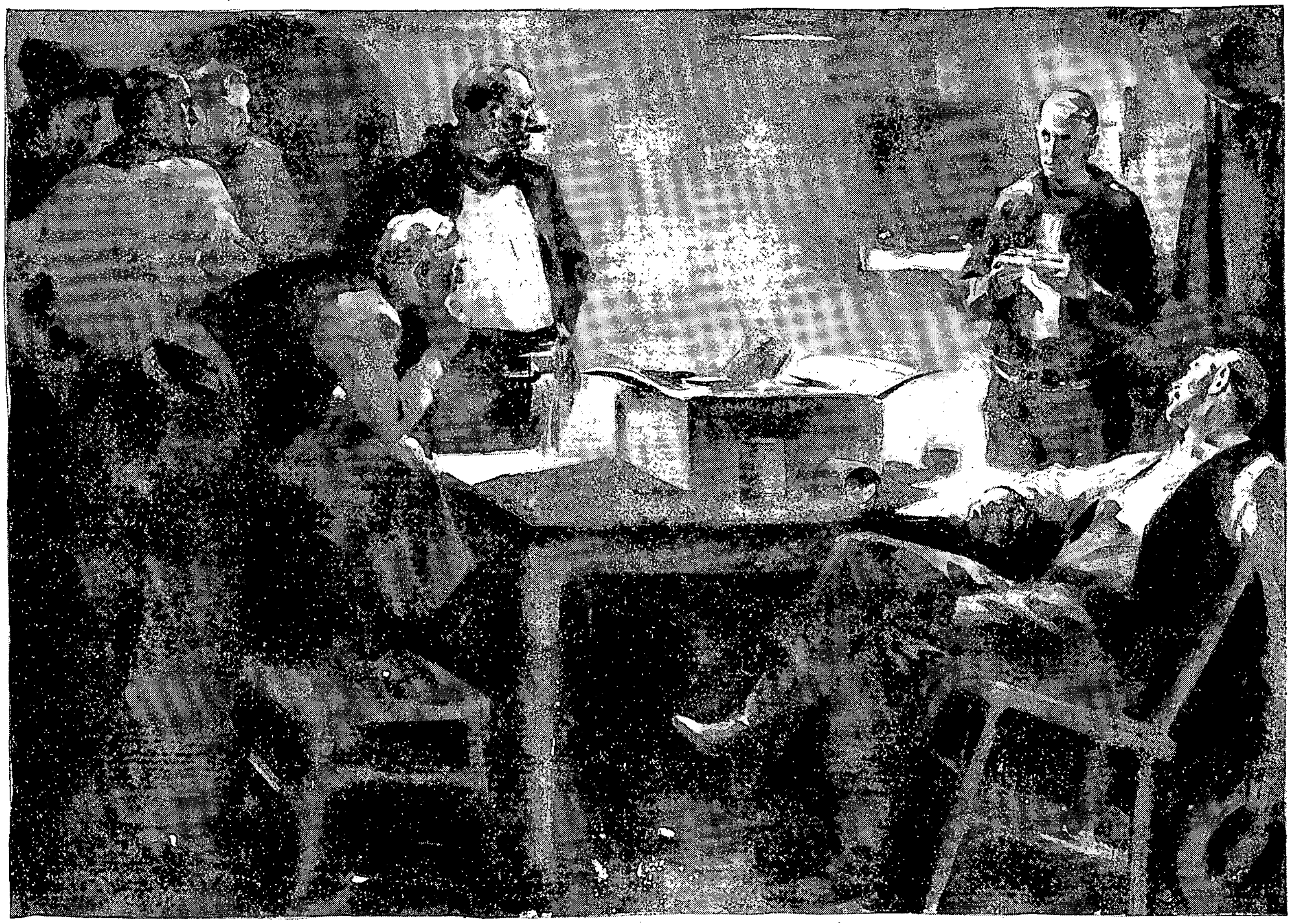
"Shucks!" said Bill. "Next we turn around we'll find *you've* sloped for the tall brush! Nothing doing. I'm going to take you suspects down to the shack where the game was, and I'm going to reconstruct that game."

I looked at him with pity, but I shrugged. "All right. But leave me speak to the sheriff, first."

I cut Crabtree out from among the stragglers and told him what he had to do; then I joined the marshal, like he wanted. Sheriff Crabtree strolled off, casual, into the dark; but I heard him break and run when he was out of sight.

He was no more than out of range when I cussed myself, for though I had

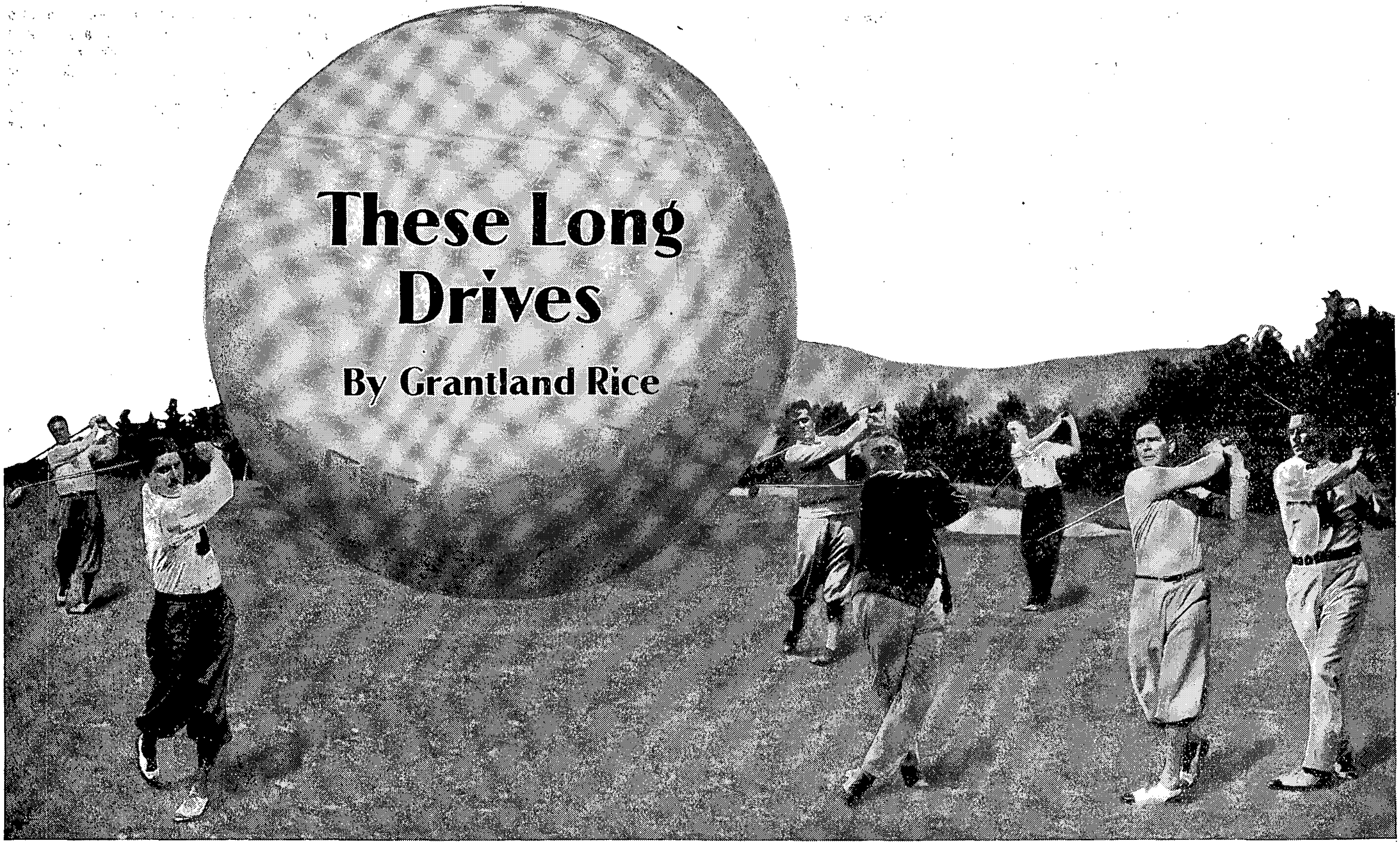
(Continued on page 48)



"You're right on one thing," he said at last. "There isn't a thing to connect me with the case"

These Long Drives

By Grantland Rice



Left to right: Craig Wood, Clarence Gamber, Robert Jones, Cyril Tolley, Sam Byrd, Joe Kirkwood and Bill Burke, the ranking "sluggers" of golf

We often hear of 300-yard drives made by mere humans. Mr. Rice has heard some of these yarns too, and he has decided to unravel them here for your benefit

ANOTHER epidemic of long-driving golf contests has broken out all over the country. It has reached a point where a golf drive under 300 yards is hardly worth mentioning, a turn that has been extremely depressing to several million average golfers who had felt pretty good after hitting the ball around 190 or 200 yards.

There is a world of bunk about most of this long driving that might as well be exposed. In the past few weeks I have been told of golfers who carried greens over 320 yards away. Similar statements have been made of other "siege guns" who carried bunkers over 300 yards from the tee. Long-driving contests, arranged around the country, have also printed driving distances that ranged from 290 to 320 yards.

There are unquestionably many long hitters in golf and most of them can be named. But the entire subject so far has been badly garbled and should be straightened out.

In the first place, there is only one way to record actual driving that means anything at all. That is to have a level piece of ground, with no elevated tee, with no following or helping wind, and, under these conditions, to measure only the exact carry of the ball. No other record is worth printing for the reason that under certain conditions it would be quite simple to drive a golf ball at least a mile. This could be done by teeing off over a clear, frozen lake and with a following wind.

That is an extreme case, of course, but such conditions aren't much more extreme than some of our so-called long hitters use in standing on an elevated tee, with a strong following wind, and hitting the ball down a baked-out fairway that is almost as hard as concrete.

How far can a long hitter, one of the longest, actually carry from the tee? I discussed this subject with Bobby Jones, who is one of the longest straight hitters golf has ever known. "Have you ever seen these driving machines at work?" he asked. "They can hit a golf ball farther than any golfer I ever hope to play against. It looks almost as if a rifle was firing the ball away. It has a crash and a starting speed that no one could expect from a human being. Yet the maximum carry from one of these machines is around 285 yards.

Once in a Lifetime

"One of these driving machines, extended to the limit, makes a mere mortal look puny. I recall once winning a driving competition at St. Louis. I believe I won that one that year with an average of 226 yards. The longest carry was made by Bob Gardner with 241 yards. And he was hitting the ball a long way at that time. In my opinion it is possible to make a carry of 250 yards from level ground, with no wind, but this can be done only by one of the world's longest hitters at a moment when his timing happens to be perfect."

It might be interesting for these mighty hitters to note that Bobby Jones hardly ever tries to hit the ball within twenty yards of his maximum driving distance. He is quite content to swing smoothly and hit the ball as straight as he can. I have noticed this in more than one championship. You would hear whispers from the gallery on certain holes that Bobby Jones was being outdriven. This would be on holes where direction counted more than distance. But what a change when it was important to get a long drive in order to reach the green in 2, as he did recently at East Lake, Atlanta, on a 580-yard hole where he was on in 2 to get his eagle 3!

The craze for long hitting has wrecked more than one good golfer who might have gotten somewhere if he had been content to keep well within his driving limit, to hold something in reserve. But human vanity must pay its price.

I asked Jones who were the two longest hitters he had played with or against. His answer was Charley Hall of Birmingham and Cyril Tolley, the former British Amateur champion.

Tommy Armour, the British Open champion, is one of the great iron players of golf, possibly the greatest. But he is also a fine wooden-club player and can give the ball a ride any time he cares to. I asked him recently how he would feel about attempting a carry of 250 yards from level ground, with no following wind.

"I wouldn't even try it," he replied. "I might make it, but it would be a foolish risk. And I don't think many others could make it. A carry of 220 yards is pretty long." I asked Armour to name the longest hitters he had ever seen. "When he happens to catch one right," he said, "I believe Clarence Gamber of Detroit can drive a ball farther than any one I ever knew. Gamber weighs 200 pounds and he is young and extremely powerful. But he has to take his full wallop and he must hit it just right.

"Here's something that may surprise you," Armour continued. "One of the longest drivers I have seen and a man who hits a golf ball much better than most of the pros or the leading amateurs is Sam Byrd, the Yankee outfielder. I think he can get more distance consistently than any man I know."

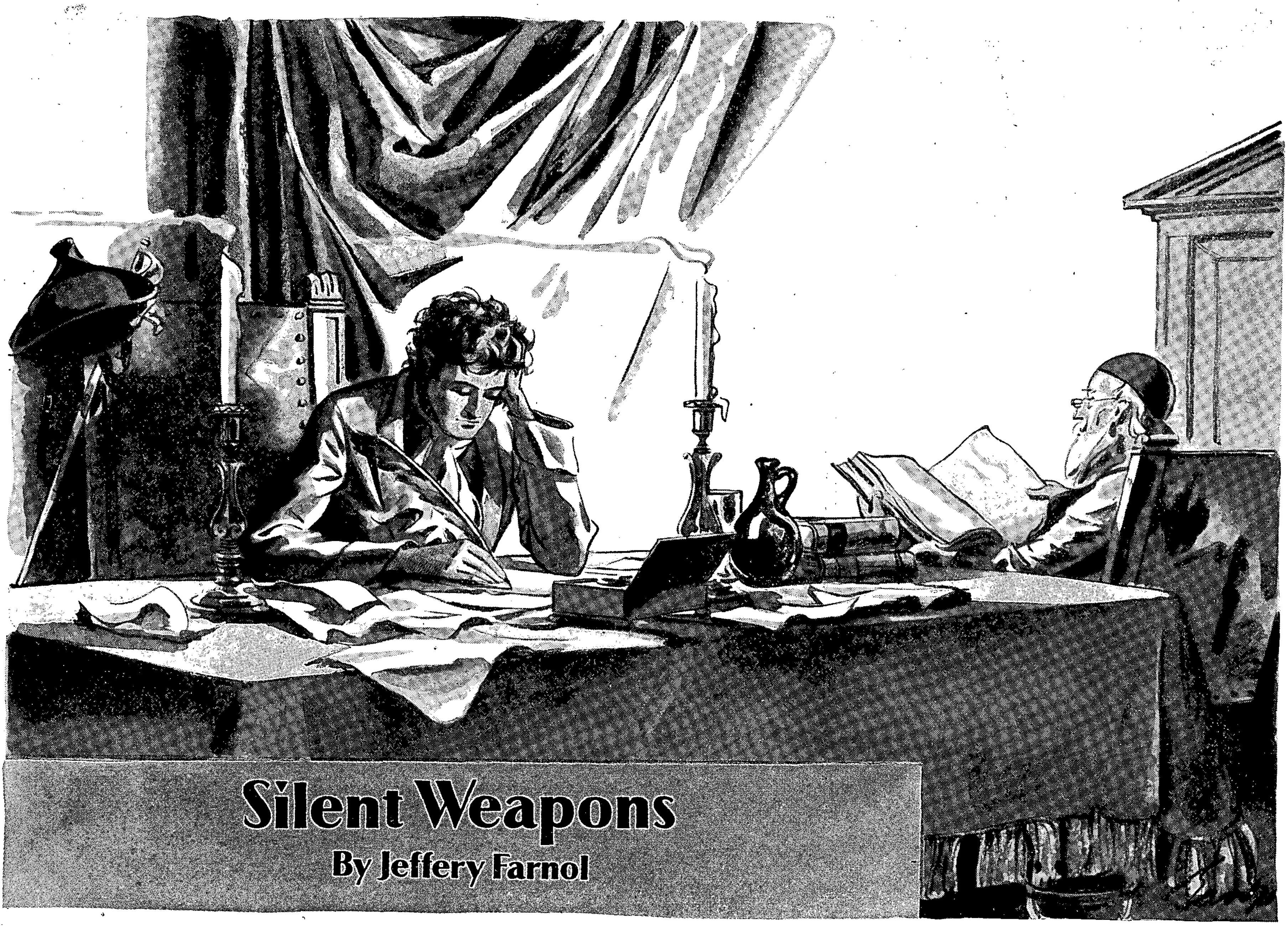
Then there is Healey of the Harvard football squad, called the longest hitter in New England. Tales are told of his outdriving Ouimet by 50 yards and Guilford by 40 yards—of his carries that range beyond 300 yards. He is undoubtedly a slugger.

Not as Advertised

But consider this: A year or so ago there was an invitation professional tournament at the National Golf Links of America, with twenty-five of the leading pros competing. The entries included such stars as Tommy Armour, Walter Hagen, Bill Burke, Gene Sarazen, Craig Wood, Joe Kirkwood and others, many of whom were known as long drivers. Charles Blair Macdonald, the designer of the course, placed a row of stakes along fairly level ground and at a distance of 245 yards from the tee. He had official markers at these points to see just how many carried beyond the 245-yard limit.

From this star field there wasn't a man who carried beyond the 241-yard mark. Many of them from elevated tees, with a following wind, got much more distance, but these were exceptions.

It is far better to hit one 220 yards down the middle than it is to slash one 250 yards into some thick woods or out of bounds. The winning golfers, the Bobby Joneses and the Tommy Armours, keep 20 or 25 yards within their limit to eliminate all idea of extra effort or overhitting. Furthermore, twenty-year-old Tom Creavy, the new professional golf champion of the United States, was one of the shortest hitters in the field, outdriven on almost every hole by almost every man he met. There's something to think about.



Silent Weapons

By Jeffery Farnol

Young Richard Vibart sighed deeply and glanced despairfully at the litter of torn letter-paper that strewed the table

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG RICHARD VIBART, son of Sir Peter and Lady Charmian Vibart, is in peril. In Paris, whither he has gone with a tutor—Tobias Chantrey—he has met one of his mother's old suitors, Henry Willoughby-Gafton. Gafton is a scoundrel—and a noted duelist. He has never forgotten Charmian's radiant beauty; nor has he ever forgiven her for marrying another. To avenge himself, he has deliberately forced the boy into a quarrel, challenged him to a duel—and the boy has accepted the challenge.

Chantrey, terrified, at once dispatches a letter to Sir Peter. Shocked by the alarming news, Sir Peter, a man of superb courage, makes his plans at once. He will go to Paris and prevent the duel—even if it costs him his life. He embraces his wife and leaps on his horse and, leaving his beautiful English country estate, starts for Dover. . . . Meanwhile, Henry Willoughby-Gafton proceeds to weave a most hideous plot. A duel? A fig for the duel—perhaps it will never be fought! Perhaps (as he informs his two vile companions, that exquisite perfumed dandy, the Vicomte de Villebois, and the boastful but cowardly Colonel Santerre) the lovely Lady Vibart may endeavor to save her son; and if she does—well, the gifted Gafton has his plans. . . . Left behind, Lady Vibart is frantic. She knows Gafton for what he is: a cold-blooded blackguard. She is well aware that he hates her, that he is a master duelist, that he would gladly kill both Richard and her husband. . . . She must go to Paris—and quickly. With Janet, her companion, she starts, dreading with all her soul the evil adventure before her.

II

YOUNG RICHARD VIBART sighed deeply, ruffled his auburn locks rather wildly and, glancing despairfully at the litter of torn letter-paper that strewed the table, hurled aside quill pen and leaned back in his chair with sound very like a groan:

"Chantrey, it's no use!" he exclaimed. "I can't do it, Snib, I simply cannot find words . . . you see she . . . she isn't like an ordinary woman."

"Eh? Eh?" murmured Mr. Chantrey, without looking up from the book that engrossed him. "Ah, Richard, my dear boy, with what dispassionate art our divine poet introduces the approaching dismal catastrophe, the fall and ruin of famous Troy town! Hear him:

"'*Est in conspectu insulæ nomen Tenedos*—'"

"OH, DEUCE take Virgil!" cried Richard, leaping to his feet and pacing restlessly about the sunny chamber. "Wake up, Chantrey! They killed old Priam ages ago, but I'm very much alive—at present! Yes, and trying to write to—my mother, to say good-by to her as cheerily as possible. So shut your Virgil, old fellow, and try to concentrate on my own approaching catastrophe."

Mr. Chantrey, a small, pale gentleman, closed book on finger and, blinking pale eyes at his charge, stroked white beard and sighed:

"Eh? Catastrophe? Oh, my dear boy, you . . . you mean—?"

"I mean," said Richard, frowning at that litter of unfinished letters again, "that, in all probability, I have just . . . three more days of . . . of life—"

"Dreadful!" gasped Mr. Chantrey, and dropped his book. "But, oh, Richard . . . perhaps . . . there must be some way out . . . some escape—there must be, there shall be . . . you are too young to . . . die!" Here the door beyond them opened very stealthily the merest fraction.

"Oh, I don't know," said Richard, glancing at his face in the mirror and frowning to see it so haggard. "I've lived a whole nineteen years and I've been—wonderfully happy . . . so happy that I ought not to complain, though I should like to . . . go on living of course! And I'm not afraid, Snib . . . not exactly, no—I don't think so. But this waiting is rather . . . damnable! I wish to God it was over . . . one way or the other. Why must Gafton keep me . . . dangling in suspense? I . . . can't think of anything else. . . . The early morning . . . dew on the grass . . . birds singing all about us, and then—the puff of smoke! It keeps me awake, Snib, at night. And now I don't know how to write to my mother. These days of waiting have been . . . rather terrible, Snib!"

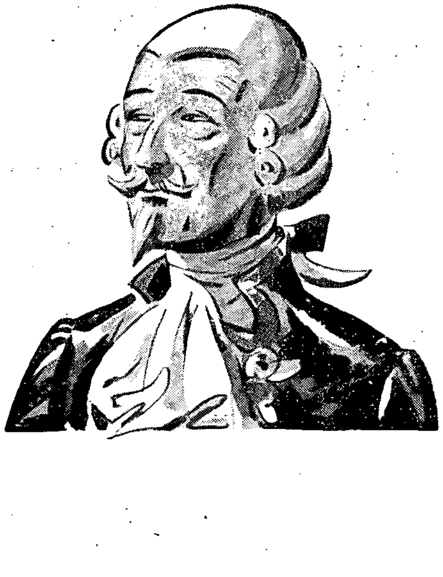
"TERRIBLE?" cried Mr. Chantrey, getting jerkily to his feet and clenching nervous hands in his white hair. "Oh, my good, merciful God, they have proved a very nightmare, a tormenting hell to me—when I have not been reading!"

"But then you're a great reader, Snib—morning, noon and night, eh? Which, under the circumstances is just as well, so long as you don't take to writing! No letter, mind, to my . . . the folks at home! They mustn't know of this miserable business until it's over and done. That's why I've been trying to write to them all the morning . . . I managed it to my father pretty well, I think, but I can't find words to tell my—mother. I had nine shots at it—shots, egad! But I just can't find the words, Snib, you see she . . . was always so much more than a—an ordinary mother! So read away, old fellow, but not a line home, mind—until after! Remember you promised, swore—"

"Swore, Richard . . . did I, did I?" quavered Mr. Chantrey. "Surely not. Nay, I'm positive I never passed my oath—"

"Eh?" gasped Richard, staring, "why . . . what . . . you don't mean—?" In an instant he was across the room and had his strong, young hands on his tutor's thin shoulders, rocking the little gentleman to and fro: "Sir . . . sir . . . Mr. Chantrey," he cried, "Snib, for God's sake don't tell me you—have written. . . ."

"Why, of course, Richard!" said a smooth, soft voice and the door, opening



suddenly wide, showed Charmian, Lady Vibart, who somehow contrived to appear as daintily unruffled, from small bonnet to slim, sandaled feet, as tranquilly vital, as lovely and altogether adequate as ever in her life. "I owe Mr. Chantrey my deepest gratitude—" Then Richard had her in his arms.

"Mother!" he gasped.

"Wilful boy!" she murmured, her hands caressing the head, the face and hair so like her own. And this was all for a while . . . an eloquent silence wherein little Mr. Chantrey crept softly from the room.

Presently, their arms still about each other, she drew him to the table.

"Nine!" she murmured, nodding at the crumpled letters, "and all for me!" Then taking up one at random, she smoothed it gently and read from it in the same tender voice: "'Ever beloved and honored mother!' Oh, Richard, am I? Am I indeed so loved and honored? Never flush, silly boy! But do you truly love and honor me so much, my Richard?"

"More," he answered fiercely, "far more than I can ever write—or say."

"Yes," she murmured, "being so very English—and almost a man, of course—you could never show me all your heart until death had crept so near. But—ah, Richard, it is heavenly to know you love me so—so desperately! You do, don't you?"

"Beyond words!" he answered, clasping her faster and bowing his head to her ready shoulder.

"Then, to be sure, you will obey me in everything and—absolutely?"

"Yes, Mother, in everything—that is to say in everything except"—he faltered and raised his head to look at her a little apprehensively.

"So of course you will tell me where I may find this man, this Mr. Willoughby-Gafton?"

"No!" said Richard, head aloft. "Forgive me, dear, but I . . . I cannot."

"Oh, then Mr. Chantrey shall—"

"But, Mother, this man Mr. Gafton . . . he is so . . . such a . . . he is not worthy to meet you . . . he or his friends! You cannot possibly—"

"THANK you, dear Richard, but I can and shall. I fear no man! And I knew Henry Willoughby-Gafton when he was a boy—less than your age, Rick."

"Yes, he told me he knew you, this was really how we became acquainted."

"Ah . . . indeed!" said Charmian, beginning to frown. "Well, this is how I'll stop this hateful business."

"But, Mother, it's quite too late for any interference, it is quite . . . oh, quite impossible—"

"Nothing is impossible to a mother, foolish boy—especially this one! So tell me his address."

"But how can you visit this man—you, Mother, you?"

"Very easily, dear. I have no apprehensions. Besides—our Janet goes with me."

"Janet! Is she here?"

"Of course, and will be down so soon as she has selected our apartments. So, Richard dear, give me this man's address."

Poor, harassed Richard tramped across the room to scowl out of the window, tramped back to frown at a picture on the wall, sighed, muttered, met Charmian's tranquil glance and spoke in desperation.

"But, Mother, I . . . you . . . it would be most irregular—"

"My dear, so much the better!"

"They will think me afraid," he groaned, "scorn me for coward . . . a terrified child begged off by his mother—"

"No, Richard, they will be confronted by a wife interposing between a murderous villain and her husband. I am here to save your father."

"My . . . oh, my father? Oh, but surely—"

"Yes, Richard, the dear soul is speeding here as fast as possible but I, of course, sped faster, thank Heaven!"

"You mean he is coming to—"

"Take this duel on himself, yes, Richard. He means to save you at all hazards and I am here to save you both. So tell me Willoughby-Gafton's address!"

Richard protested, reproached, pleaded, groaned—and told her, of course. And, having done so, fell instantly to deeps of gloom, talking of his honor and manhood, like the high-spirited boy he was, while she watched him with her wise, beautiful eyes.

"Dear Richard," said she when he had done, "never think I would shield you at cost of your honor. But God has given me two men to protect—yes, dear, to protect from their own blundering manliness. He sent me your noble father. He gave me you. And, my dear, your lives are too precious to be thrown away, spilled and wasted in a manner so very futile.

"And so, because I am, by God's blessing, wife and mother, so by God's help I will end this foolish, wicked, hateful affair somehow and do it far better, I hope, than any man with swords and pistols. But, Richard—as you love and honor me, you must promise from your soul that neither you nor Mr. Chantrey will suffer your dear father to know or suspect that I am in Paris—swear me this, Richard!"

"I swear!" he whispered, awed by something in her look, "but—oh, Mother," said he, between laugh and sob, "how wonderful you are!"

DESCENDING from the hackney coach, with Miss Janet in close attendance and extremely alert, Charmian bade the driver wait and turned in beneath an ancient, gloomy arch that gave upon a dismal courtyard whose one-time grandeur had long since departed; beholding the which sinister prospect, Miss Janet clutched her large reticule more firmly and, scowling round about, emitted that remarkable exclamation only Scottish lips may truly utter:

"Umph-humph!"

"What is it, Janet?"

"Gullotines, m'dear! Heids on pikes! The *carmagnole* and corpses, m'love! The place fair reeks o' them!"

"Indeed it is very dismal, Janet, not at all what I expected—"

"His sinfu' years hae no prospered him, I'm thinkin'—save us a', wha's yon!" quoth Miss Janet and halted suddenly, poised for action offensive as from somewhere close by came a thin wailing.

"Why, Janet—it's a child! Over there in the corner, and such a mite!" And next moment my lady was bending to a very small bundle of woe. "It's a little girl," said she, and then in French:

"My poor little one, why do you cry?" The grievous bundle stirred, a very small, pale, elfin face bedewed with tears was lifted and a soft voice, sobs bravely stifled, made answer:

"Oh, madame, I fell down and—behold I bleed!" Here a little knee was exhibited raw from a recent mishap.

"Poor little bird!" murmured Charmian and, gathering the child in her arms, she sat down on an old stone bench, a battered relic of past grandeur, and there, having wiped these childish tears and kissed this little, too-pale face, she deftly bandaged this small knee with her dainty, perfumed handkerchief; then, giving the child a comforting squeeze, she set her down and into the little hand pressed a bright new silver coin, whereupon Miss Janet, diving into her capacious reticule, produced the orange and thrust it into the child's other hand. Thus enriched, the little creature stared from one grand lady to the other, curtsied demurely and, with sudden wistful smile, turned and sped away on light, elfin feet.

"NUMBER seven, *bis!*" said Charmian, rising and smoothing her voluminous skirts.

"Ay!" nodded Miss Janet, closing her bulky reticule. "And the sooner we're awa the better, m'dear."

"Janet, is my bonnet straight, my hair in order?"

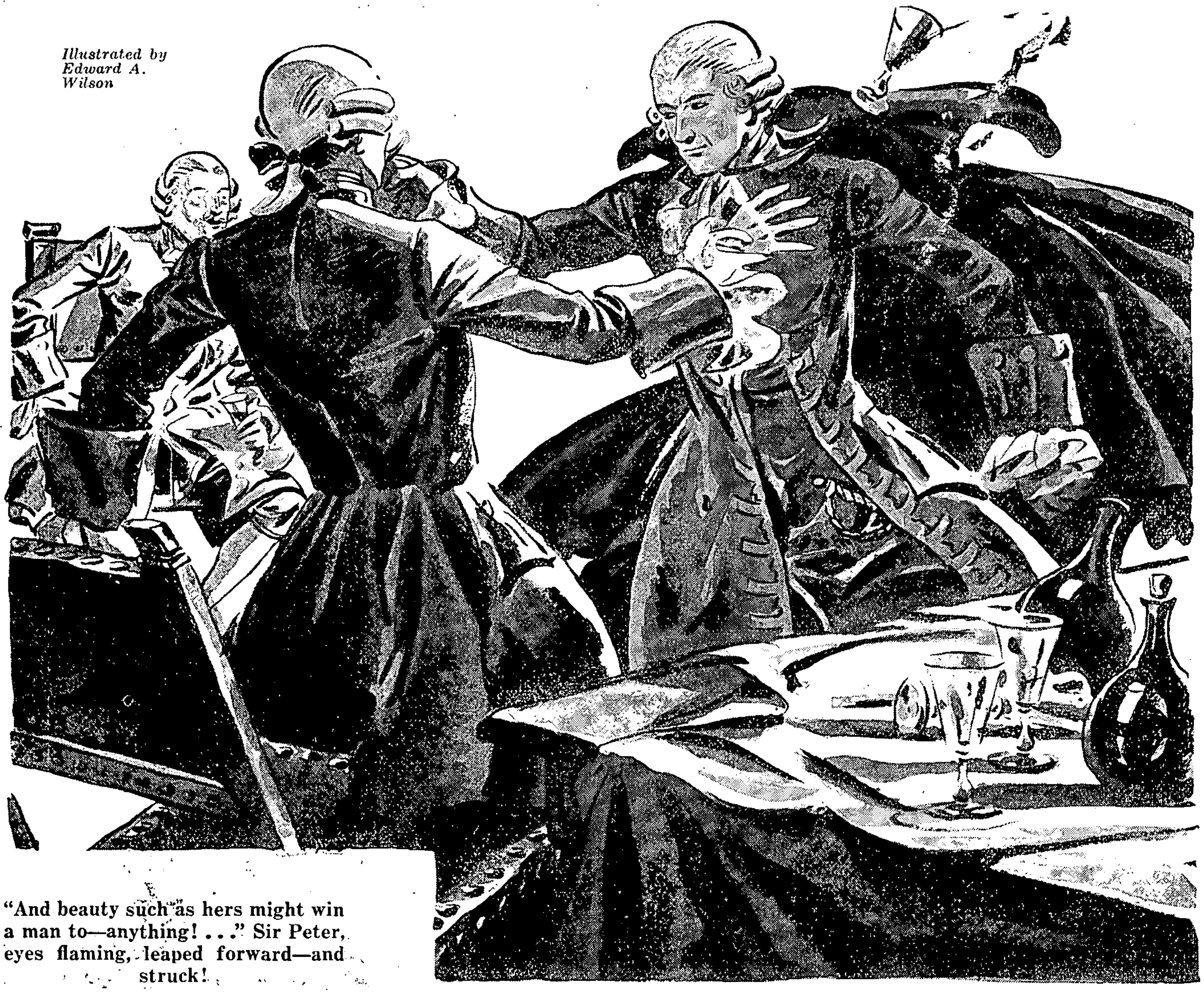
"Ay! But why trouble? The man's a villain!"

"Truly, but then the villain is a man, my dear!"

"Whisht!" cried Miss Janet, becoming grimly alert as upon the quiet rose a hoarse rumble of voices and into the courtyard came three men, rough-clad, desperate-looking fellows, one of whom was small, grizzled and very fiercely mustachioed. At sight of the ladies they hushed their talk and, standing in remote corner, muttered together awhile ere they separated.

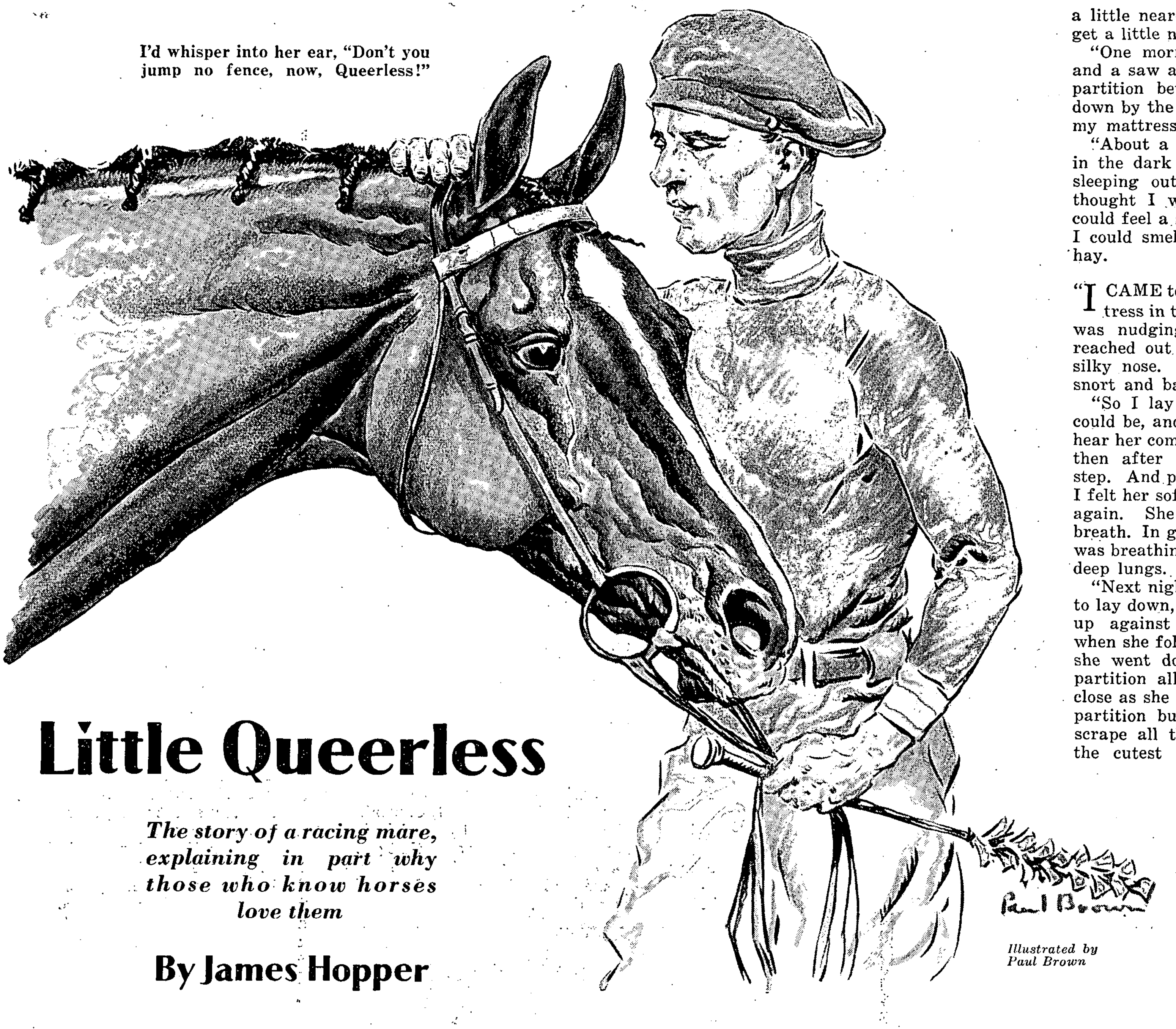
"Number seven, *bis*, must be on the other side," said my lady. "Let us try." So came they at last to the number sought where yawned a doorway that led into a small lobby, where in remote and grimy corner hung a rusty bell-pull

(*Continued on page 55*)



Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson

"And beauty such as hers might win a man to—anything! . . ." Sir Peter, eyes flaming, leaped forward—and struck!



I'd whisper into her ear, "Don't you jump no fence, now, Queerless!"

Little Queerless

The story of a racing mare, explaining in part why those who know horses love them

By James Hopper

Illustrated by Paul Brown

IT IS some time ago since I heard the story of the little racing mare, Queerless, and I don't know why it has remained with me so clingingly. For it is only a very little story, and not a very edifying one, its subject having been, no doubt, a very rascally little mare with a seeming weakness for bad company.

It was Holman, a track hanger-on, who told it to us down in New Orleans, one day when we had brought him to the hotel with us after the day's races. There had been a time in his life when he had owned a meager string of platers with which he toured the gypsy circuits, the crooked meets at county fairs. Then he had slid back downhill, and a fire at Tia Juana had finished him for good, together with his nags, saddles, blankets, buckets, sponges and everything. He was now one of those gentle vagrants who follow meets on the fringe and eke a mysterious existence out of the crumbs dropped by the joyous, the careless and the rich.

From the day of our arrival he had attached himself to us, humbly but firmly. From long loafings about the stables, and perchings on rails, watch in palm, at sun-up when the horses flit by at exercise gallop, he would shuffle to us, down at the heel, one apologetic shoulder ahead of the other, with secret information which we played skeptically. But his steady, wistful dream was of a "stake" with which he might begin to climb back to the ownership of a stable and his lost splendid days.

Sitting on the lounge of our "suite" at the hotel, he began to tell us of the little mare Queerless. His bull pup was between his legs; he caressed its ears as he spoke, and only now and then raised to us his pale, washed-out eyes.

"I was squatting on the rail at sun-up as she galloped by. I liked her right away; she was so straight and fine. Jim Callahan had bought her three days before.

"Well, he had bought something just a little too much for him. What I first noticed was that her boy was trying to hold her to the middle of the track. I was just wondering why, when she came opposite the grand stand. She made a long swerve to the left and got to the inside rail. Then, with the boy pulling the other way hard as he could, over the rail she jumped, just like a swallow.

"THERE was a great how-dee-do. Her boy was on the grass, all sprawled out. He picked himself up and started after her, and everybody that was hanging around started after her—except me; I just stayed quiet, right there on my perch. Callahan came running across the track, puffing and cursing. She led them a good chase, that little mare. She'd dance her small hooves in and out of the dragging reins, like she was having a good time; she'd let them get near and then dodge careless-like just when they thought they had her. Finally, all of a sudden she stopped and let the boy take her.

"So they tried her again. Callahan threw the boy in the saddle, and cursed him, and said, 'Hold her.' Well, the boy tried, but he couldn't. She got to the grand stand, swerved, and over the rail she went again. You should have seen Callahan. He was fit to be tied. I just stayed up on my fence.

"Well, they caught her again, and set her to running again. And a third time she leaped the rail. She was real mad, too, by now; her nostrils worked like little red bellows, the white just oozed out of her eyes. It took them about an hour to catch her.

"Well, I thought, 'Here goes!' And I slid from the fence and went up to Callahan and offered him five hundred for the horse. He said, 'Take her and both be damned.'"

So Holman took the little mare Queerless, selling, in order to pay for her, all of his stable—which as a matter of fact consisted at the time of just two Roman-nosed and rather spavined geldings.

"There was an old barn in the fair grounds," he went on. "It was quite a way from the line of paddocks. I moved to that old barn. It had two stalls, and I put Queerless in one stall and I moved my bedding and my comb and mirror to the other stall. I slept in one stall, and she slept in the other. The first night I got up several times to look at her. She stayed standing a long time and when she bedded down, she got as far from the partition between the two stalls as she could get. We slept like that, that night—as far from each other as she could make it, in that small barn.

"And that's the way it was for some time. Say, she was nervous as a witch; she was wild as a hawk. She acted like I carried a pocketful of snakes.

"Then one night she lay down a little nearer the partition, and the next night a little nearer. Every night she'd get a little nearer.

"One morning I took a hatchet and a saw and I cut a hole in the partition between the two stalls, down by the floor. Then I dragged my mattress right up to the hole.

"About a week later I woke up in the dark and I thought I was sleeping outside in the fields. I thought I was on a haystack; I could feel a soft wind blowing, and I could smell flowers and new-cut hay.

"I CAME to, and I was on my mattress in the barn and something was nudging me in the ribs. I reached out my hand; it was her silky nose. She gave a great big snort and backed away.

"So I lay very still, as still as could be, and after a while I could hear her coming back, one step, and then after a long time, another step. And pretty soon, in the dark, I felt her soft nose against my ribs again. She was drawing in her breath. In great slow breaths. She was breathing me in, with her deep, deep lungs.

"Next night, when she got ready to lay down, she stood herself right up against the partition. Then when she folded her legs under her she went down right against the partition all the way, keeping as close as she could. I could feel the partition bulge, I could hear her scrape all the way down—it was the cutest thing! So when she reached the floor, she was right up against me.

"We always slept like that afterward. Every night I'd listen to her, bedding down, an hour or two after I'd blown my lantern out. I'd hear her sidle over till she leaned up against the partition. Then I'd hear her scrape all the way down, making sure she couldn't be any closer than she was—it was the cutest thing. And we'd sleep right up against each other all night.

"SHE didn't jump no fences after that. I trained down, and I took her out myself on her morning gallops. Just before I'd mount, I'd pull her head down a bit, till her left ear was even with my mouth. Then I'd whisper into her ear, 'Don't you jump no fence, now, Queerless!'

"And she wouldn't! I'd pull her head down like that and whisper, 'Don't you jump no rail, Queerless!' and then we'd gallop, and she wouldn't jump the rail! She never jumped the rail again all the time I had her.

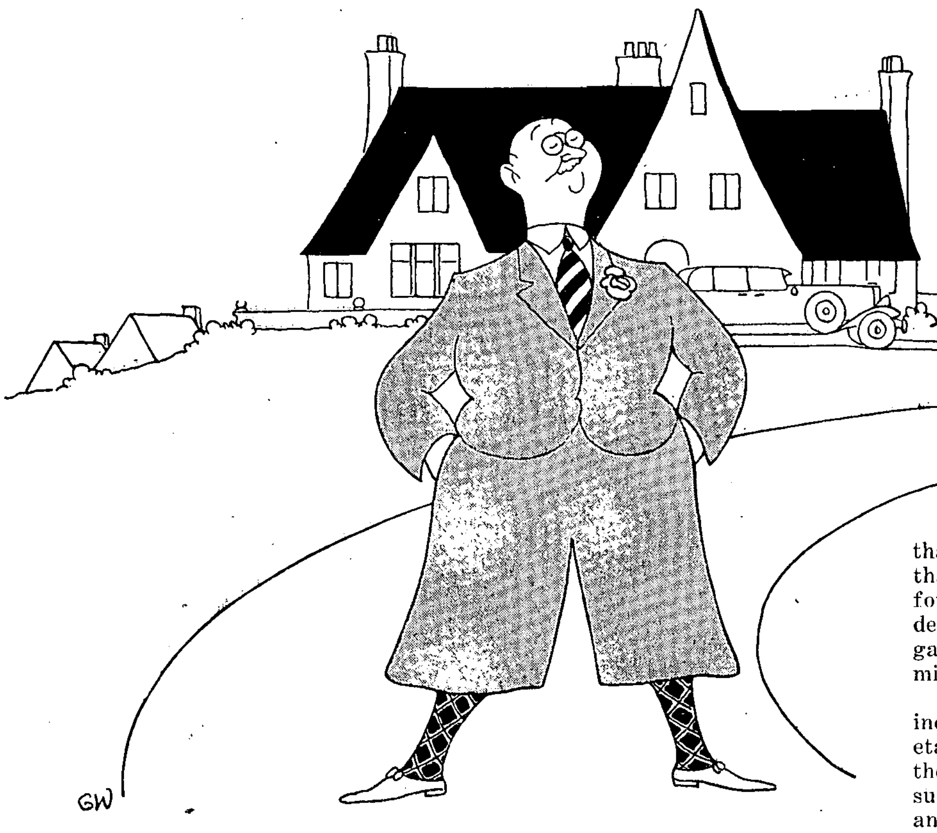
"It was about that time we had that tumble. I was exercising her before sun-up; they'd overwatered the track, and there was a big puddle near the rail at the turn.

"Norman Carr's Big Boy was on the track, and we got into a little brush with him. He swung wide at the turn, and I hustled her for the rail. I made her shave the rail too close, just as we struck that puddle—and all of her four feet went out from under her.

"It was so sudden it felt like I had stepped into a hole. I didn't have time even to be thrown! There I was, still astride her, and she on her flank, sliding along about forty miles an hour through the mud. 'There I go!' I thought. 'There goes my leg for sure!'

"Because I was still astride and my left leg was right under her. 'It'll crack off, like a crab's,' I thought. And then, of

(Continued on page 52)



"We like to spend—buildin' a handsomer house than the next-door neighbor and buyin' a higher-priced car"

Seeing Reds

"Would I recognize the Soviet government? Of course I would, assumin' that they'll shave so as to make recognition possible. You can't quarantine ideas, an' it's foolish even to try it. If there's any good in 'em the quicker we find it out the better, an' if they're bad, bringin' 'em into the open is the quickest way to scotch 'em."

Uncle Henry

I CERTAINLY would like to know what to think about Russia," plaintively murmured Mr. Stubbs. "Well, what is it you'd like to think?" asked Uncle Henry. "That's the nice thing about Russia. Nobody's held down to jes' one point of view. Every day the transatlantic liners unload new an' larger batches of impartial observers who have spent the week-end studyin' the Soviet experiment, coverin' the country from border to border in the careful, painstakin' way that has made America famous an' makin' a thorough survey of social, industrial an' political conditions.

"Each of 'em is staggerin' under the weight of opinions on Russia an' fairly beg you to take 'em while they're hot:

"Communism is a wonderful success an' has broken down at every point. Liberty is a blessin' enjoyed by all an' the tyranny is worse than in the days of Czarism. Free speech is the law of the land an' every mornin' several hundred people are shot for darin' to open their mouths. The curse of poverty has been lifted, lettin' in the sunshine of prosperity, an' families have to make the round of eighteen or twenty garbage cans before they can eke out a meal.

"Unemployment is unheard of but so are wages. The Russian people, as a unit, have thrown off the shackles of religion, rejoicin' in free thought, an' nothin' is more sad than the sight of men, women an' children weepin' before a padlocked church. The output of the tractor factory at Stalingrad is at its peak, turnin' out thousands of splendid machines every day, an' none of 'em can run under their own power.

"The collectivization of the farms has been hailed as a blessin' by the entire population, an' every kulak killed his livestock an' burned his crops rather than turn 'em over to the government. In all the big cities there are up-to-date apartment houses for the workers, an' it's nothin' to find two families crowded in one room, usin' the same piece of cotton cloth for a bed sheet, table coverin', towel an' shirt.

Bigger and Better Facts

"Everybody, without exception, lives on black bread an' raw cabbage to build up Russia's export trade, an' all the Communist leaders are dyin' of clove poisonin', bein' compelled to eat 'em in large quantities so's the proletariat won't smell the roast beef on their breaths. Stalin is the best loved man in all Russia, the people adorin' him, an' he can't step outside his front door without a guard from the Red army.

"Life must be wonderful over there, 'Lonzo, with no two people agreein' on any statement of fact. Here in the United States it's practically impossible to get up an argument about anything.

"Russia gives you some excitement. The minute somebody tells how there are jobs for everybody under Soviet rule, with nobody idle, another person says. 'Why not? You're shot if you quit.' An' no sooner is it enthusiastically stated that everybody gets good wages than there is shrill mention of the fact that after deductions have been made for union dues, social insurance, accident insurance an' the foreign propaganda fund, you owe the government a million rubles.

"One says that the Five-Year Plan is industrial an' another says that it's dietary. The first year you give up meat, the second year bread, the third year sugar, the fourth year butter an' eggs, an' the fifth year, food entirely.

"It's a wonder to me that Mr. Hoover doesn't listen to Senator Borah, or, rather, it's a wonder to me how he can help listenin'. The President is supposed to have a passion for facts, isn't he, an' where can he find more facts than in connection with Russia? An' no two alike.

"Take farmin', for instance. I hear that every Russian farm has a bookbindin' establishment in the kitchen, an art theater in the dinin' room, a dancin' school in the stable, an' lecture courses on literature out in the front yard. What better way to curb the output of wheat an' corn an' other cereal crops!

"Hard as it is to get the truth about Russia, I've noticed one rather interestin' an' illuminatin' thing, an' it is this: Communism may have made the land a regular Garden of Eden, but jes' the same, 'Lonzo, none of our American Bolshevists want to go there. Drag 'em down to the New York docks for deportation, an' instead of burstin' into songs of joy, their screams of horror can be heard for miles, makin' everybody think that his enemies have made Jimmy Walker go to work.

"Would I recognize the Soviet government? Of course I would, assumin' that they'll shave so as to make recognition possible. You can't quarantine ideas, an' it's foolish even to try it. If there's any good in 'em, the quicker we find it out the better, an' if they're bad, bringin' 'em out into the open where people can see 'em is the simplest way to scotch 'em. The attitude of the United States has done more for Communism than all the propaganda of Moscow an' Leningrad.

"Between us, an' not to go any further, the Russian experiment has never excited me very much. There's a competitive streak in human nature that can't be done away with by law, an' every normal man fairly itches to get ahead of the other fellow. Except for Russell Sage an' Hetty Green, who made it a business to conquer such impulses, we like to spend as an evidence of our superior earnin' power, buildin' a handsomer house than the next-door neighbor an' buyin' a higher-priced car.

"Stalin himself knows it's the truth an' has had to admit it. Only recently he did away with the equal wage, an' decreed that the man who did the best work was to get the most pay. That, 'Lonzo, means the end of Communism. The minute you quit the dead level, an' put a premium on superior ability or superior industry, you get right back to Capitalism an' the age-old competitive struggle that is responsible for all of our advances as well as our injustices.

The End of Bolshevism

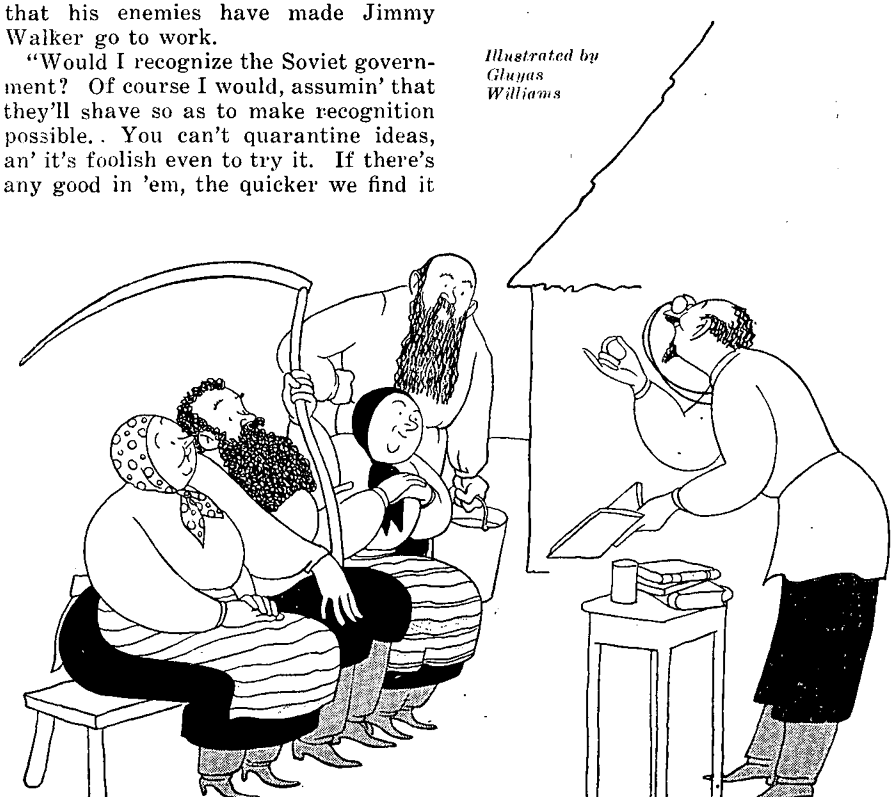
"Before long you'll see installment buyin' in Russia, an' that *will* be the finish. After a man has made four or five payments on his flivver, his radio, his refrigeratin' machine an' the parlor rug, an' has his house absolutely clear except for the first an' second mortgage an' mechanics' liens, can you see him wantin' to turn everything over to a lot of bums jes' because they happen to know that Marx doesn't spell his name with a k?

"At that, 'Lonzo, I'll be sorry to see the end of Bolshevism. What on earth are our Presidents, our senators, our governors an' our mayors goin' to do when they can't reply to criticism by passionately declarin' that it's a Communist conspiracy, an' a Red Menace?"

"What's a White Russian?" asked Mr. Stubbs, who had been pursuing his own train of thought.

"I don't exactly know," Uncle Henry said hesitantly, "unless it's those Russians that get a soap ration."

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

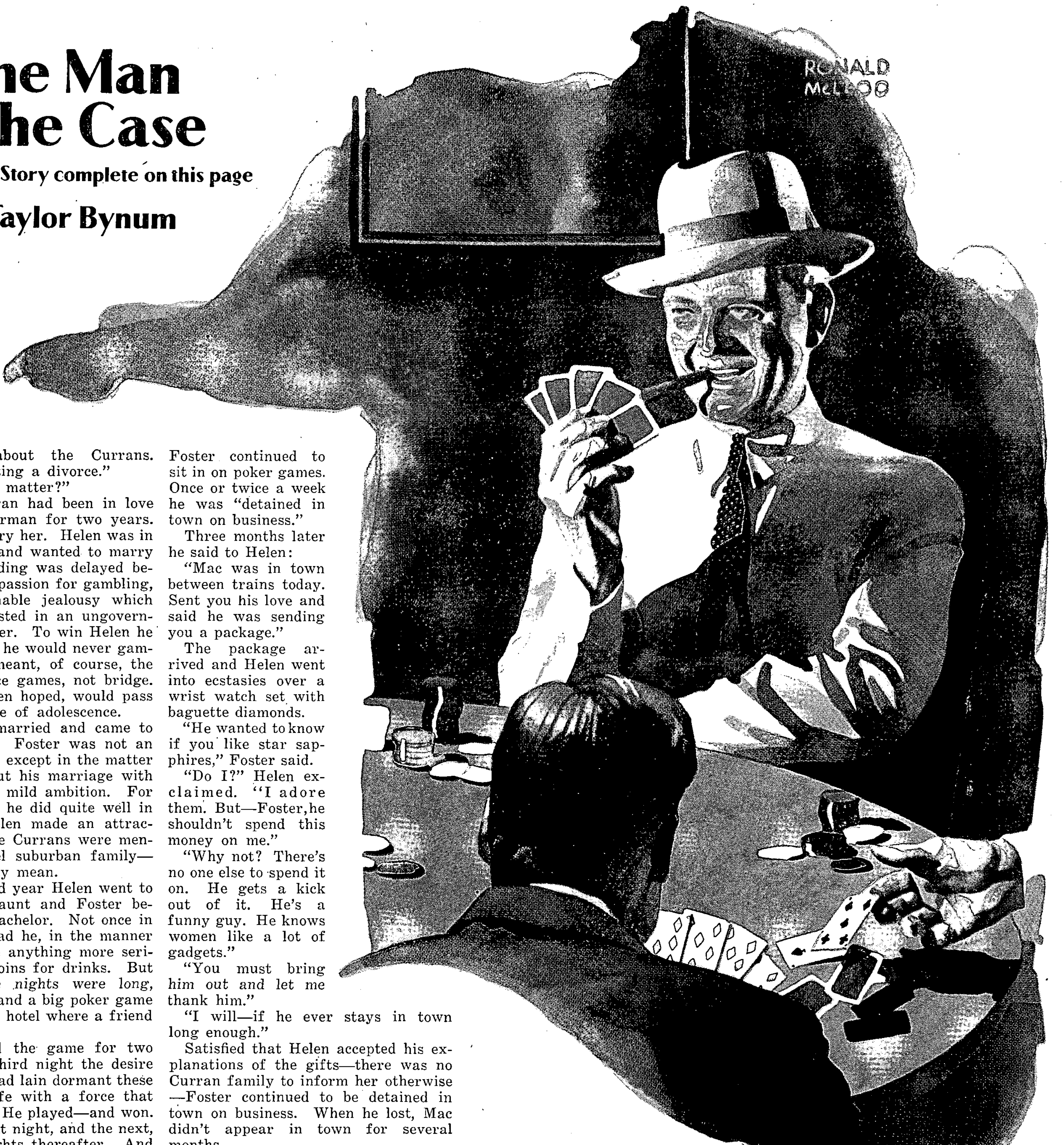


"Every Russian farm has courses on literature in the front yard"

The Man in the Case

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Taylor Bynum



On the third night the desire and urge, which had lain dormant these years, came to life with a force that he did not resist

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

TOO bad about the Currans. They're getting a divorce."

"What's the matter?"

Foster Curran had been in love with Helen Bickerman for two years. He wanted to marry her. Helen was in love with Foster and wanted to marry him, but the wedding was delayed because of Foster's passion for gambling, and his unreasonable jealousy which was often manifested in an ungovernable flare of temper. To win Helen he had to swear that he would never gamble again—that meant, of course, the big poker and dice games, not bridge. His jealousy, Helen hoped, would pass as a certain phase of adolescence.

So they were married and came to Baybrook to live. Foster was not an aggressive person, except in the matter of calling bets, but his marriage with Helen provoked a mild ambition. For a couple of years he did quite well in his business. Helen made an attractive home, and the Currans were mentioned as a model suburban family—whatever that may mean.

During the third year Helen went to Maine with her aunt and Foster became a summer bachelor. Not once in the three years had he, in the manner of gambling, done anything more serious than match coins for drinks. But this summer the nights were long, Helen was away, and a big poker game went on in a town hotel where a friend of his lived.

Foster watched the game for two nights. On the third night the desire and urge, which had lain dormant these years, came to life with a force that he did not resist. He played—and won. He played the next night, and the next, and for many nights thereafter. And his winnings grew.

By the time Helen returned he had won a great deal of money. He wanted her to have the money, yet he could not give it to her without explanations. And, because she must not know of his gambling, he thought of a plan which, at the time, seemed quite simple.

He bought a diamond bracelet.

"You remember I told you about my brother MacLain—the one who ran away when he was a kid?" Foster asked.

Helen nodded.

"Well, it seems he's struck it rich, made a mint of money. He turned up while you were away and because he didn't send you a wedding present he sent this."

Foster handed her a velvet box. Helen opened the box and gasped. She was delighted. Imagine having a brother as rich and sweet as Mac! She wanted to write and thank him at once, which she did. Foster took the letter to mail.

Successful in his initial deception Foster continued to sit in on poker games. Once or twice a week he was "detained in town on business."

Three months later he said to Helen:

"Mac was in town between trains today. Sent you his love and said he was sending you a package."

The package arrived and Helen went into ecstasies over a wrist watch set with baguette diamonds.

"He wanted to know if you like star sapphires," Foster said.

"Do I?" Helen exclaimed. "I adore them. But—Foster, he shouldn't spend this money on me."

"Why not? There's no one else to spend it on. He gets a kick out of it. He's a funny guy. He knows women like a lot of gadgets."

"You must bring him out and let me thank him."

"I will—if he ever stays in town long enough."

Satisfied that Helen accepted his explanations of the gifts—there was no Curran family to inform her otherwise—Foster continued to be detained in town on business. When he lost, Mac didn't appear in town for several months.

IN THIS manner a year passed. Helen had more jewelry than she wanted, but she accepted everything with a sort of childlike enthusiasm. The various gifts, all of them expensive, were a sop to what twinges of conscience Foster may have felt. The act of breaking a prenuptial promise was less damning when the breaking gave Helen happiness. That she had more jewelry than she could wear, and not enough money for other things she wanted, never occurred to Foster.

But Helen wasn't satisfied. There were other things she wanted—especially a mink coat. For weeks she wondered if she dare suggest to Foster that Mac send her a coat instead of another diamond or sapphire. She decided that Foster would not approve.

There were several pieces of jewelry which she never wore. These, she thought, would never be missed. She might as well sell them. She sold them without Foster's knowledge or consent, for, above all things, she did not want him to think she was unappreciative of brother Mac's gifts.

With the money she received she bought a mink coat. She paid cash, and had the coat sent by express to herself.

The coat arrived the next day. Proudly, as if it were the only mink coat in the world, Helen showed it to Foster.

"Where did you get it?" he demanded.

"Why—Mac sent it."

"Mac?" he repeated suspiciously.

"Mac, of course," Helen said. "Where else do you think I could get such a coat? He's the sweetest brother I ever heard of."

A thin red film seemed to hover before Foster's eyes. Suspicion and fear flared into a flame of jealousy. He stood trembling with rage. He knew she was lying—for MacLain Curran had not been heard from in fifteen years.

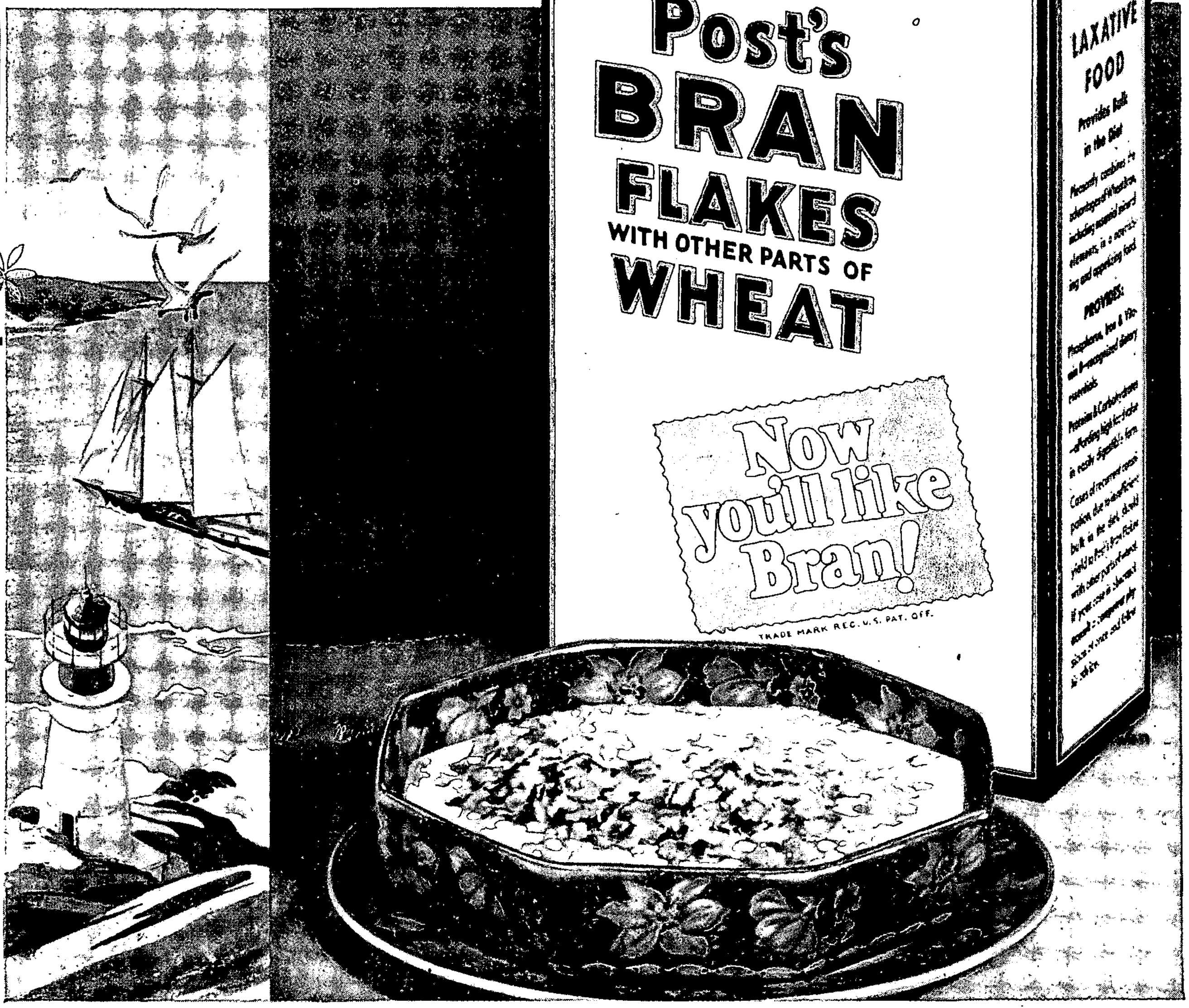
There was, to Foster, only one answer. He snatched the coat out of Helen's hands. He slapped her across the face, and she fell back on the divan. For a moment he stood glaring down at her. Then he threw the coat at her, turned, and walked out of the house.

"Too bad about the Currans. They're getting a divorce."

"Man or woman in the case?"

"A man, I understand."

DELICIOUS? YES
EFFECTIVE? YES
AND ALSO *Safe*



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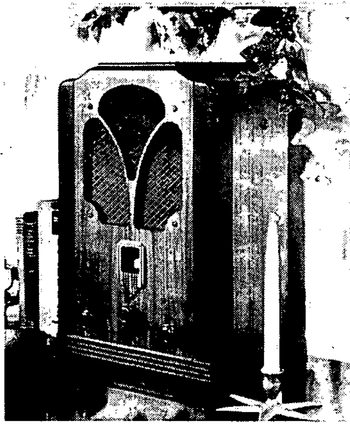

The Columaire Junior offers the new style note in radio with 8-tube completely shielded super-heterodyne circuit.

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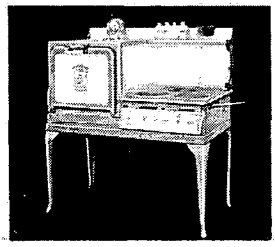
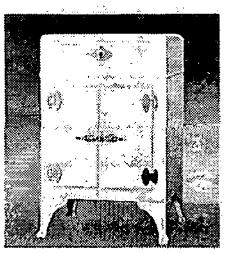
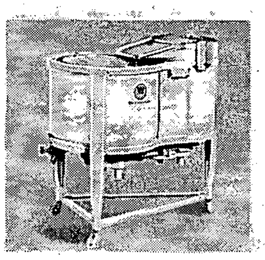


The Westinghouse Flavor Zone Range gives you extra hours away from the kitchen while it cooks meals automatically to old-time Dutch Oven goodness.



There's no need to go marketing every day where there is an economical Westinghouse Refrigerator that keeps food fresh and wholesome for days.



New washing speed in the new Westinghouse Pound-a-Minute Washer helps you get a whole week's laundry on the line in record time. Four Beautiful models.

Heaven will Protect the Working Girl

Continued from page 9

"The bears never bother me—I ain't fat enough," she said.

Mr. Schurz clapped a hand to the side of his face.

"Ouch. That has all the claw-marks of a dirty crack. But you're right, little girl, you're right. Nobody loves a fat man."

Hastily: "Oh, you ain't so fat. I didn't mean nothing personal."

"There, there, don't cry. I'll forgive you if you'll tell me your name and what you're doing tonight."

Her heart pounded. She and this fella would get along together swell.

"What's it *to* you?" she bantered.

Then, as Mr. Schurz was about to explain, Irma saw Gracie. And Gracie saw Irma. Gracie started across the street.

"I gotta go," said Irma, hastily. "See you again some time."

Gracie was suspicious.

"Look like you was talking to that fella," she observed.

"Don't be sil," said Irma.

THE next week Irma got a break. The Kilgore Players at the Orpheum hired a new leading man. His name was Malcolm Chenoweth. Irma and Gracie saw him on their regular Tuesday evening attendance. He played a dashing duke in Frederick Lonsdale's The High Road.

When he made his entrance and was greeted with welcoming applause, Irma clutched Gracie's arm.

"Gee! He's awful cute!"

Irma hadn't liked Malcolm Chenoweth's predecessor. He was a blond with thinning hair and married to an actress in the company. But Malcolm Chenoweth was tall and dark. He had thick, curly black hair, large, soft brown eyes and a cleft chin. He spoke in the Broadway interpretation of the Harvard version of an Oxford accent.

Next day, at the noon hour, Irma bought a box of lavender-colored stationery.

She wrote Malcolm Chenoweth as follows:

Dear Mr. Chenoweth:

I'll bet you cannot guess whom this is. I am writing this way because I am not like a lot of foollish girls who annoy a gentleman with silly fan letters and just make a nusance of theirself. I have too much sense of humer, Mr. Chenoweth, to take myself too serious and bother you with a lot of silly writings.

I just want to let you know that I and my young lady friend enjoyed your acting very much in this weeks show. Maybe you feel like sometimes you are not appreciated by people who do not understand your humerous way of saying things but people with a sense of humer are *very rare*, Mr. Chenoweth, and usually they laugh only to be polite and they are hipercrits and when a really splendid actor like yourself comes to town they do not understand him.

I flatter myself that I am one of the few who has a sense of humer and can understand a clever saying when I hear it and do not have to have the same explained. My young lady friend always tells me I am always saying humerous things to make her laugh but I always say there is no use of pulling a long face all the time. I do enjoy laughing at a clever saying such as you had in this weeks show and do you see any harm in that?

Well, Mr. Chenoweth, I do not want to take any more of your time so I will close. If I knew you better I would make some humerous remarks of a humerous nature but I am not one of those silly girls who scrapes up akwaintance when they have not even been introdused. Sincerely,

Guess Who?

P. S. My young lady friend and I occupy B1 and B3 every Tues. night. My young lady friend wears glasses.

Having dispatched this letter to Malcolm Chenoweth, Irma schemed for three days to escape the espionage of Gracie and Terence long enough to see The High Road again. She finally was obliged to report sick Saturday afternoon.

Irma watched Malcolm Chenoweth this time from a seat in the balcony. He was an awful cute fella . . . Gee. He wasn't like Art Wilson or Mr. Mudge or Terence. You could tell he would wise-crack kinda. like that fresh fella who spoke to her on Twelfth Boulevard, only better. He was more like Robert Montgomery.

That evening, she wrote Malcolm Chenoweth another letter:

Dear Mr. Chenoweth:

I'll bet you thought it was awful silly of me to write like I did without telling my name or anything but that's how I am. I think a person ought to follow their impulse once in a while and not think how it will look to the outside world. My young lady friend tells me she bets you will think I am like all the rest of silly girls who get "that way" about actors and am just trying to make your akwaintance. She is afraid you will think I am unladylike and awful hairbraned and acting like a girl who is not rased proper.

I often think, Mr. Chenoweth, that it does seem like my friends do not understand me. It seems like I do things more like a girl in a book than like how girls are suposed to act in this city. But if you knew me you would see right off that it is because I have a sense of humer why I do such foollish things. I am sorry if I have ofended you or hurt your feeling with my wild actions. My young lady friend often says I am the kind of a girl you have to meet and talk with before you understand how my thoughts are and how I am apt to do just anything by acting on impulse and not thinking in a conventinal way.

Well, Mr. Chenoweth, I am not very sorry I wrote you after all because it has been a great experience to me and has taught me a great deal. So I will not bother you further but will close wishing you the rich success you deserve in your art and hoping you will not think I am like those other girls because really and truly I am not. If you knew me better you would quikly see the truth in this. Sincerely,

Your Friend.

P. S. I sit in B1 every Tues. night and my young lady friend sits in B3.

ON TUESDAY evening at supper in the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria, Irma said casually: "Going to the show tonight, Gracie?"

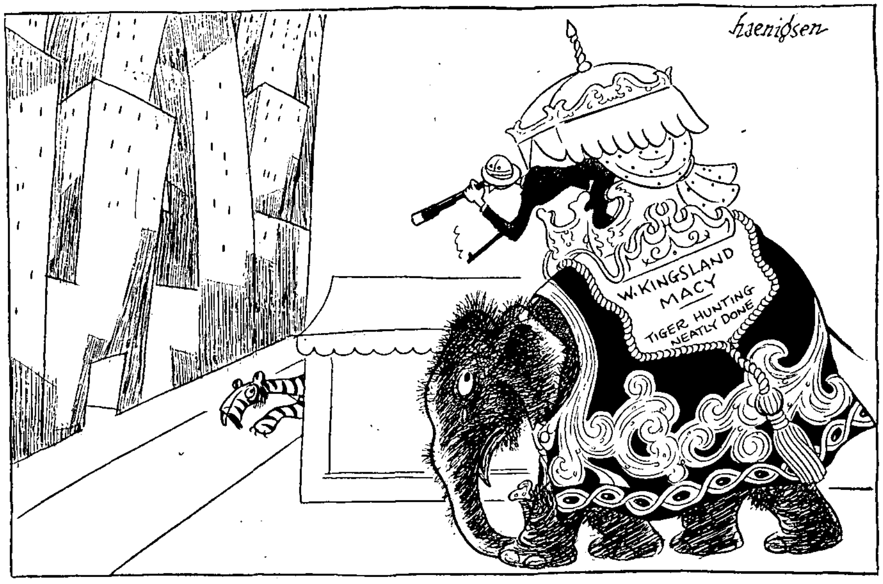
Gracie said: "No, I got to help Miss Lucas in the Bible Study. I told you that yesterday. Didn't you turn in your ticket?"

Irma said, with beating heart: "That's right, I forgot. I'll sell it to Minnie. She wants to go."

Gracie didn't seem unduly suspicious.

Irma knew better than to hope that even with Minnie's help she could long conceal the truth. But at least she would be free from Gracie's protective-

(Continued on page 28)



The Tiger Baiter

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE Republican party has been going to seed for some time. In the Senate and the House there isn't a regular blown-in-the-bottle Republican who is worth tuppence.

Of recent Republican Presidents there is Harding, of whom the less said the better; Coolidge, who was an accident, and Hoover, who at one time was uncertain whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. In the Cabinet there is Mellon, who belongs to another generation, and the rest are nothing. Of national chairmen there was Doc Work, who had to be fired; Claudius Huston, who had still more to be fired, and Doc Fess, who isn't fired merely for fear that someone more inept may take his place.

In New York State, which is the subject of this pæan, it has been even worse. In the incredibly Republican period from 1918 to 1930 the Republicans have managed to lose the state in every state election but one. In all that period the Republican party has been puerile—no, that is a reflection on boys—let us say infantile. And now there is W. Kingsland Macy.

W. Kingsland Macy—that does not sound like a good political name. One would expect to see a W. Kingsland Macy leading a Goo-Goo movement in New York, heading a citizens' league, or chairmaning a committee of seventy. But he is the first real boss the Republican party of New York has developed since Tom Platt and Ben Odell.

An Inauspicious Beginning

They found their new Moses in the bulrushes down on Long Island. And his finding was not at all auspicious, nor was the occasion when the new Moses lifted up his voice so as to be heard all over the state. Governor Smith, who at that time looked as big compared to any New York Republican as the Empire State Building looks compared to a one-story shack, was campaigning for a bond issue for public parks, one of them down on Long Island. W. Kingsland Macy, a country gentleman of Long Island, lifted up his voice in protest against the Long Island park. He said, "I don't want the rabble of New York City running over my back lawn."

Whereupon Al Smith, who wasn't above a bit of demagogy, quoted Mr. Macy's words all over the state. And the plain people by a very large majority voted to send the rabble down where Mr. Kingsland Macy could get a good look at it.

This was Mr. Kingsland Macy's introduction to public life. Few survive such an initial error. But Mr. Macy, still incensed, buckled down to make any more Al Smiths in New York impossible. It is a large contract and Mr. Macy hasn't got far with it yet, but he is on his way.

For some years you didn't hear much of W. Kingsland Macy. Republican state chairmen succeeded one another. They went up against Al Smith and the state chortled with glee. They died or resigned, and others succeeded them.

It got so that the Republicans had to pay a man to be state chairman. The last of these, William J. Maier, went a few months ago. After applying in vain to all the local employment agencies for a state chairman, the Republicans elected Mr. Macy.

Now It's a Real Fight

They did not have to pay him a salary to take the job; he is rich. No one else would have it. Besides he had one great asset; he had seen a great deal of New York City over his back fence in the new park, and he hated Tammany.

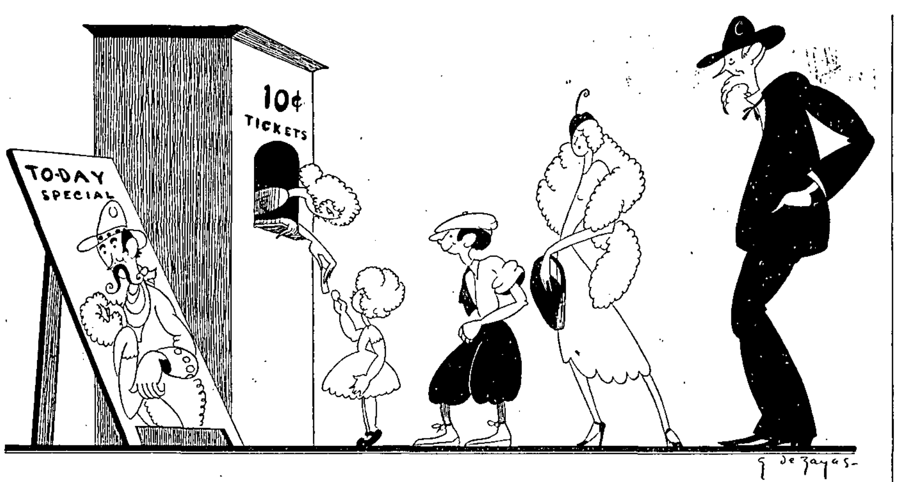
Most of the upstate New York Republican politicians only pretend to hate Tammany. They live on the crumbs that fall from Tammany's table. They thought with a good Tammany hater in command the sham battle on Tammany could be made to look more real, while they felt confident that they could keep it innocuous.

The new state chairman set out at once upon his favorite plan to investigate Tammany. Conditions were not favorable.

Macy had to have every Republican vote in the Senate to get his resolution through that house. The Bill Ward Republicans of Westchester County, near neighbors of Tammany, had profitable contractual relations with Tammany. Tammany is always wise enough to have friends upstate. The rest of the upstate Republican senators voted for the investigation, knowing that Bill Ward's two senators would vote against it. They did and it was beaten.

Macy then hammered away at Ward till Ward was afraid he would break his hold upon the Republican organization in Westchester, whereupon Ward broke and ordered his two senators to vote for Macy's investigation. Then for the first time in a dozen years there was a real Republican party in New York, opposed to Tammany Hall.

Pretty good for an amateur who started out with the worst political break on record. The only way the Republicans can get rid of him will be to make him run for governor in the hopeless year, 1932.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Three out of every four persons who go to the movies are under twenty-five years of age, which you may have suspected—from the pictures.—*By Tom Armstrong, Springfield, Ohio.*

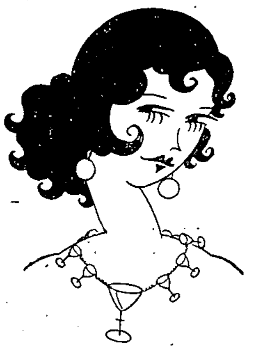
In Kabul, Afghanistan, the gentlemen still delight in playing a nice, refined game called Baigu. About 50 horsemen, 25 to a side, go out on a large plain with a post at each end, and nearly kill one another trying to make goals with a dead and headless goat.

There are 41,700 radio stations, ships, airplanes and amateurs licensed to broadcast and to send and receive wireless messages throughout the world, and 24,500 of them, or 58.8 per cent, are in the United States.

One of the greatest scientific developments of this age is the photoelectric cell, for which there are more than 200 uses today. It measures, operates, counts, sorts, grades and registers all kinds of things in all kinds of industries. It even can measure the bend in a table top caused by the weight of a 25-cent piece.

Since the adoption of the first 10 amendments to our Constitution in 1791, more than 2,000 others have been proposed, but luckily only 9 have been added.—*By Guy L. Hudson, Richmond, Calif.*

A blind man has perfected a mathematical frame with figures, letters and symbols which enables the blind to learn simple and higher mathematics, including algebra and logarithms.



Latest Paris fads: A necklace of tiny cocktail glasses, each about half an inch long, which is worn at cocktail parties; and a salt cellar in the form of a statuette of Gandhi. To be used at round tables.

In Mongolia, primitive religious fanatics, on their annual pilgrimages to shrines, will crawl the entire distance on their hands and knees—sometimes more than 2,000 miles.—*By Muriel de L. Baer, New York City.*

During the past three years, about 90 tax measures against chain stores have been introduced in state legislatures, but only 5 of them have become laws.

Haiphong, a seaport of French Indo-China on the Gulf of Tonkin, is said to be the only place in the world that has only one tide, instead of two, every 25 hours.

More than 125 Zeppelins have been built up to the present time, the majority, however, without press agents.

Twenty years ago, American railroads sent all train orders by telegraph. Today 61 per cent of our track mileage is regulated by orders sent by telephone.

In New York City, three times as many persons ride in elevators daily as in all the street cars, subways, elevated lines and taxicabs combined.

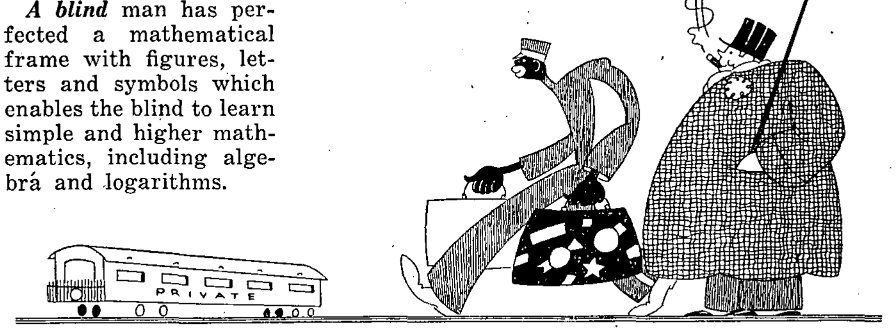
Germany is much concerned about its falling birth rate. A recent census reveals that 40 per cent of its post-war marriages are childless.

About the most exclusive group of individuals in the United States today are the millionaires who own private railroad cars. There are only 100 of them.

The world's largest private telephone switchboard is in the City Bank Farmers' Trust Company Building in New York. It has 800 trunks, 8,000 extensions and 300 tie-lines, with a maximum capacity of 150,000 incoming, outgoing and interior calls every 24 hours.

In the United States today, the largest number of foreign-born persons are Italians. They should be. They started coming over in 1492.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



(Continued from page 27)

ness as long as the show lasted. Irma expected things to happen at the show.

They did. The play was Molnar's The Swan and Malcolm Chenoweth appeared as the young tutor in love with the princess. Thunderous applause greeted his first appearance and Irma, shivering with guilty delight and suspense, noticed that as he bowed his eyes moved in her direction. Malcolm Chenoweth looked straight at her and smiled. He did, he did. He was an awful sweet fella too. Gee . . . what if he . . . s-spoke to her? What if he was to lean over the footlights and say "Hello, Beautiful" or somepin'?

THE first-act curtain went down without this happening, however, and Irma began to despair. Was that all he was gonna do? Just look at her and smile?

"B1? Here's a note for yuh!"

An usher shoved a small envelope at her.

Her trembling fingers found the card. Drew it out. On one side it said Malcolm Chenoweth. On the other were the penciled words: "Please come to stage door after the performance and hand this to doorman. I want to talk to you."

Irma held the precious card with both hands during the rest of the play. She read its message seven times. About all she gathered of proceedings on the stage was that the princess seemed like she was awful snooty or somepin' and didn't treat Malcolm right and ditched him for a prince and Malcolm looked sweeter and cuter than he had ever looked just after the princess ditched him. All the time she was thinking: "What'll I say to him? How'll he act? I bet he's alla time kidding somepin' fierce. Gee . . . he's cuter than Robert Montgomery."

Finally . . . the stage door. She was very dignified and ladylike. When the doorman said: "Step this way, Miss," she said: "Thank you. I shall be glad to." The doorman indicated a white door with the stem of his pipe.

Irma knocked timidly.

"One moment. . . ." the door opened. He stood smiling down at her. "Ah . . . the lady!" he said, and then, "Won't you come in?"

"Yessir, thank you," she gasped.

She followed him into the room and sat on the edge of a chair which he placed for her. He was wearing a blue silk dressing robe and one side of his face was still shiny with grease paint. He sat down on a bench and regarded her blond charms with slightly amused and critical approval.

"Well—" he said, slapping his hands on his knees, "so you are *you?* Charming. Charming! Yes, yes. And how did you like the play?"

"I liked it fine, and I think you done just marvelous, Mr. Chenoweth."

"Ah . . . thank you, thank you." He bowed. "Yes, it's a good piece, though perhaps a mite too sophisticated for Mid-Western audiences. They don't go in for that sort of thing as a rule."

"Nossir, they do not, Mr. Chenoweth. I think it's like I wrote you, they got no sense of humor."

"No *joie de vivre,* eh? And not a *soupçon* of *diablerie.* Yes, yes. No doubt you're right. By the way—you haven't told me your name?"

She giggled nervously.

"That's right, we ain't been introduced, have we? My name is Irma Lewis." Then, with a mighty effort, "It ain't such a hot name but I always do say it's the only one I got."

He smiled.

"I think it's a very nice name." Then, after a pause, "I'm wondering just why you wrote me those notes?"

Irma reddened painfully.

"I guess it was kinda silly, at that," she said. "But like I said why I just felt kinda like I'd like to write um so I did." And with another effort, "I hope you don't feel hurt?"

His eyes were serious. He didn't have any snappy comeback.

"Oh, not at all," he said. "Do you . . . er . . . make a practice of writing notes to artists?"

"I wrote Robert Montgomery oncet."

"Robert who? Oh . . . yes . . . in pictures. Well, well." Another pause. "Really you know, you shouldn't, Miss Lewis. You might run into some member of the profession who wasn't a gentleman. Someone who wouldn't understand."

"Yessir, I guess that's right."

His manner became more interested.

"But I understand, of course," he went on, "and I'm sure we're going to be good friends, aren't we?"

"Yessir, I guess so."

But Irma felt no elation in the thought. This fella wasn't anything like how she had imagined he would be. He wasn't much of a wise-cracker and he used a lot of big words and maybe on the sly he was trying to high-hat.

Malcolm Chenoweth warmed to the subject of friendship. He said actors led very lonely lives. He said they didn't get a chance to meet many nice girls. Irma said yessir she guessed that was right. Malcolm Chenoweth said he hoped she would let him make her his friend. Did she believe in the value of platonic friendship? Irma said yessir, she guessed she did. He smiled and patted her hand and said gently: "You're a deah little gul." He said she should wait while he finished dressing and they'd go some place for a bite to eat and a long talk.

Irma made one last effort.

"I couldn't do that tonight," she said. "It's half past thirteen o'clock and they turn the bears loose at five minutes of fourteen o'clock."

He eyed her in a puzzled way.

"Thirteen o'clock? Oh . . . I see . . . what an odd way to speak of it. But it isn't twelve yet. You're not going to run off and leave me desolate, are you?"

AS SHE hesitated . . . she heard the sounds of altercation outside the door. Then there were loud raps on the panels. Malcolm Chenoweth said: "What's all the row about?" and swung the door open.

Irma knew it. She just knew it. There stood Gracie and Terence. Gracie said: "You turn her loose, you dirty cur!" Terence didn't say anything. He measured Malcolm Chenoweth expertly and socked him squarely on the button. Malcolm Chenoweth crumpled. The doorman and two stage hands jumped Terence. Irma and Gracie went to Terence's assistance. Irma hit a stagehand over the head with Malcolm Chenoweth's make-up box, yelling: "You leave Terence be, you dirty bums!" . . . Later, Terence and Irma and Gracie left the police station together. Terence was swaggering masterfully.

". . . and what's more, we're gonna get married tomorrer," he told Irma. "Leave you chase around this town another week and your moral's'd be ruint."

"Fat chance," said Irma, "fat chance."

Terence thought she meant there was a fat chance of her marrying him. He started to argue, but Gracie said: "Leave her be, Terence. She'll marry you. She's seen the error of her way. Quit rubbing it in."

Irma was silent. The city and Terence and Gracie had beaten her. She would never find a tall dark fella who could wise-crack somepin' fierce. Maybe there wasn't any such guy. Still . . . maybe some day . . . she'd meet Robert Montgomery. . . .

after exposure guard against
SORE THROAT

More than 29 DISEASES may enter the body through the MOUTH, nose and throat

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Gargiers have half as many colds

You can realize the great value of using Listerine *daily* by noting the results of careful cold control tests conducted under medical supervision. The results:

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had half as many colds as those who did not gargle.

Those who gargled Listerine five times daily had one-third as many colds.

And in each case the colds were less severe and of shorter duration.

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100 out of 104
Philadelphia women
guessed wrong . . .
but now they know

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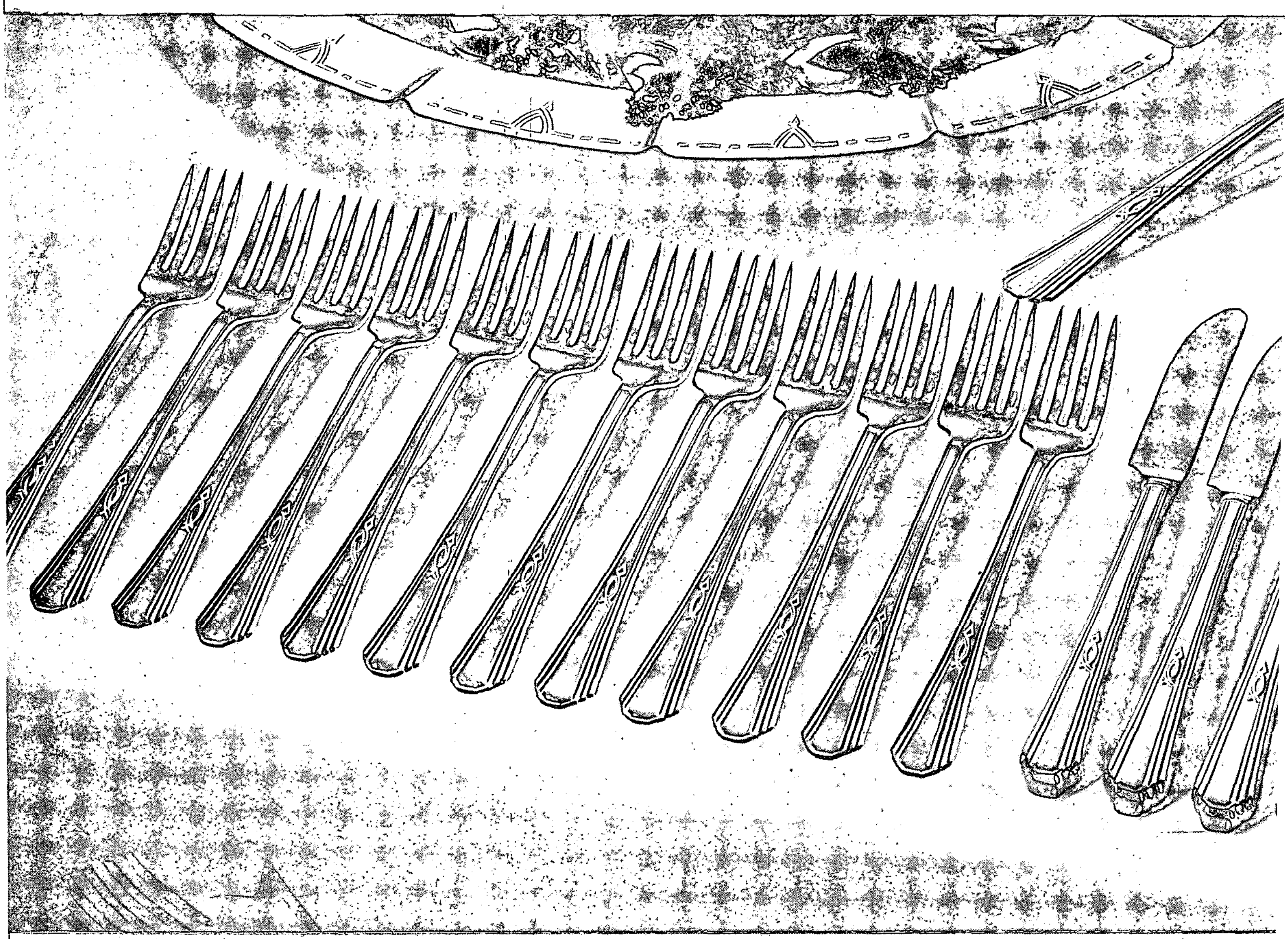

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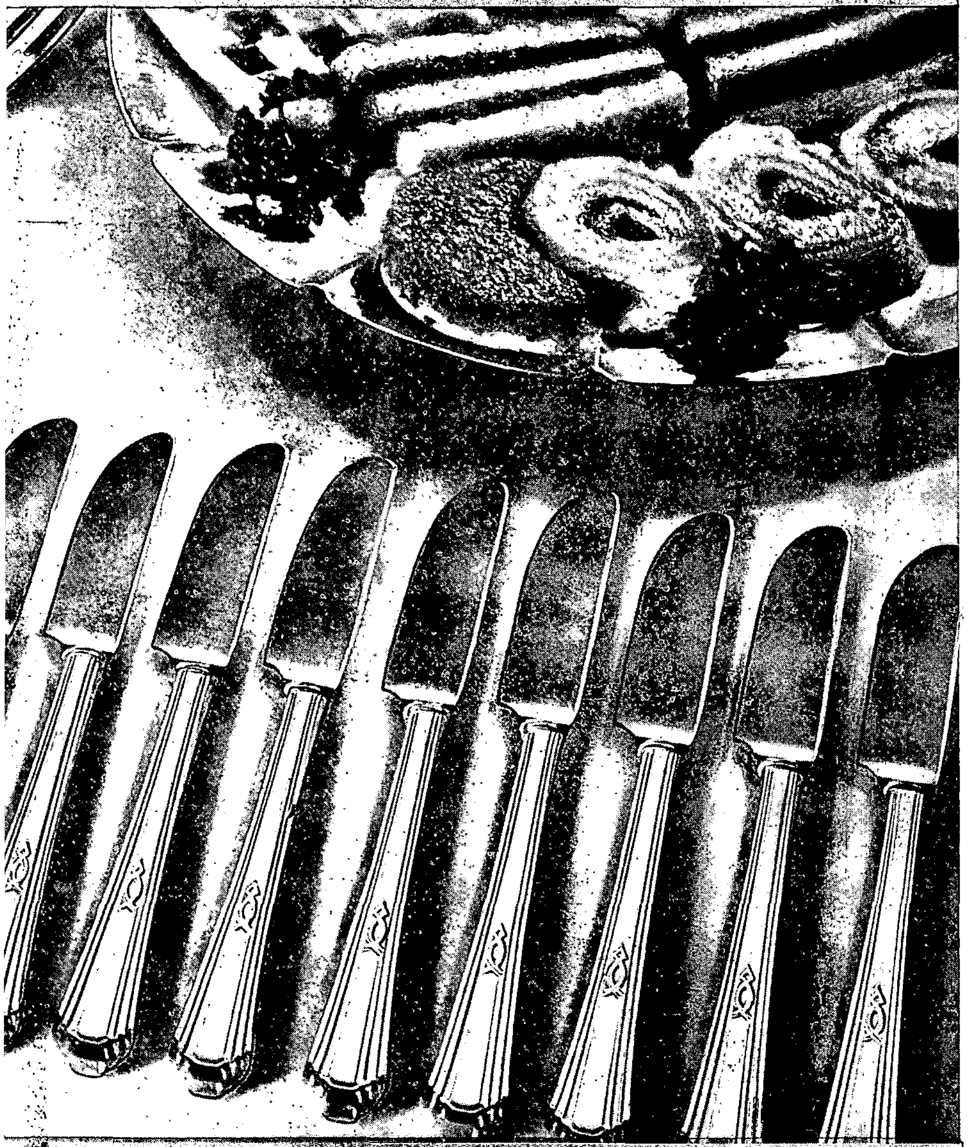

ARE you good at guessing prices?

Recently, in Philadelphia, our Traveling Reporter asked 104 women to guess the price of the silverplate he set before them—50 pieces in the very same pattern illustrated here.

They admired—examined carefully—appraised the weight, balance, detail—then ventured their guesses. And all but four guessed wrong! All but four guessed 'way, 'way too high!

Guesses ran as high as two and a half times the actual price of this silverplate! And no wonder—for the price is . . .

$29.00 for a service for 12!

You couldn't expect them to guess that for $29.00 you could get a smart decorative case containing 12 model-handled knives, with stainless steel blades, 12 forks, 12 teaspoons, 12 dessert spoons, a sugar shell, a butter knife—all in silverplate that has the look, the "feel" of expensive sterling!

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See this distinctive silverplate. See the new Viande* style in knife and fork—used on half the smart tables in the land. (Mrs. Emily Post calls the Viande knife "the perfect instrument.") See the matching hollowware—an innovation at this price. Then realize—this is Wm. Rogers & Son—Genuine Original Rogers Silverplate—guaranteed for many years of daily wear! Many dealers are offering this lovely silverplate on the Deferred Payment Plan.

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**Trade Mark—Viande Knife—Patent Applied for*

N *Silverplate*

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 16

would have starved. What is that guy talking about anyway? Why don't they start the music again? I'll be back in a minute, Larry. Maybe he'll have it all off his chest by that time. You might get another bottle of ginger ale while I'm gone, and some more ice. . . .

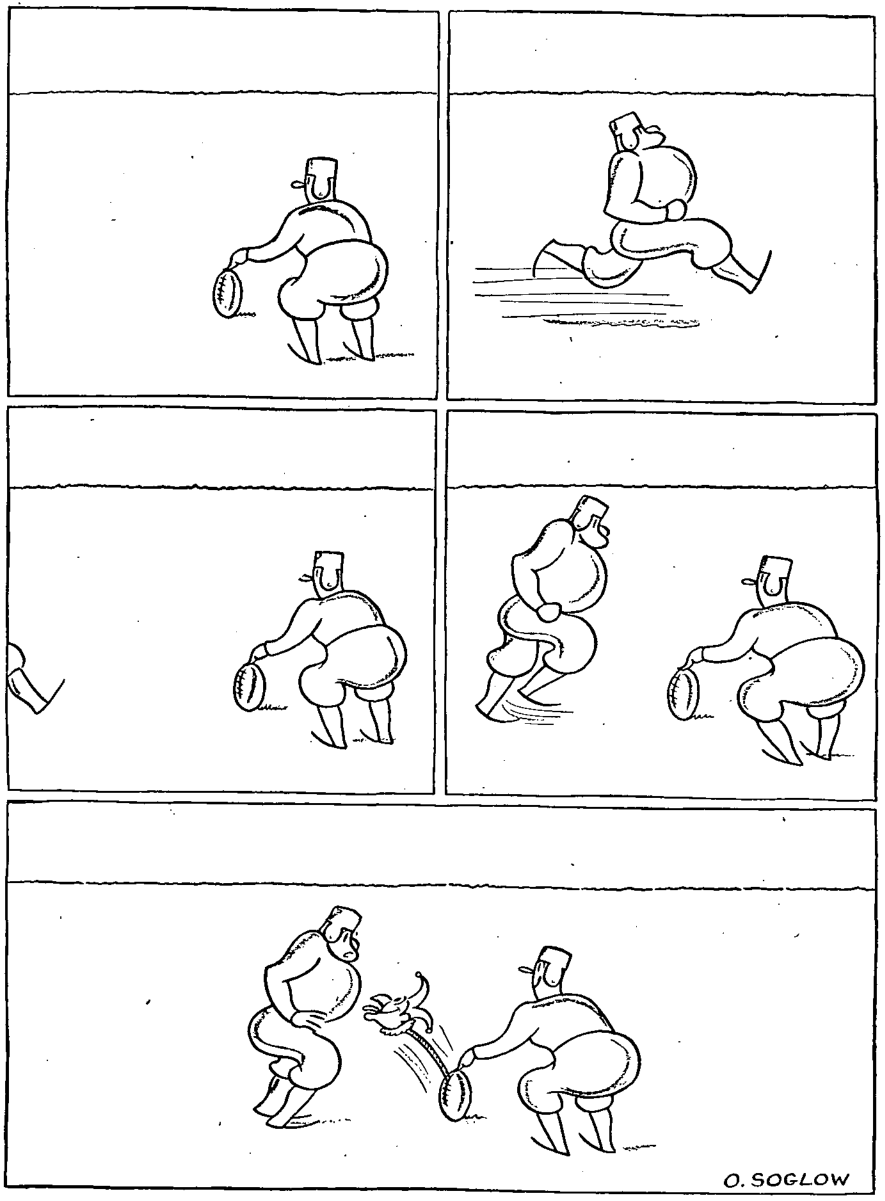
Now you may ask, what we shall do about our goldfish? I believe the entire solution of the Reparations Problem is hidden there. We can have bigger and better goldfish and restore bimetalism if we ameliorate their present intolerable housing conditions. We must give them more privacy so they can moult and mate and raise their young out among the buttercups and daisies.
Horsefeathers!
For it is on the city streets that the gangsters are bred.
Cuckoo!

. . . Can you change a quarter for me, miss? . . . Thank you. . . . Here, keep the dime. . . . Hello, Wickersham 3458. . . . What? . . . Oh, all right then, Wickersham 2-3458. . . . How can I remember? All right. . . . There oughta be a moonlight saving time so I could love . . . Hello. . . . Hello, Judge? Oh, I want to speak to Judge Considine. . . . Tell him it's Miss O'Neal. . . . What? . . . Tell him it's Sally's sister. . . . All right. . . . So I could love that man of mine until the birdies wake and chime. . . . Hello. Oh, hello, Judge. . . . All right then, George, if you prefer. Is Sally there? . . . Let me talk to her a minute. . . . Oh, I'm fine. . . . Sure, pretty soon now. Almost any minute. . . . Certainly I'll be glad to see you. . . . Oh, hello, Sally. This is Honey. I said this was Honey. . . . Well, shut it off, then, if you can't hear. Don't you get enough of radio all day? . . . I'm down at the Nut Club. . . . Yeah, the Nut Club down in the Village. There's the swellest band and boy, what a dancer! I've been dancing with a gigolo. Sure I have. Gee, he's the most marvelous dancer and he's got the saddest story all about having to escape from Spain on account of the revolution and he was noble or something and now he has to dance for a living. Isn't that sad? . . . No, I'm not. I haven't had hardly anything to drink. How could I have anything to drink? I'm out with Larry. . . . Oh, gee, I'd love to. But how will I get away from Larry? . . . No, he doesn't know I'm telephoning. I'm calling from the ladies' room. . . . All right. . . . What? . . . I'll tell him I've got a headache and want to go home. Then I'll ditch him and come up there. . . . Is that it? . . . What? Oh, I'll make some excuse to Laura. I'll handle it. There goes the band. I'm going to have one more dance with Ramon and then I'll have my headache. I'll be seeing you. 'Bye.

8. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal.

. . . You have just heard the Nut Club Boys do "Million Dollar Baby." We could hardly shake them loose from it long enough to read you this telegram just received from Jake Hosenflicker who is listening in over in Mahwah and who wants to join the Nut Club.
Horsefeathers!

. . . Oh, let it ring. Go on and ring. Ring your head off. Maybe it's Bill. I don't care. I won't answer it. It might be somebody for Sally. That's right. Maybe it's Honey. Maybe something happened to Honey. No, it's Bill. Maybe it's Honey. Why don't you answer it? If it's Bill, I'll hang right up. Well, all right. Then answer it. It's somebody for Sally. Maybe Honey is hurt or something. Oh, don't be such an old woman. Well, if it's Bill I'll hang right up. I will. No, you won't. Well, I'll just ask him how he is. God, if I could see him just once more. There you go again. I'll hang right up. Well, answer it. All right, I will. Please God, if it's Bill's voice, I want to hang right up. Should I ask him how he is? That won't do any harm. You better answer it. It won't ring much longer. Hello. . . . What? . . . Yes. . . . Oh, hello, Honey. Where are you now? . . . Oh, you are! . . . I've had to listen to that crazy stuff from next door all night. I wish that Peters woman wouldn't run that radio from morning till night. It's driving me crazy. Got all the windows closed. . . . What? . . . Join up with Sally? Where? . . . Don't you think you ought to come home? . . . No, there isn't anything to do here, that's true, but you have to get up early and go to the station for your rehearsal at ten tomorrow. . . . What? . . . Oh, I'm all right, I guess. I can't sleep. . . . Well, don't stay out too late. 'Bye.



I wish she wouldn't stay out late. I can't do anything with her. I guess I was just as crazy as she is when I first came to New York. You get that knocked out of you. But you get so many other things knocked out of you at the same time.

Horsefeathers!
Cuckoo!

Hello. Hello. Give me the manager. . . . Give me the night manager then. . . . I want to talk to someone who can stop this radio next door Yes, Mrs. Peters. She runs it from morning till night. . . . What? . . . Of course I wish to register a complaint. What do you think I'm doing now? . . . I don't care how you handle it just so long as you stop her. . . . What? . . . This is Miss O'Neal speaking, Miss Laura O'Neal. . . . All right. . . . 'Bye.

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

You can't stop them. It's no use. You can't stop anything. I think everybody must be crazy in this town. There's something about it that drives them crazy. That old woman next door and her radio going all the time. Jazz and night clubs and parties. Honey going crazier every day. No holding her. Or maybe it's better to be crazy like that than about one man: I was happier when I was running around with a lot of them. I didn't think I was. But now I know it. I guess I wasn't happier either but I didn't have time to be unhappy. Too busy. Too dizzy. You have lots of time to be unhappy when it's just one man. Everything he says has to be thought over. Everything he does takes on such importance. It isn't worth it. That's so easy to say but it doesn't mean anything. What isn't worth what? Oh, I'm so tired thinking. Maybe that's why a girl falls in love. She doesn't have to think any more. It's like coming home and kicking off your shoes after a hard day shopping. Shut your eyes and relax. I guess that's why I'm so crazy about Bill. I don't have to talk or think or anything. You get so tired talking. You get so tired thinking. Tired of everything. We could just sit together and say nothing and be happy.

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

Oh, shut up! Nobody's listening to you. Shut up. You're not having such a good time. You just think you are. You have to be terribly young or terribly dumb to think that's fun. It doesn't seem to me now that I was ever that young. And yet it's been only a few years. You age so fast in this town. It's cruel, that's what it is. Maybe that's why it's so restful to have just one man. It doesn't matter if you're not so young. You're not competing every time you go out. I don't think Bill ever noticed that I wasn't as young as the other girls at the station. Oh, he was so sweet and I've been so mean to him. I ought to see him just once. What harm would that do? Maybe I could straighten him up. Maybe I could start him working again. Even his wife couldn't complain about that. I bet she'd be glad if I got him straightened out again. Maybe if she realized I was better for him than she is, she'd let me have him. Maybe she really isn't as unreasonable as Bill says she is. How can he tell? They've been at each other's throats so many years they can't possibly see clearly. . . .

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

I wish I could talk to her. Maybe I could make her see my side of it too. I'll be very calm. I won't get excited. I'll tell her we don't want to hurt her, but we can't live without each other and I'll help Bill to do everything he can for her, and surely all of us will be happier. Surely she can't be happy with Bill if they don't love each other. Maybe if they were away from each other—oh, I know I can tell her so she'll understand. I'll call her up and say, "Mrs. Grimes, this is Laura O'Neal speaking. I must see you and talk to you. Only for a few minutes. Please let me see you and talk to you for just a few minutes. I know what you must think but I'm really not like that at all. You must let me come and see you if only for a few minutes so I can explain my side." I'll call her up. I'll do it right now and I'll see her tomorrow and maybe. . . .

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

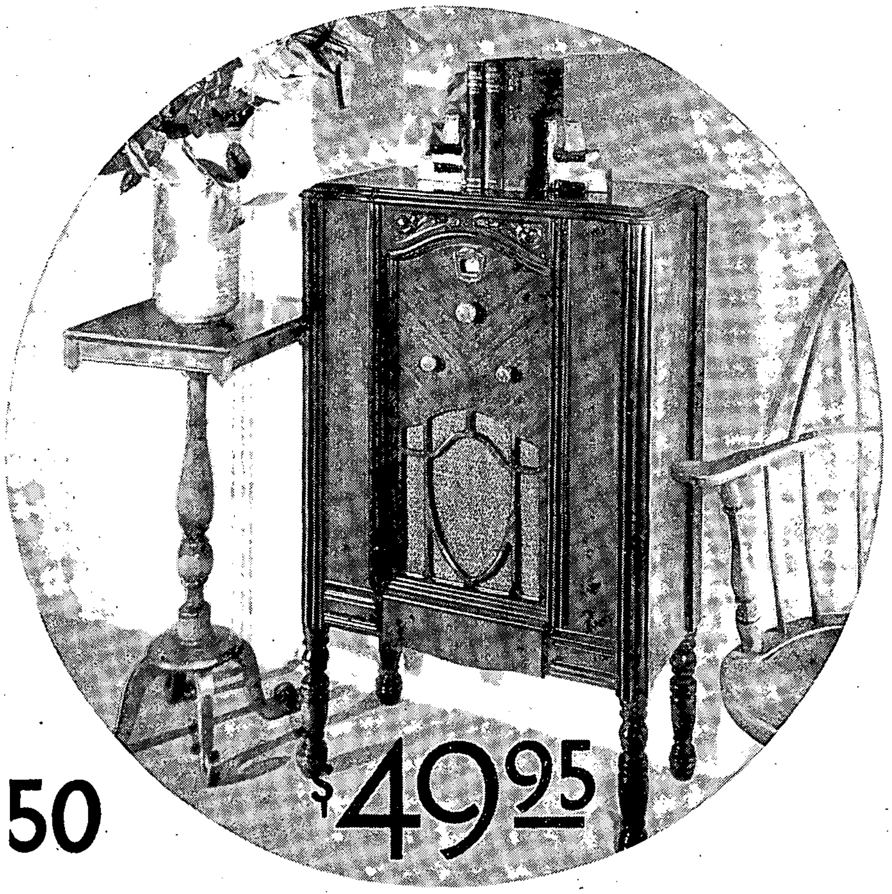
9. Nut Club: Honey O'Neal.

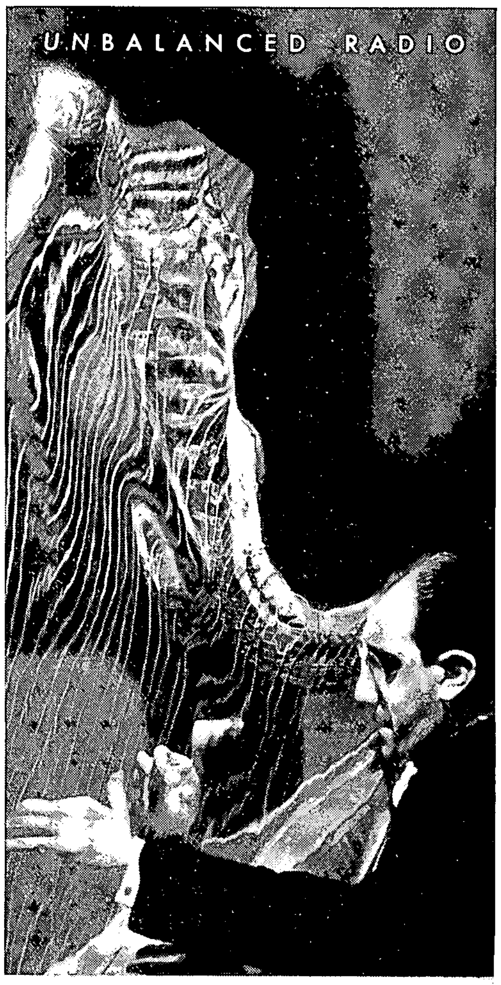
And now La Belle Fifi will put back his false teeth and sing a beautiful tribute to our brave fire laddies.
. . . Oh, for the life of a fi-ah-man,
A fi-ah-man, a fi-ah-man,
Oh, for the life of a fi-ah-man,
Speak rough to the horses
And say—proceed!

Isn't he funny, Larry? . . . What? . . . He's not disgusting. What kind of a poor prune are you anyway? . . . What of it? . . . I think he's very funny. . . . What? . . . Well, I have got a headache and I did say I wanted to go home. Just for that I am going home, too. You haven't been nice all evening. You've been trying to spoil my fun all evening. I'm going home. Come on, take me home. I want to go home. My head's splitting. I don't have any fun. I wish I could have some fun. . . . Yes, a lot of good it does that you're sorry. You're not a bit sorry. You're glad I'm going home. Talked all night about me being on time at the station in the morning. On time for what? To be

(Continued on page 34)

Overnight THIS NEW PHILCO LOWBOY NO. 50 LEAPS INTO NATIONAL POPULARITY





Above you see pictured the distorted tone and blurred reception that comes from a set in which the units are but partially balanced

BALANCED PHILCO

In this picture is shown the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set

PRICED AT $49.95 COMPLETE WITH TUBES, IT GIVES THE QUALITY YOU EXPECT IN RADIOS COSTING MANY TIMES MORE

Here, in this full-sized and handsomely executed mahogany cabinet, is the biggest entertainment value ever offered for the money.

At a touch of the finger, you summon the glittering parade of world entertainment—great artists, great singers, the stage of drama, the arena of sports.

Day after day, you get the glorious reproduction of programs, costing millions to broadcast.

Here in this five-tube set are Philco's exclusive Balanced-Unit construction, New Pentode Power Tube, three Screen Grid tubes, genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker, great distance range, and the clear, true, undistorted tone that have made Philco the largest selling radio in the world.

No wonder, that overnight it jumped into national popularity—a BIGGER PERFORMING RADIO—A GREATER VALUE—than you ever dared expect!

If you want to be sure of maximum enjoyment—of the most entertainment that such a price ever bought—see your Philco dealer today, and compare these marvelous Philco features in actual demonstration. Other Philco Balanced-Unit Radios priced from $36.50 to $295, all complete with Philco Balanced Tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

Philco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL BROADCASTS

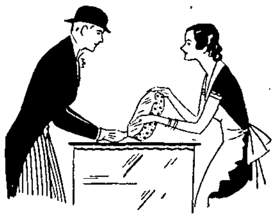
Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra are presenting this marvelous series under Philco sponsorship, direct from the stage of the historic Academy of Music at Philadelphia—seven full-length concerts, each an hour and three-quarters of the world's master music, over the entire Columbia Broadcasting System. If you heard the first you will want all the rest. Tune in, with family and friends on the next program, November 21, from 8:15 to 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time.

Philco Balanced Tubes Better the Performance of Any Radio

·PHILCO·

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

©Philco, 1931



No guesswork here!

Johnston offers

freshness you can see
IN CANDIES FOR HOME...FOR GIFTS...FOR ENTERTAINING

TABLEAU by Johnston is a totally new idea in candy packaging! Wherever you live, you now can buy candy from a famous maker—and be sure of perfect, glowing freshness every time!

The package is smart, sparkling, modern. A package you can give with pride . . . but amazingly uncostly. And there's an assortment for every taste and purse!

For gifts, for personal enjoyment, why risk inferior candies *ever?* . . . now that Johnston offers *freshness you can see.*

Johnston's

"My 3 Nicest Parties" is a fascinating booklet compiled by the Johnston Party Bureau, for women who like to entertain charmingly. The booklet is free—write for it.

2-11-7
ROBERT A. JOHNSTON CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Please send me free booklet "My 3 Nicest Parties."

Name..............................

Address..............................

City.............................. State..............

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 32

Miss Cock-a-roach on the Exterminator program. Fine part. And I wouldn't care even for that if I could make enough for stockings. Now I've got to go home and it isn't even twelve o'clock yet. My head's splitting. . . . Of course I have to go home. My head's breaking. . . . Oh, look, what's he doing there, Larry? What's the matter? What are they all laughing about?

. . . speak rough to the horses
And say—continue!

Oh, look, Larry! Look what he's doing. When he hits that high note his false teeth jump out. Isn't that a scream?

10. The Grimes Home: Alice Grimes.

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

Hello. . . . Yes, this is Mrs. Grimes. Wait till I shut off the radio. . . . Who? . . . WHO? . . . Well, Miss O'Neal, what do you want? . . . Oh, you would? You'd like to talk to me about what? . . . Well, I'd like to talk to you, too. I'd like to talk to you just once. I'd like to tell you just what I think of you. You probably didn't want to talk to me at all. You probably thought my husband would answer the phone and you could talk to him. It isn't enough that you're with him all day and half the night drinking and carousing and sending him home drunk to me, but you have to call him up here now. Well, this time it didn't work. . . . What? . . . Why should I listen to you? What have you got to say that I care to hear? You listen to me. I know all about how you've been chasing after my husband for years. Trying to break up a happy home. Dragging him down to the gutter with you and your friends. Well, I hope you're satisfied with your work. He's been out of a job for months now all on account of you. I should think you'd be satisfied. I should think you've done enough. But no, you think now you're going to finish the job. You're going to break up a happy home. You wouldn't go out and make a home of your own. . . .

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

You wouldn't be an honest respectable woman who'd marry a man and settle down. . . . You shut up. You listen to me. Your kind doesn't want to marry and settle down. You want to steal other women's husbands. You want to get everything you can from them and then when you've had all you can get from one you're after another. And what do you give? . . . Don't lie to me. I know your kind. And you have the filthy nerve to call my husband at midnight in my own home, the home you're trying to break up. The home you think you're going to come into when you've got rid of me. Well, you're not going to get rid of me so easy. You're not going to put me out of the home I've struggled and slaved for. . . .

Cuckoo!
Horsefeathers!

You ought to be horsewhipped, that's what ought to be done to you. You ought to have your filthy lying face cut to ribbons, coming between a man and his wife, breaking up a happy home. Well, you won't break up this home. I'll have you locked up where you belong. I'll have you put in jail. You're a dirty, low, filthy woman, that's what you are. Jail is too good for the likes of you. The idea that you would have the gall to face me, a good wife. I wouldn't wipe my shoes on you. Don't you ever dare call up this house again. Don't you ever dare! I'll show you. I'll show you whether a wife has rights, a wife who has always done her duty. I'll show you whether a filthy little thing like you, a dirty, filthy little . . .

11. Penthouse Apartment of Judge Considine: Sally O'Neal.

She was selling china
And when she rolled those eyes
I kept buying china
Until the crowd got wise.

Come on, Honey, you can't spoil the party. . . . It'll be all right if you're with me. It's going to be all right if you're with your sister. You can't spoil everything now. . . . Clayton won't take the boat out unless you're on the party. But we won't be out too late. I'm telling you. We're only going out for a few hours on the Sound. The boat is right down here on the river. . . . It'll be all right with Laura. I'll fix it up with Laura. . . . My God, Honey, you're just as safe with me as you are with Laura. . . . What's worrying you anyway? What can happen to you? We're not going to Europe. We're just going out and cruise around the Sound for a few hours, that's all. You don't think I'd go or let you go if there was anything wrong with it, do you? . . . But I can't go ahead without you, Honey. Can't you understand? Clayton wants you. That's the whole idea. And that isn't all. He's got a new man for you to meet. . . . What? . . . Yes, he's young for a change. Young and cute and a good dancer. . . . His nephew, Jack Logan. . . . We're going out for a ride on the boat. We've been waiting for you ever since you phoned you were coming. . . .

It was a lucky April shower,
It was a most convenient door.

You've always been squawking about wanting to go out on a yacht and now that you have a chance, you're scared to death about what Laura will say. Laura won't say anything. I'll tell her you were with me. I'm just as much your sister as Laura. I know my way around a darn'. sight better than she does. You've seen her yourself out on parties since she fought with Bill. . . . She's gone completely to pieces. She's got a lot of nerve telling me I can't take as good care of you while you're out as she can.

. . . should run into a shower
Just step inside my cottage door
And meet the Million Dollar Baby
From the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store.

12. Neighbor's Apartment: Mrs. Peters.

Operator, there's a woman screaming next door. . . . Next door. . . . Apartment 2124. She's screaming something terrible. Operator, quick. Send somebody up right away. It's horrible. . . . I don't know. It's where those three girls live. . . .

What's the matter in there? For God's sake, open the door. . . . Open the door. Open the door! OPEN THE DOOR! . . . My God, man, I thought you'd never come. Open the door. She won't open it. If she'd only stop screaming. . . . You idiot, haven't you got a pass-key? Hurry up, open the door. Hurry up! We'll be in in a minute—stop that screaming in there. . . .

Oh, she's dying. Help me pick her up. Get a doctor quick. Call a doctor. Help me put her on the couch here. Isn't there a doctor in the building? Run and get the doctor. Don't telephone. Run and get him.

What have you done, you poor darling? The doctor will be here in a minute. . . . What's the matter? What did you do? . . . Oh, you poor darling, and I don't know what to give you. Where's the bottle? It must say on the bottle. . . . The doctor will be here in a minute. Don't scream so if you can help it, you poor darling. Don't scream like that. . . . I know you're suffering. I know. But don't scream so. The doctor will be here in a minute. Do you want me to call anybody for you? Where are your sisters? Do you want your sisters? I'll call them for you. . . . What? . . . Say it again. What? . . . Hello, operator, Wickersham 2-3458. . . . Hello, I want to talk to Miss O'Neal. . . . What? . . . Miss O'Neal. . . . Who's this? . . . When? . . . Where have they gone? . . . If you can reach them, tell them to come home right away. Yes, right away. . . . They're not there. They're gone. He said both your sisters were there but they're gone now. . . .

Can I call anybody else? Your sisters are gone. Who can I call? . . . What? . . . Who? . . . Hello, operator, Eldorado 5-3402. Who will I ask for? . . . Is that all? . . . Just Bill? . . . Hello, Eldorado 5-3402? . . . Let me talk to Bill. . . . Who is this? . . . Oh, his wife? Tell him Miss O'Neal has taken poison. . . . What? . . . What are you laughing about? Are you crazy? The girl has taken poison, I tell you. The girl is dying. Swallowed a whole bottle of iodine. . . . You've got to tell him. . . . This is a neighbor. This is Mrs. Peters. . . . The girl is dying. She's screaming for him. . . . He's got to come!

Oh, doctor! Is she dying? Is she going to die? If you can only stop her screaming. . . .

13. Clayton's Yacht: Honey O'Neal.

Boy, this is grand! This is the cats! Think of having a radio on a yacht. Oh, what a gorgeous boat, Mr. Clayton. . . . All right then, I'll call you Bob, but Bob is like a little boy's name. . . . I didn't mean you were old. Why, you dance lots better than any man I know. . . . You do too. . . . Isn't this music beautiful out here on the water?

I've got five dollars,
I'm in good condition,
And I've got ambition
That belongs to you.

No, I was just singing the words. . . . Now, now, behave yourself. . . . Now, Bob. . . . There, that's better. My, this is beautiful. I could just dance out here on the water all the rest of my life. . . . Hello, Jack. . . . Why don't you cut in? Bob doesn't mind, do you, Bob?

Take my heart that hollers,
Everything I've got
Belongs to you. . . .

Concluding the dance program brought you from the Greenwich Village Nut Club, in New York City. Buddy Law announcing and wishing you good night. All's well! . . . Are you listening?

(To be continued next week)

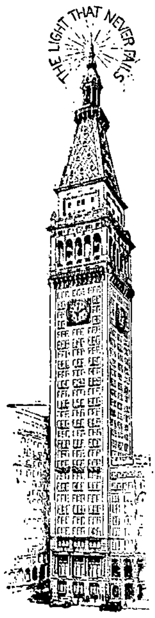
Some new descriptive titles are needed for Life Insurance—One of them is "Home Insurance."

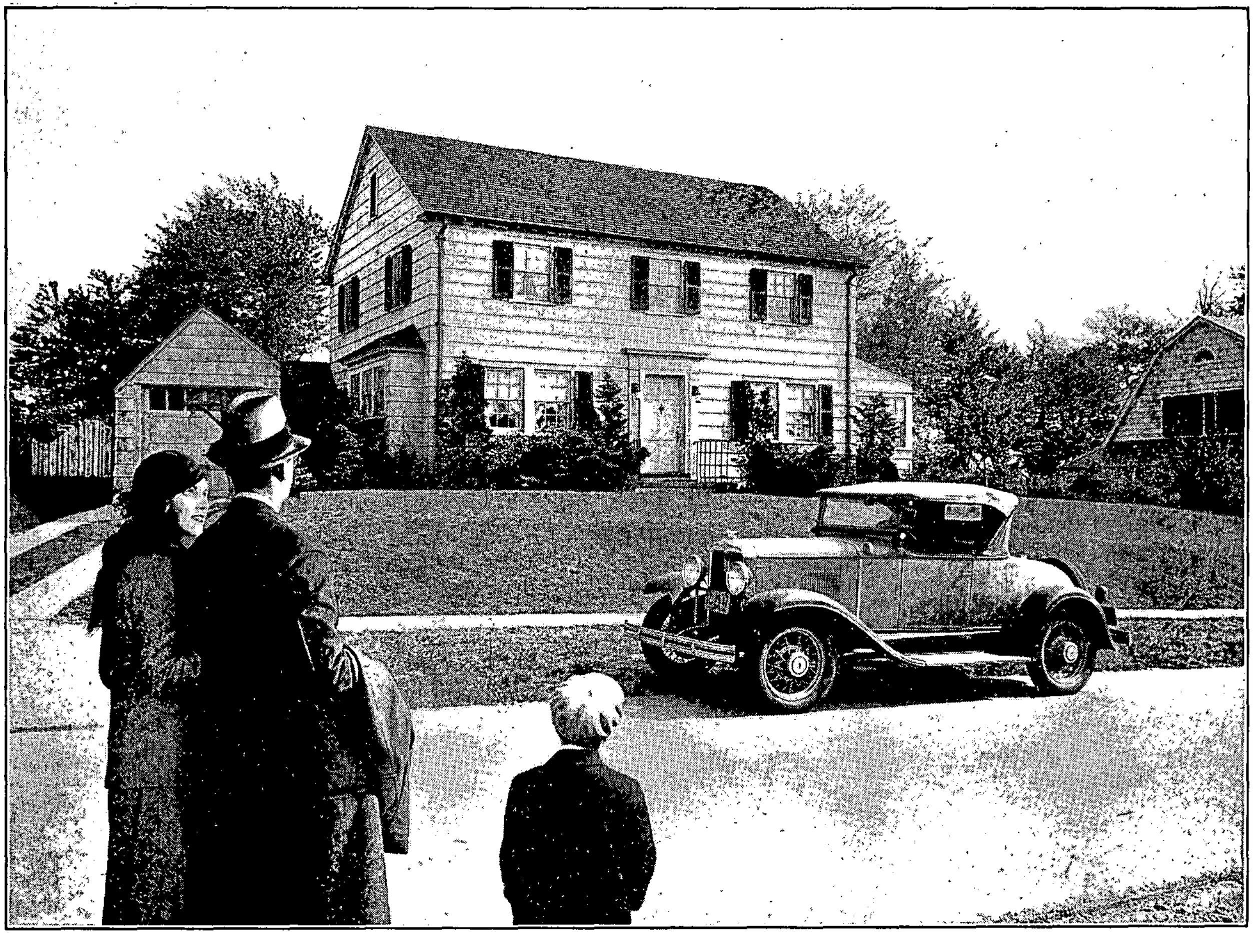
Metropolitan Life Insurance affords a means to

- —create estates and incomes for families
- —pay off mortgages
- —educate children
- —provide income in the event of retirement
- —provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness
- —establish business credits
- —stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men
- —provide Group Protection for employees covering Sickness, Accident, Old Age and Death.

Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS



©1931 M. L. I. CO.

ARE you looking forward to the day when you and your family will move into the kind of a house your heart is set on?

Do you hesitate because you want no clouds overhead when you move into your home—no fear that your enjoyment of it may be only temporary?

You want to be sure that it will never be taken away from you or your wife by foreclosure of a mortgage.

You may discover after talking with a Metropolitan Field-Man that you can arrange a program that first of all will provide complete protection for your home. Then you may want in addition what perhaps is more important—a definite future income which will be paid each month to yourself or your family or both.

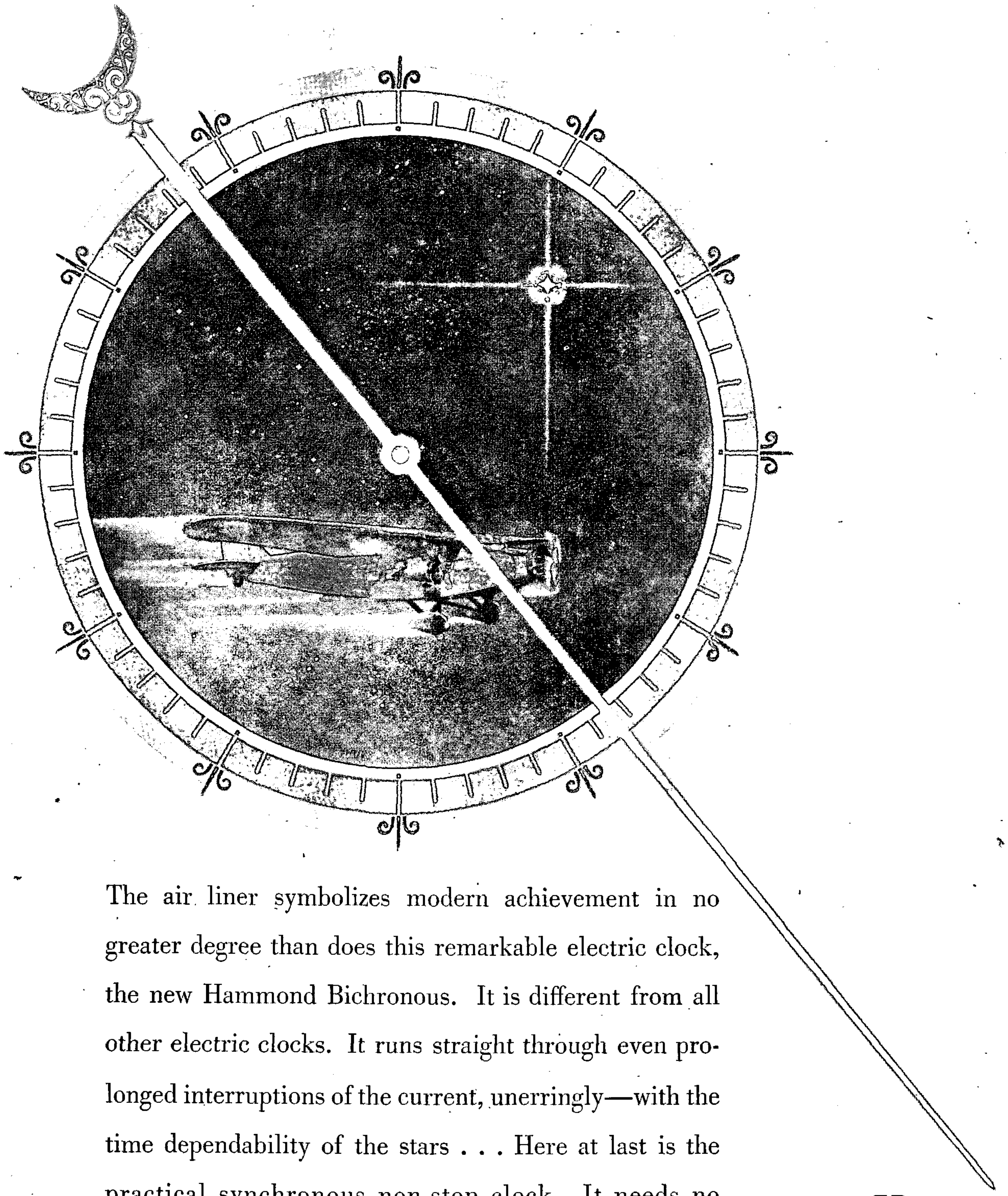
Probably in a few years you will be able to pay the last dollar of indebtedness on your home.

Then you will look forward to the completion of the second part of your program when you will begin to receive your regular monthly income checks.

Regarding policies in any amount, consult a Metropolitan Field-Man or write to

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT · · · ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



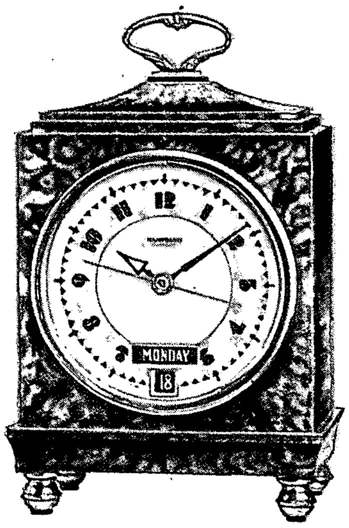
The air liner symbolizes modern achievement in no greater degree than does this remarkable electric clock, the new Hammond Bichronous. It is different from all other electric clocks. It runs straight through even prolonged interruptions of the current, unerringly—with the time dependability of the stars . . . Here at last is the practical synchronous non-stop clock. It needs no winding, no regulating, no oiling, *and there is no stopping*. Even if the current is shut off for a full half-hour its unfailing second-hand registers with absolute accuracy. Thus it is not affected by current interruptions . . . Christmas will have added interest if it brings one of these greatly improved timekeepers to your home. Made only by The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago. In Canada, at Toronto.

Here at last is a non-stop clock

HAMMOND

BICHRONOUS AND SIMPLE SYNCHRONOUS ELECTRIC CLOCKS

ONLY A HAMMOND CAN BE A BICHRONOUS CLOCK

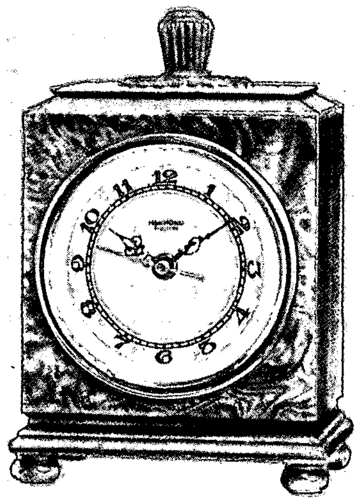


THE AVONDALE. Calendar clock; a modern version of the fine old bracket style. Bakelite case in walnut or ebony. Dial diameter, 3½ inches. Price, $16.50.

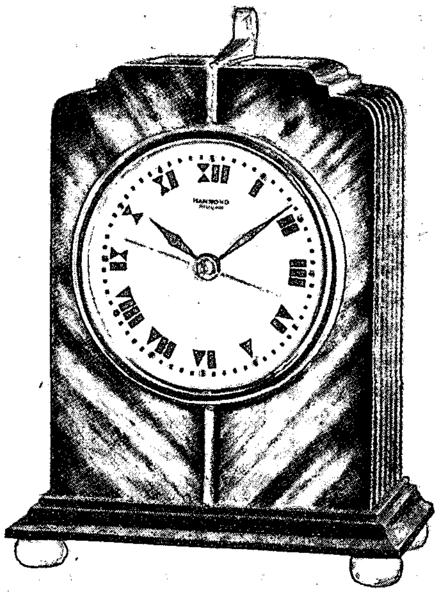
This "non-stop" Bichronous movement is the proud and time-tested invention of Hammond engineers. And America's foremost stylists have designed the authentic cases. Beautify your home with a fine ornament that is also a superlative time regulator. An interesting and "different" Christmas gift. At better dealers everywhere. Made only by The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago.

· · · · · ·

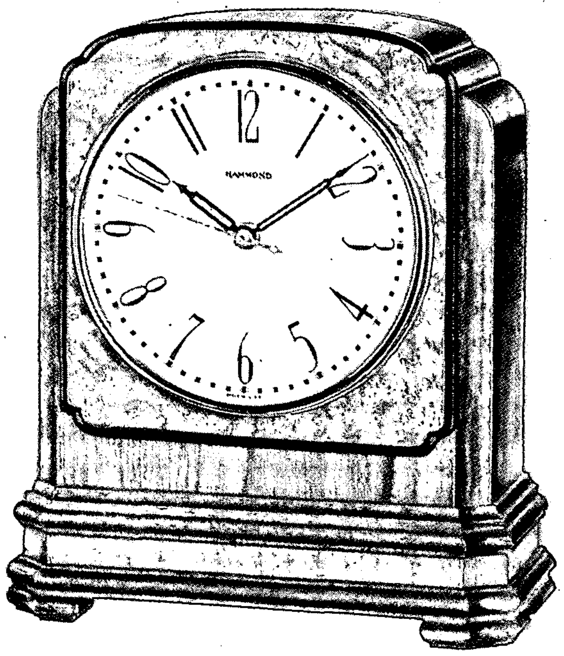
Hammond also makes simple *synchronous* electric clocks, which do not have the non-stop feature. They are perfect timekeepers, and may be had in many attractive models—priced from $3.50 to $12.50.



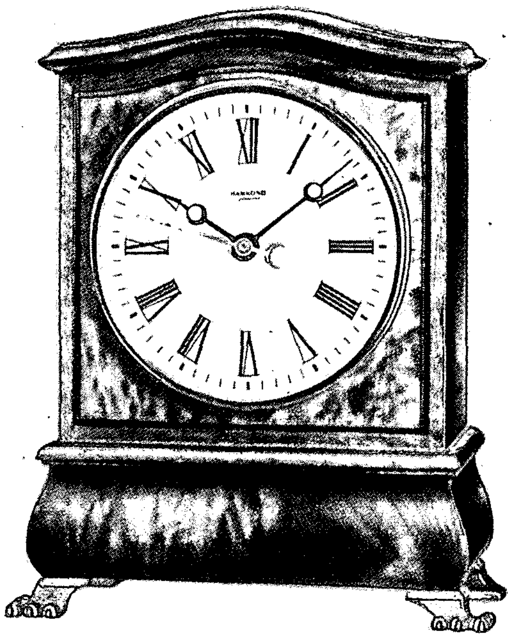
THE ARCADIA. A beautiful small clock of solid mahogany, faced with elm burl. Satin gold and silver finish dial, diameter, 3½ inches. Price, $14.50.



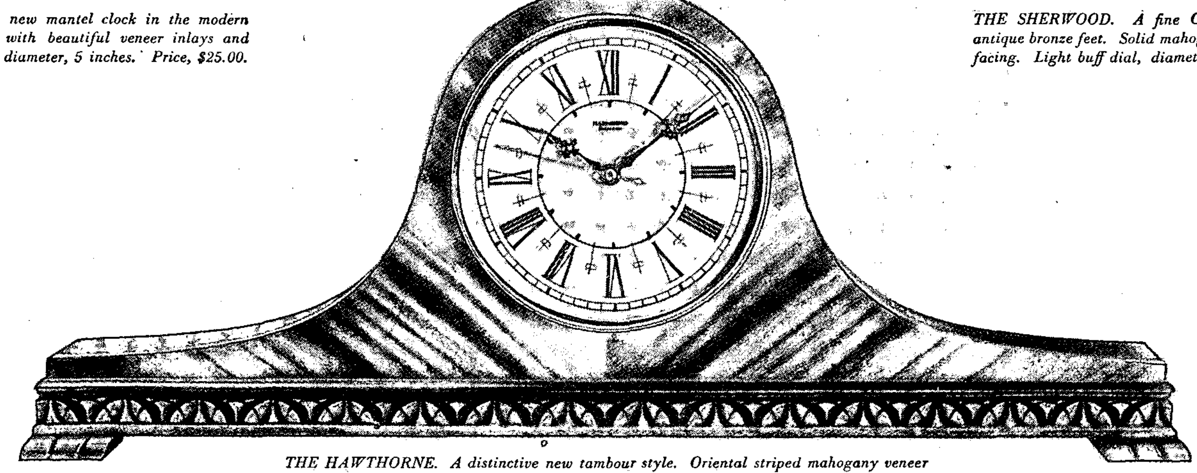
THE COLUMBIA. A modern design in solid mahogany with antique bronze stripe. Satin gold finish dial, diameter, 3½ inches. Price, $17.50.



THE GLENMORA. A new mantel clock in the modern manner. Solid walnut with beautiful veneer inlays and trims. Satin gold dial, diameter, 5 inches. Price, $25.00.



THE SHERWOOD. A fine Colonial mantel clock with antique bronze feet. Solid mahogany case and redwood burl facing. Light buff dial, diameter, 5 inches. Price, $27.50.



THE HAWTHORNE. A distinctive new tambour style. Oriental striped mahogany veneer with carved solid mahogany base. Satin silver and gold dial, diameter, 5 inches. Price, $24.00.

HAMMOND

BICHRONOUS AND SIMPLE SYNCHRONOUS ELECTRIC CLOCKS

How to end *Nervousness* and Get 8 Hours' Sleep Utterly *Without* Drugs!

Swiss Food-Drink Brings Natural Sleep —the kind that rests you and rebuilds you

MAIL COUPON BELOW FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

YOU may have thought it impossible—a safe, sane and drugless way to end nervousness and get sound, natural sleep for eight hours each night!

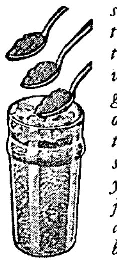
But it *is* possible—for you, any night; by using a delicious food-drink that you take just before going to bed. It brings you sleep almost instantly.

You sleep soundly the whole night through and wake up in the morning feeling rested, refreshed and rejuvenated. If you are nervous and can't sleep, please mail the coupon below for a 3-day trial supply.

In even the short space of 3 days you will be amazed at what it does for you—the difference it makes in the way you feel and the way you look.

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of warm, cooked oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach—and when taken just before going to bed, relieves digestive unrest and combats sleeplessness.



What It Is and What It Does

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. In the World War, it was made a standard ration for building up invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And this rebuilds nerve and brain cells as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach.

For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually combats* the cause of the trouble.

This is also one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-34 S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Print name and address clearly)

Address..

City..................................*State*......................
(One package to a person) *834-B*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 13

We walked up one street and down another, some lined with pleasant little cottages, others trailing off into the castles of poor white folks and a few colored people. But as we went along I counted eleven grocery stores. Of these one was a fairly good-looking store and my guide told me the owner of this store was a pretty fair business man who seemed to be building up fairly well. The others were little stores ranging from holes in the wall to more or less full-fledged but sad-looking stores.

"Now see what's happening around here," said my guide. "Practically all these little stores are heading for ruin. These men are not grocers. They start in a grocery business with no money, no experience, no ability. They think they can get their food for nothing out of their own stores. They forget that they must pay for it. They stay in business long enough to eat up the grocery and in the meantime take a number of customers away from me. One wouldn't hurt, but eleven of them do; and there are several more on other streets. None of them makes any money. All of them will be out of business soon.

Who Foots the Bill?

"Go in there now and talk to any one of them and he will tell you his business is being ruined by the depression. But it would be the same if we were rolling in prosperity. All these fellows will go out of business and others will come along and take their places. This thing has been going on for twenty-three years, or ever since I've been in business. I think it is safe to say that in those twenty-three years fifty grocers have failed right here in my neighborhood.

"Now," he said, stopping me with the air of a man who has led you to his point, "I want to ask you, who has paid for the losses of these fifty grocers who failed in this neighborhood? And who will pay for these fellows who are easing on to failure now?"

He stood off a little to give full effect to the character of the martyr which he was about to depict, hit himself on the chest and said:

"Me! I'm the guy that has to pay for these fellows. When one of them fails, who gets stuck? His wholesaler, of course, who can't collect for his groceries. But does the wholesaler really get stuck? He charges these losses off as part of the cost of doing business and passes them on to the retailers who are still in business. Eventually all these bills are paid by the fellows like myself who still stay in business.

"Oh, well, you say, we pass them on to the customers. Fine chance we have to pass any more expense on to the customers now with these chain stores across the street. No. Here is what happens. One of my big problems is to buy cheap enough to be able to compete with these chain stores all around me. But how am I going to do that if I have to pay not only for my own merchandise but also for the merchandise of a whole flock of incompetent grocers who not only burden me with their failures but take my customers away besides?"

The complaint of this grocer posed what, after looking at the problem in a good many cities, seems to me one of the most serious and troublous questions to be found in any business. It might be called, for the benefit of those who like labels, the Problem of Inefficiency. This does not refer to the difficulties and troubles which the inefficient suffer from themselves but the difficulties and burdens which they inflict upon the efficient business man. Here is a chain-store organization with 1,000 stores. Every store is run to make money. Each store is managed in accordance with rules laid down in the central office. The buying, the advertising, the sales policies and accounting of every store conform to the same methods. The organization does not have to carry any weak sisters, units which don't make money.

Now take a group of 1,000 independent grocers. Among the number will be several hundred, perhaps a third, who are making money and are successful. But there will also be several hundred weak members who will fail in a year or two and when they do the cost of these failures will have to be borne by their successful brothers.

All of which brings up the question which not one but many small merchants put to me: "All these things you have been talking about—this scientific merchandising—that's just a collection of weapons too big for the little fellow to handle. I spend my day waiting on customers, running around the store, worrying about deliveries, wrapping up packages, looking after the cash and the bills. Where will I get the time to bother with your fancy stock-control systems, your questionnaires, your surveys and what not? What use can a little merchant make of these things?"

That's one of the questions I wanted to answer for myself. That's why I went to Louisville, Kentucky. They do something else down there besides raise blooded horses and mint. A couple of years ago, when merchants all over the country were meeting and whereasing and resolutioning about their competitors and enemies, the grocers of Louisville got together and asked themselves this question: "What's the matter with us?" There was something highly intelligent, if very obvious, about that. In any kind of a game or contest, look out for the man who asks himself: "What's the matter with me?" The fellow who finds the answer to that question is unbeatable.

Big Guns for Little Fellows

Out of that question in Louisville came what is known as the Louisville Survey, an intensive and comprehensive study of grocery stores in that city. A committee of retailers and wholesalers got together, enlisted the aid of the Chamber of Commerce, and went to work. They took twenty-eight grocery stores of every type and began rooting into their stocks, their stores, their policies, profits, their wastes and losses and what not. Did they learn anything? Did it help them? The answer to that is the answer to this question of whether the little fellow can use these big weapons.

And the best way to answer it is to tell the story of one grocer—a small grocer. His name is Walter Kalbrier. He has just one of those stores you are accustomed to regard as an ordinary neighborhood grocery. And it is in just a plain neighborhood made up mostly of middle-class working people. Yet the things this man has done with his small store, the manner in which he has studied his business, makes a more inspiriting story for the small business man than any account I have ever seen of the achievements of any great merchant prince.

The stock of Mr. Kalbrier's store is valued at only $3,000. The fixtures are

(*Continued on page 40*)

rain? snow?
fair enough
says this WALK·OVER

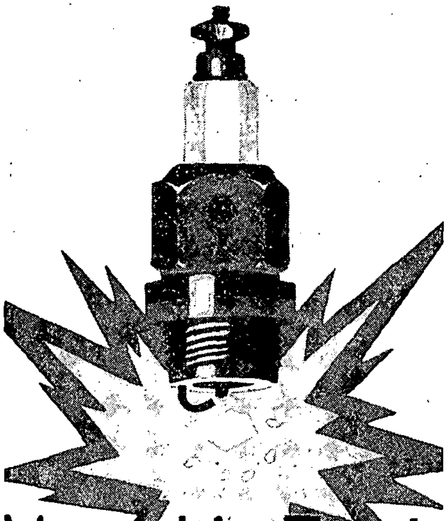
I never expect to be curled up on a couch with a lap dog. The man who trusts his feet to me won't be going in for that sort of thing. We'll be out going places. Football games, long trips, tramping 'cross country. Good weather, bad weather. What's the difference? My hide's too well seasoned to let a little thing like rain or snow stop us. Meet you at the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood.

Walk-Over STADIUM. Weather-proofed brown moosehead. Three soles from the toe through the heel. Extra flexible middle sole, **$8.50**

Made by Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts. Stores conveniently located in principal cities throughout the world.

WALK·OVER

BOSCH
ROBERT BOSCH A.G.
Pyro-Action
SPARK
PLUGS



Many big Truck
and Bus Fleets
depend on them
for Greater
Economy and
more Power

There is a
Correct type for
your car too

SOLD BY
UNITED
AMERICAN BOSCH
CORPORATION
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS
BRANCHES - NEW YORK - DETROIT
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
CANADIAN WAREHOUSE:
TORONTO, CANADA. SPARK PLUG PRICES SAME AS IN U.S.

(*Continued from page 39*)

plain but they are designed and arranged with infinite care. Nevertheless, with this $3,000 worth of stock, he does a business of $126,000 a year. He did more business in 1930 than he did in 1929 and his business is larger this year than last. Now with sales of $126,000 you will see that he sold out the complete contents of his store forty-two times in a year. He did nearly three times as much business as the average chain store of the same size. All this he did in spite of the rivalry of chain stores all around him.

"We learned a great many things from the Louisville Survey," Mr. Kalbrier told me, "but I think the thing about it which helped us most was the fact that it made us all start thinking about our business. Most of us had been going along running our groceries pretty much the way groceries had always been run, blaming the chains, grumbling at the wholesalers, criticizing the public and almost never pausing to take a look at ourselves. The mere fact that the Louisville Survey was begun sort of woke us all up, made us examine our stores, our customers, our methods and ourselves and we began finding out things about ourselves, even before the survey reached us.

"In my own case I was named a member of the committee to go around and inventory a certain number of other retail grocery stores. It's always easier to see the other fellow's mistakes than your own, and I was able to see what other grocers were doing in the way of mistakes, although I was making some of them myself. For instance, I was astonished at the amount of goods on grocers' shelves that didn't sell at all. In one grocery store I found seventeen different brands of coffee. Some of the cans on the shelves were several years old. That was pretty bad, I thought, but when I looked at my own store I found I had more brands than I needed.

Quick Movers—Quick Profits

"I also discovered in almost all stores that the goods on the shelves which were old were unknown goods or little-known goods. I never found anywhere a well-known brand of goods which had gotten stranded on a grocer's shelf. In fact, I found always that, no matter how poor the grocery store was, widely advertised brands on the shelves were always fresh packages, and this taught me a lesson which I have used in my own store ever since. The worst thing a grocer can have in his store is what I call a sticker—a package that sticks on the shelves. The best thing he can have on his shelves is a package that he sells quickly. He has his profit immediately and his money with which to buy another package to sell quickly.

"For this reason I have persistently stuck to the nationally advertised brands because they move and move fast and I am never in any danger of being caught with a single package on my hands as a loss. These are the goods which customers ask for and my plan is to give the customer what he wants and not to set myself up as a training school for grocery buyers to teach them what they ought to have.

"I always remember one thing: The housewife is an expert food buyer. The grocery business is one of the only retail businesses in the world where the customers are expert buyers. A man buys a piece of jewelry only a few times in a lifetime. When he looks at a watch or a ring he doesn't know whether it's worth $10 or $100. He buys furniture very seldom and when he goes into a furniture store he has pretty nearly got to rely on what the dealer tells him. He can't take an overstuffed chair apart and find out what is inside and shift over to another brand of overstuffed chair next week. He won't be in the market for one again for perhaps years. But every piece of goods the customer buys in the grocery store she takes apart completely, examines minutely and submits to every known test—taste, sight, feeling—makes purchases hundreds of times a year, discusses purchases and choice with neighbors and friends and gets plenty of unsolicited advice and criticism from the family table. Yes, sir, the grocery buyer is an expert and when she asks for a thing she usually knows what she wants and I have built up my business by giving her what she wants. I attribute my forty-two turnovers a year to the fact that I carry well-known brands.

High Pressure on a Small Scale

"Another thing I learned from the Louisville Survey was the articles on which I made a profit. You know that was a subject on which I, like almost every other grocer, was in profound darkness. It costs a great deal more to handle some goods than others. And you cannot tell how much you are making on an article by just subtracting the price you pay for it from the price you sell it for. The Louisville Survey made a very careful study of the cost of handling different articles. One of them was coffee and it showed that coffee was a very profitable item. That being so, I wondered how I could increase my sales of coffee. As eighty per cent of my business is credit I began checking up on my credit slips and discovered that out of 287 charge accounts only 124 were buying coffee. Now, as nearly everybody uses coffee, I wondered where those other 163 people were buying their coffee.

"From my check-up I had the names of all those who weren't buying coffee from me and I decided to make a drive to get their coffee business or know the reason why. I then decided on the brand of coffee I would use and I got what I believed to be the best in the market. I then wrote letters to all of these 163 people, told them about this brand of coffee and urged them to use a package and not have it charged up to their account until they reported it was satisfactory. I kept writing them letters, sending circulars, talking to them in the store and having the delivery men take sample cans to their homes. At the end of a few months, I was selling coffee to 252 of those 287 charge accounts—all but 35, and those 35 didn't buy coffee because they didn't use it."

This struck me as a perfect example of the application by a small merchant to a little store of the very same principle of intensive merchandising carried on by great institutions and which seemed so impossible to the little man. I asked Mr. Kalbrier if he had found his delivery service expensive and eating into his profits. His answer to this, like all his others, was illuminating:

"I run my delivery service a little differently from most grocers. I have three trucks. In most groceries the driver of the truck is just a driver and sometimes only little more than a boy engaged for the smallest possible sum. He is just an agent to get the groceries from the store to the house. In my store nobody works as a driver who doesn't first serve as a salesman in the store. My drivers are selected as the best salesmen. They must know not merely how to carry a box of groceries into a woman's house but how to talk to her when they get there. Like all groceries, I carry a certain number of specials every week. My drivers carry samples of the specials with them to show to the customers.

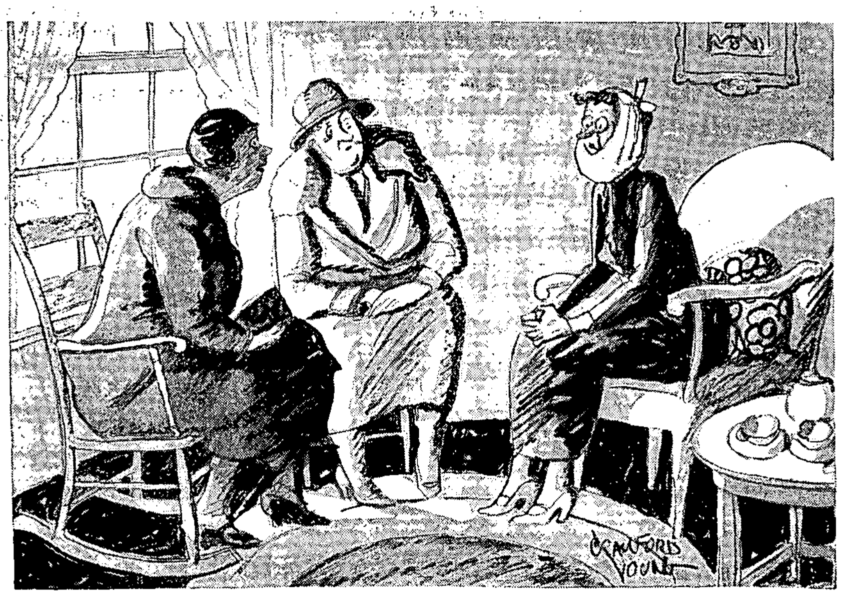
"We have many customers who never come into the store, who telephone their orders or give them to the drivers and who therefore would never see and be tempted by our specials. I have one customer who has given me all of her business for twenty-three years and who has never been inside my store and whom I have never seen. The driver who is a salesman can take these specials around in a separate little basket and show them to the customers.

Familiarity Breeds Profits

"Moreover, he can talk to her about these goods because he knows what is in the package himself. I have a little system which has been in vogue in my store for a long time. In addition to myself and the three delivery men I have four salesmen—eight of us altogether. We eat lunch together every day in my dining-room just back of the store and I have a cook who prepares that lunch entirely of goods from the store. And we make a point of using at one time or another every article in the store and discussing it so that the salesmen and the drivers know from personal experience what is in the package, how to prepare it and what it tastes like."

I asked Mr. Kalbrier how he was able to compete with the chains in the matter of buying and in the matter of specials.

(*Continued on page 42*)



"It's a shame, Minnie, yer stepdaughter's husband eloping with another woman and you with your jaw tied up!"

Crawford Young

A CONTINUOUS RECORD OF RECORD BREAKING

THE running of any race, anywhere, finds motors of every size and description entered, all with the greatest diversity of equipment. In one amazing respect the most consistent winners throughout the world agree — their engines must be equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

For eight consecutive years Champion Spark Plugs have been the choice of winning drivers in every major race the world over. This choice of Champions is confirmed by the winners of innumerable lesser events the world over. Simultaneously Champions have enjoyed the preference of the majority of the world's motorists.

By their championship performance this year Champion Spark Plugs have once again proved that they are indeed Champions in name and in fact. The better performance of Champions is traditional, and the Champions for your car are identical in design, materials and workmanship to those used by the world's foremost racing drivers. Install a set in your car and judge for yourself their noticeably better performance.

1931 OUTSTANDING RACING EVENTS WON BY CHAMPIONS

A. A. A. CHAMPIONSHIP RACES

May 10	Philadelphia, Langhorne Speedway 100-Mile Race. First; Billy Arnold.
May 30	Indianapolis 500-Mile Race—First; Louis Schneider; also first ten to finish.
June 15	Detroit Races 100-Mile event — First; Louis Meyer.
June 20	Philadelphia, Langhorne Speedway. Al Aspen won 50-Mile Race. Jimmy Gleason won two 25-Mile Races.
July 4	Altoona, Lou Moore first in 100-Mile Race.
Sept. 7	Rockingham Speedway, Salem, N. H. Champions make clean sweep.
Sept. 7	Altoona 100-Mile Race. First five cars to finish were Champion equipped. Cantlon, winner.
Sept. 7	Altoona, Louis Schneider fifth, clinching 1931 A.A.A. championship on points.
Sept. 13	Syracuse, Lou Moore won 100-Mile Race.

BOAT RACES

Jan. 19	52.09 M.P.H. Outboard record at Cowes, England, by Charles Harrison.
March 20	Motorboat record, Gar Wood, Miami Beach, Fla., 102.256 M.P.H.
May 9	Albany to New York, Outboard, Wade Woodworth, 41.9 M.P.H. average.
May 10	International Races in Italy, Loretta Turnbull, first in Class "B"; second in Class "G."
May 18	54.16 M.P.H. Outboard record made by A. Dacco, Milan, Italy.
May 29	Worcester, Mass.—New Class "C" Record of 47.275 M.P.H. by Francis Brobeil.
June 19, 20	Skaneateles, New York—Inter-Collegiate Outboard Regatta—Clean sweep with Champions.
July 3, 4, 5	Beaumont, Tex.— National Outboard Regatta—Champions make clean sweep. Also new Class "C" Record 48.272 M.P.H. by R. Allen Smith.
July 5	Alexandria Bay, N. Y.—Champions finished 1st, 2nd, and 3rd in all classes of all races.
Aug. 17	Montauk Beach, N. Y.—Gold Cup Race, 90 miles, averaging 53.61 — won by Victor Kliesrath. Champions made clean sweep all events.
Aug. 22, 23	Red Bank, N. J. — National Sweepstakes, Gold Cup class — First; George Reis. Champions made clean sweep all events.
Aug. 25	Manistee, Mich.—Hank Ryan made 55.279 M.P.H., unofficial world's outboard speed record.
Sept. 7	Detroit, Mich. — Dodge Sweepstakes — won by Frank Wigglesworth. Most of 33 starters Champion equipped.

EUROPEAN RACES

Grand Prix of Italy—First; Nuvolari and Compari driving an Alfa-Romeo.
Grand Prix Tunis—First; Varzi driving a Bugatti.
Targa Florio—First; Nuvolari driving an Alfa-Romeo.
Italian 1,000 Mile Race—First; Caracciola driving a Mercedes.
Grand Prix of Dieppe—First; Etancelin driving an Alfa-Romeo. Earl Howe driving Delage, first in 1500 category.
Grand Prix of Germany—First; Caracciola driving Mercedes.
Irish International Grand Prix—First; Black driving M. G. Midget. Second; Birkin driving Alfa-Romeo.
Grand Prix of Belgium—First; Zehender driving Mercedes.
Grand Prix de Casa Blanca—First; Zcaikowsky driving Bugatti.
Grand Prix of Endurance—First; Lord Howe and Sir Henry Birkin in Alfa-Romeo established new world's record.
Grand Prix of Rome—First; Maserati driving Maserati.
Australian Grand Prix—First; Thompson driving Bugatti.
Chilean National Speed Contest, Santiago, Chile—First; Orrego driving Mercedes. Champions also won every other event.

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS

Sept. 7	13th Annual Pikes Peak Hill Climb. First; Chuck Meyers—new record 17 min. 10.3 sec. Second; Glen Shultz.

Pangborn-Herndon—World's Record Flight, London to Tokio.

FIRST NON-STOP TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT

October 5th, Hugh Herndon and Clyde Pangborn, flying the Champion equipped Bellanca monoplane, "Miss Veedol", after completing the first non-stop trans-Pacific flight on record, at Wenatchee, Washington, wired: **"Champion Aero A Plugs used on our Miss Veedol flying across both Atlantic and Pacific oceans, functioned perfectly in every kind of weather."**

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • WINDSOR, ONTARIO • LONDON • PARIS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

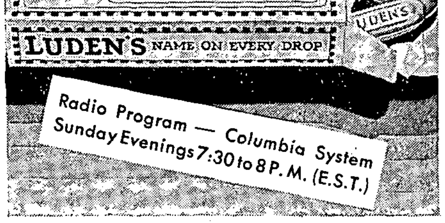
Relieve that
COUGH
Quickly··because

constant
COUGHING
strains the
HEART

You can quickly relieve the heart of this extra strain by *relieving the cough* — with Luden's. Actually, the Menthol Action in Luden's is a scientifically-blended "prescription." It coats the throat with cooling, soothing menthol vapors that cushion the cough and give *Quick Relief*.

In the Familiar Yellow Package — 5c here; 10c in Canada

QUICKEST RELIEF FROM COUGHING



Radio Program — Columbia System
Sunday Evenings 7:30 to 8 P. M. (E.S.T.)

Business is what you make it

Continued from page 40

"I buy most of my goods from a coöperative wholesale grocery organized by over 200 grocers in this district. We own the stock of the grocery store. It buys as our agent and in quantities large enough to enable us to get prices practically as low as the chains. Our coöperative grocery is not a profit-making concern but performs merely the warehousing and buying functions which the central office performs for the chains. And of course it provides us with many of the specials which I use."

Mr. Shirley Haas, a Louisville wholesaler, one of the leaders in the Louisville Survey, told me this story:

"During the survey a man came into my office. He wanted advice about starting a grocery. His qualifications were these: sixty-five years old, carpenter all his life, knew nothing about the grocery business and had $600 capital. I spent an hour convincing him that he should not make the attempt. He thanked me and left. Thirty days later one of my men reported he found this man happy and smiling behind the counter of a little grocery store. Four months later he was out of business. This is going on all the time. That is why one third of all the grocery stores in most cities fail every year—these are the one third.

"What makes this possible and how can it be stopped? The wholesaler who is willing to give credit to men like this is what makes it possible. It can be stopped when wholesalers learn the folly of it. We wanted to find out what happens to grocery stores like this. So during the survey we put men into one to study it.

Eight Dollars' Worth for Five

"Now see what happened. This man sold $7 worth of groceries a day. This meant that wholesalers could sell him at the outside only an average of about $5 worth of groceries a day. To do this, salesmen from various wholesalers and manufacturers called on him. There was a steady stream of them. Our committee stationed a man in the store to keep track of the number of calls made on him by the representatives of the wholesalers and manufacturers and the amount of time consumed in an effort to sell him groceries. Then we checked carefully the salaries and expenses of the men calling on him and made this interesting discovery: that wholesalers, in order to sell this man $5 worth of goods a day, were spending over $8 in salaries and expenses of salesmen, and this of course did not include the cost of the groceries. When you realize that there are several hundred grocery stores like this in Louisville and perhaps several hundred thousand in the United States you will begin to see what this problem of the inefficient merchant means."

Having traveled a good many thousands of miles discussing with merchants of all kinds their problems, I think I ought not to bring this group of articles to an end without offering a summary of the things which impressed me about the stores of the country in which we spend almost everything we earn.

First of all, I was amazed at the amount of intelligence which progressive merchants are using in the development of a new kind of merchandising.

Second, I was equally astonished at the amazing volume of stupidity which characterizes a very large number of stores. It is simply astounding how many small merchants in every line do not get along. You wonder why they are in business. The answer is simple. They are as well equipped to run automobile manufacturing plants as little stores. But it takes a lot of money to start an automobile factory and it takes practically no money to start a store. Hence countless incompetents get in.

Third, I was also struck with the extent to which stores as a whole are subject to the element of gambling. The merchant must gamble some. But of greatest interest is the movement going on to take the gamble out of merchandising.

The Answer: Organization

Fourth, I was struck by the extent to which the wholesaler in the past has been blind to the interests of his prosperous customers. This is not true of all wholesalers. Today the more progressive have begun to find this out. But there is still a large fringe of smaller wholesalers who are responsible for putting incompetent little men into business by extending improvident credit.

Fifth, I was struck by the lack of organization among local merchants in many places—indeed most places. This is especially true in the southern cities, though cities in the North and West can be found where it is bad. I refer to organization for the coöperative study of the merchant's problems, such as one finds in Boston.

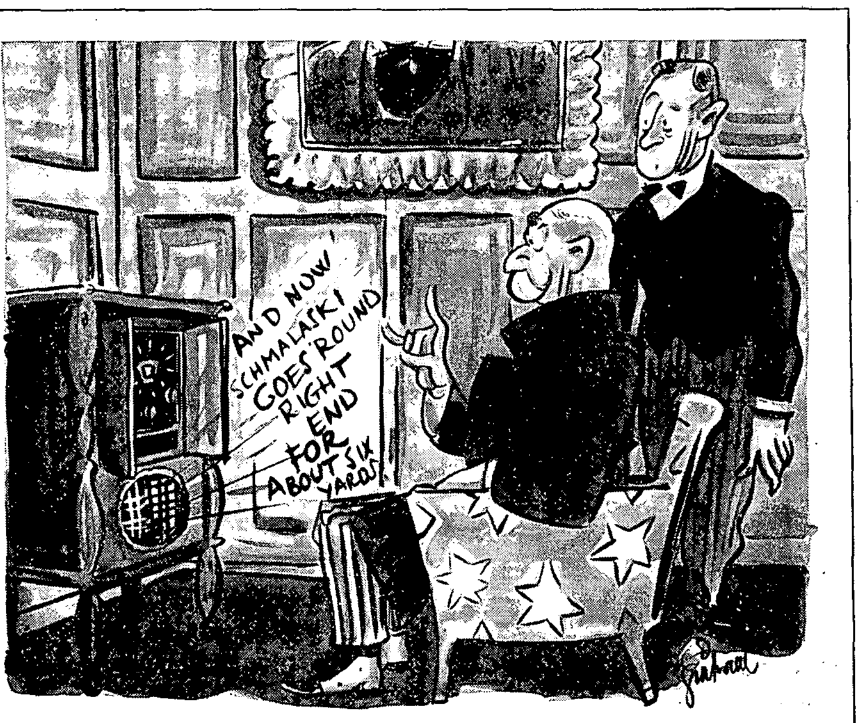
Sixth, I was also impressed with the manner in which the retailer permits his problems to fall into the hands of the wholesaler organizations. There are several groups of retail merchants who will begin to make more progress when they take over completely the study of their own problems and do not leave them to the officers of wholesalers' associations.

Seventh, there is a most definite cleavage, a kind of warfare rising between the so-called private brands on one side and the national brands on the other. By private brands I mean packaged goods in which the name of the maker is not disclosed, the label being that of the merchant who sells them. Thus, one manufacturer will put 500 different labels on identical cans of peas. The small independents tend to use these brands because they can sell them, they say, at a better profit. This is not merely a problem for the dealers. It is a serious problem for the customer. He has got to decide for himself whether the name and responsibility and pride of standing of the maker of an article stamped on the article is worth anything to him, particularly when the private brand, doing a smaller business, is trying to outdo him in price.

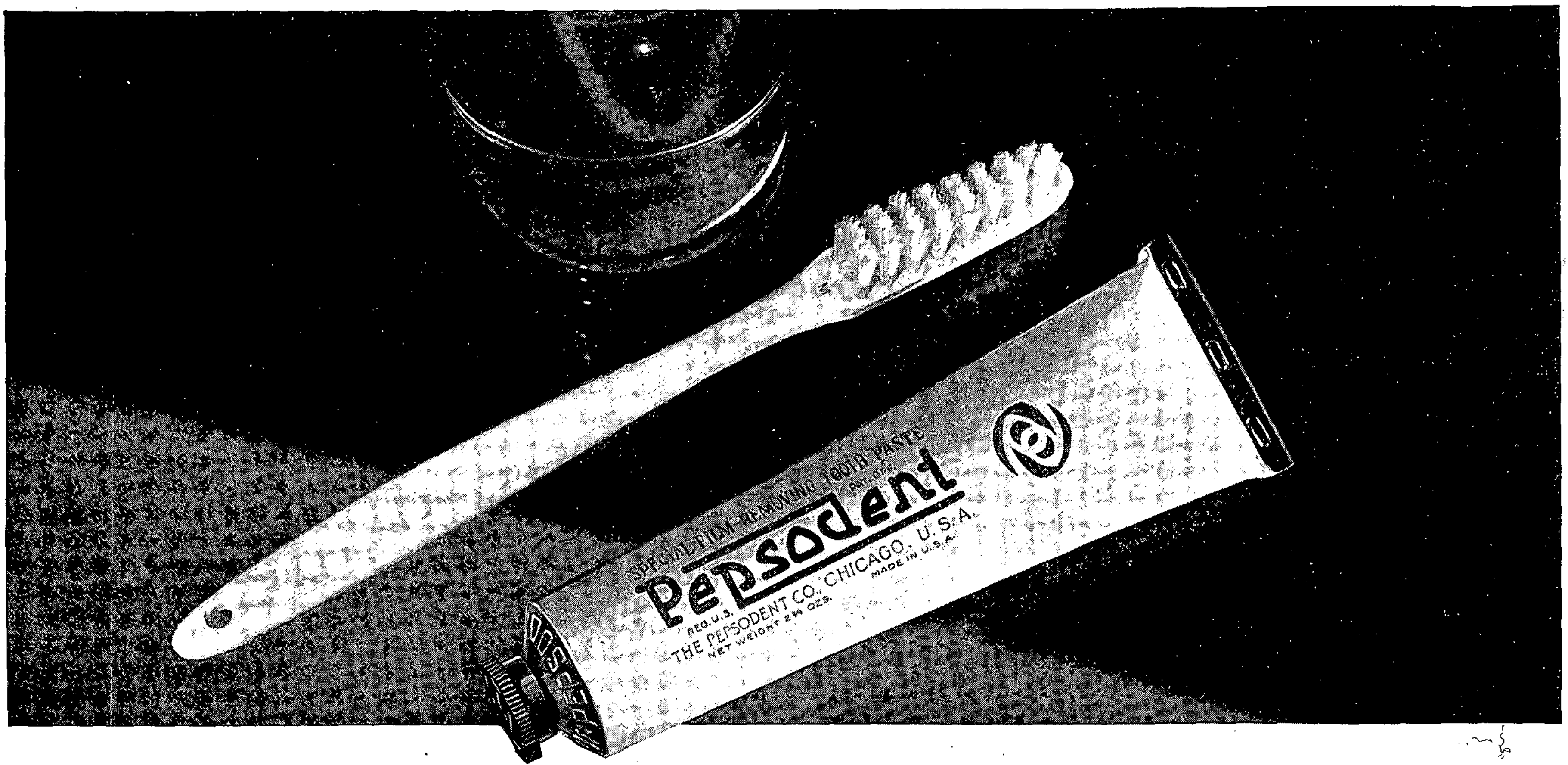
Eighth, I found a phenomenon of great interest and importance in the face of our depression. There is a large group of smaller merchants who have been having a hard time for many years, who were in fact in a state of depression before this present business slump arrived. There is not very much hope that the departure of the depression will make much change in their condition. This is a bad age for the poor merchant, the poor farmer, the poor, ill-equipped, ill-financed man in any business.

Don't Wait Too Long

Ninth, there is the matter of prices. Never since the old days before the war have prices been so low. Now these prices are of two kinds. There are low prices which mean someone—manufacturer or merchant—is selling goods at a loss. Then there are low prices which represent a definite gain for the public, prices low because the depression forced everybody, from the producer of raw material to the retailer, to look over his affairs, cut costs, eliminate wastes. My own belief is that while many prices, chiefly of raw materials, must advance, and of most manufactured goods, we are facing a new level of prices somewhat lower than they were before 1929. But no one should deceive himself into supposing they will stay where they are now. The moment improvement in business becomes definitely obvious, we are all going to wake up some morning to find that we delayed too long buying that suit, that car, that house, that furniture, all of which must go up before manufacturers can hope to make satisfactory profits.


AND NOW SCHMALASKI GOES ROUND RIGHT END FOR ABOUT SIX YARDS!
Graham

"Drop some cigarette ashes down my collar, Parkes. I want to get that 'at the stadium' feeling" *Ed Graham*


Pepsodent
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 2¾ OZS.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A *revolutionary* discovery contained in epsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has ways been to improve constantly—no "fixed forma" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsoleting prior eas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent ıs been the first to meet them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time rough a notable new discovery that possesses three :clusive virtues:

The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unequalled in removing stained, destructive FILM.

The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel — a brilliant glaze or luster.

The new material is *safe*—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In *taste* and in *looks* it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new—brand new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research . . . 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests . . . we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry . . . new equipment had to be *invented*, then erected . . . the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine super *film-removing power* with super *safety* and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade. Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy. It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

SE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Tonight... say *this* to your wife ...then look into her eyes!

"I gave a lot more than we had planned... Are you Angry?"

IF you should tell her that you merely "contributed"—that you gave no more than you really felt obliged to—her eyes will tell you nothing. But deep down in her woman's heart, she will feel just a little disappointed—a tiny bit ashamed.

But tonight—*confess* to her that you have dug into the very bottom of your pocket—that you gave perhaps a little *more* than you could afford—that you opened not just your purse, but your heart as well.

In her eyes you'll see neither reproach nor anger. *Trust* her to understand. Trust her to appreciate the generous spirit—the good fellowship and manly sympathy which prompted you to help give unhappy people the courage to face the coming winter with their heads held high with faith and hope.

It's true—the world *respects* the man who lives within his income. But the world *adores* the man who *gives* BEYOND his income.

No—when you tell her you have given somewhat *more* than you had planned, you'll see no censure in her eyes. But *love!*

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief appeals to you to give generously now in your own community. There is no national fund. Contribute through your local welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your special emergency relief committee. All facilities for the furtherance of this nation-wide relief program, including this advertisement, have been furnished the Committee without cost.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Walter S. Gifford

Walter S. Gifford, *Director*

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resourc

Owen D. Young, *Chairman*

Battles of Brawn

Continued from page 10

After I had gotten used to having my face pushed in and my head tramped on, I began to take an interest in the game, charging here and there and giving as good as I got. On one kick I actually managed to get down the field and bat the ball over the scrubs' goal line. A foul, to be sure, but my elephantine enthusiasm made a hit with the coach, and he slapped me on the back, and cried, "Good work, Pop." There has to be a "Pop" on every team, and being big, good-natured and several years older than the rest, I was elected to carry a nickname that has stayed with me ever since.

When Guards Were Gods

That evening, as I sat trying to get my chin loose from the nape of my neck, I learned to my consternation that we were to play Syracuse the very next afternoon. Registration Day, being an idle time for the student body, was then looked on as a good chance for football. Thinking back, I can't remember that the game was marked by any large amount of science, for both teams used only straight bucks and slants off tackle, but lack of trick plays was more than made up for by vigor. Cornell won by a score of 58 to 0, and when the last whistle blew, I felt pretty good to think I had acquitted myself so nobly against those whom I supposed to be scarred veterans.

"This is my first game," I gasped as I shook hands with my opponent.

"You've got nothing on me," he groaned. "It's my first, too."

Football is about the oldest sport of which we have any record, dating back to the great days of Greece and Rome. Originally, it lived up to its name, only kicking being allowed, but after some centuries the English began to carry the ball as well as boot it, and this game, called Rugby, was what the colonists brought to these shores. As near as I can make out, the American version started rough and got rougher. Harvard's annual class game was known as "Bloody Monday," as early as 1827 and a clash between Princeton and Rutgers, back in 1869, was so brutal that public opinion called a halt.

Yale did not join the Intercollegiate Football Association, which had been formed in 1876 between Princeton, Harvard and Columbia, until 1879. The following year, under the urging and guidance of Walter Camp, that famous Yale player now known as the "Father of American football," who picked All-America teams for Collier's for so many years, new rules were laid down by the Association, the number of players being reduced from fifteen to eleven and the scrimmage substituted for the scrum. In 1882, the Association ruled that a team must advance five yards in three downs, or lose ten yards, to retain possession of the ball.

These changes, while for the better, took little or none of the roughness out of the game. The 1894 clash between Harvard and Yale ended with such a hospital list on both sides, and so many charges and counter-charges, that relations were suspended. I remember that Wrightington had his shoulder smashed and that Hallowell's nose was laid flat against his face. In an 1897 game between Princeton and Yale, Garry Cochran was badly broken up, Johnny Baird had to be carried from the field, and "Big Bill" Edwards and Charlie Chadwick, the Blue's "strong man," engaged in a mastodonic struggle for supremacy that left both unrecognizable.

The trouble lay in the fact that mass plays were still encouraged if not actually compelled. The distance necessary to gain a first down was only five yards, and with three downs to make it in, there was no necessity for anything but a slam-bang attack. Any number of men could be drawn out of the line, and plays such as "guards back" and "tackles back" resulted in tandem formations that had the crushing drive of a giant tractor.

One year Princeton won victory after victory with a close formation called the "turtle back," which was really a revolving wedge. The five center men hugged together, overlapping each other; behind them came the ends with their shoulders against the outside hip of the tackles, and next were the halfbacks and fullback, all huddled compactly in the form of an ellipse with just enough room left for the quarterback in the center.

Flying interference was another pleasant idea, every player except the center getting in motion at the snap of the ball, so that the carrier had nine men in front of him. There were no rules against pushing and pulling and often the guards wore belts with handles so that the ball carrier could hang on. Or, if he was not pulled, he was put in front of the tandem formation and shoved. All that a Yale back ever had to do was to hang on to Heffelfinger.

Such a game, obviously enough, put a premium on beef, and "human mountains" were sought and valued by every coach. I can remember lines that looked like a herd of hairy mammoths, and their charges had much the same force. One year, for instance, the Harvard line averaged 201 pounds, the Yale line 203 and the University of Michigan line 204. I was no stripling myself, but against a certain Harvard guard who tipped the scales at 236 I always had the fear that he would take me up and kiss me. Only the quarterbacks were small, for their one job was to feed the ball to the carriers instead of being important cogs in the offense as they are now.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton were undisputed lords of the gridiron, for they had played the game the longest, their coaches were the best and, greatest advantage of all, they got the pick of the country's youth. Football was just beginning to gain popularity west of the Alleghenies, state universities were struggling affairs.

Beef and Brains

I worked my way through Cornell, waiting on the table, organizing boarding clubs, and even peddling water-color landscapes that I turned out in spare moments, but there were days during the football season when I couldn't hold a brush or carry a tray. Even my huge bulk was not always a protection, for there was many a game that saw my 215 pounds churned to jelly by the cleated feet of eleven behemoths.

It was not that the players of those days lacked intelligence, for some of the smartest men that ever trod a gridiron played before the present generation was born. Marshall Newell and the Brewer brothers of Harvard, Charlie Daly of Harvard and West Point, Heffelfinger, Hinkey and Chadwick of Yale, "Biffy" Lea, Trenchard and Phil King of Princeton, and Woodruff, Bull, Wharton, Knipe and Osgood of Pennsylvania may well stand as candidates for the All-America team of all time. The lightweight, however, no matter how skilled and cunning, had small chance against the revolving wedge, the tandem

(*Continued on page 46*)

"This food purifies the system ..clears the SKIN"

—finds DR. BRUENAUER, noted Vienna Specialist
STOMACH
INTESTINES

HERE'S WHERE poisons form that cause so many cases of skin troubles! Yeast keeps intestines clean—clears up the complexion.

Dr. Stefan Bruenauer has made a long study of fresh yeast.

Correct complexion blemishes *this easy way!*

AUTHOR of more than forty medical works on skin diseases, etc. . . . noted clinic head . . . Dr. Stefan Bruenauer is one of the foremost skin specialists living today!

Why does this famous authority so strongly advise eating fresh yeast to clear up the complexion?

Read what he says:—

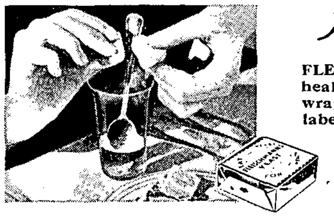
"Fresh yeast will regulate the intestines and bring about normal elimination. By restoring regular, daily evacuations it purifies the digestive system, builds up a healthier bodily tone *and protects the skin against blemishes.*"

Eaten faithfully, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and cleanses your entire digestive tract . . . helps your body throw off its accumulation of undigested waste matter regularly.

Thus, excessive poisons no longer circulate through your system to make your skin break out. You are less subject to headaches, colds, etc. You feel more energetic, more *alive!*

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass), or any way you like. Start eating it today!

Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. City.



Important

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Try it!

"My Case illustrates what Doctors say about Yeast"

"Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my complexion perfectly," *writes* Miss Edith Price, *Springfield, Mass.* "A friend of mine had been eating it, on her doctor's advice, and it had done her a lot of good. So I tried it. My indigestion and sluggish feeling disappeared and my skin cleared up."

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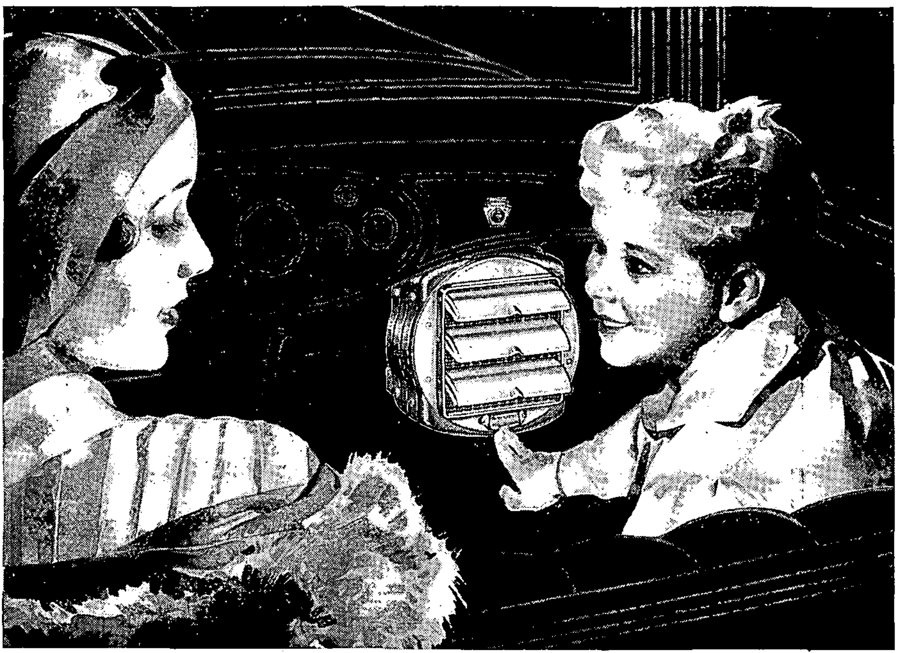

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Every one wants the glorious comfort of an Arvin-heated car. And when you see what Arvin dealers are offering now at very moderate prices, you will understand why countless thousands are getting these marvelous car heating systems... In addition to fan-forced hot water heaters for all cars, Arvin dealers now have remarkable new circulating hot air heating systems for Ford and Chevrolet. And a new type Arvin with electric fan-forced circulation is also available for all cars at a most reasonable price.

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Products of **NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES,** *Incorporated,* **INDIANAPOLIS**

ARVIN CAR HEATERS

(*Continued from page 45*)

and other old-time methods of employing weight and momentum.

Let me also correct any impression that the early-day players were "roughnecks." Eligibility rules were loose, and "tramp athletes" were not uncommon, but for the most part football men went forth to distinguished positions in business and the professions. Marshall Newell, in particular, was not only a great star, being one of the few men to win All-America honors four years in succession, but he was a great gentleman. He coached at Cornell when I captained the team, and to this day I have precious memories of Sunday afternoons when he walked with us through the woods, talking of trees and flowers, books, sportsmanship, ideals, standards and values.

Pop Goes Pro

Alonzo Stagg, still remembered at Yale as one of the greatest of their early players, was as fine a type of Christian gentleman as one would want to see. Some time after taking his position as director of athletics at Chicago University, he scraped together $2,500 to take several of his stars to the Olympic games in Paris. When he found out, however, that the finals were to be held on Sunday, he withdrew his men and sailed for home.

Roughness and unsportsmanlike tactics were the order of the day because America, still in the grip of the pioneer tradition, felt that nothing was manly unless it *was* rough. Players slugged and took punches more to prove that they weren't "sissies" than anything else. Moreover, the rules against "rough stuff" were few and somewhat vague and, to make matters worse, the lack of good officials prevented anything like stern enforcement. The average referee usually took pains to see no more than he could help seeing.

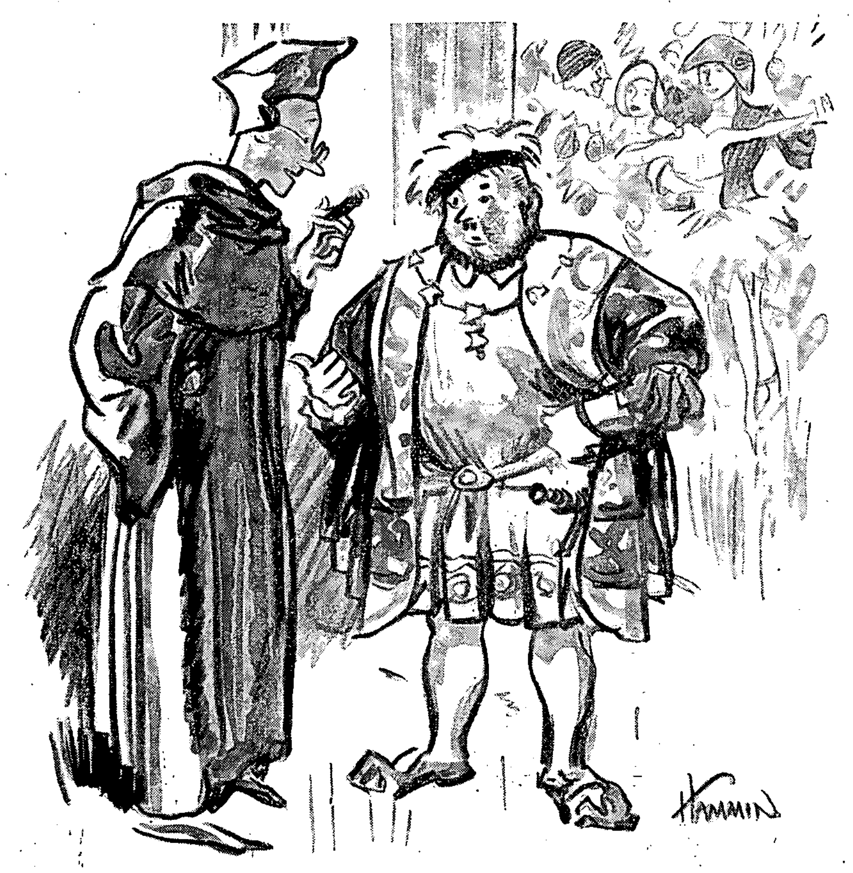
Another factor that made for football disorder was the utter lack of adequate seating accommodations. The bulk of the crowd usually surged up and down the side lines, interfering with the players and often swarming on the field itself, and nothing was more common than for enthusiastic partisans to engage in fist fights.

Back in 1896, when I was coaching Iowa State College, we received an offer to go out to Butte, Montana, to play a team composed of ex-college stars and some local talent. At that time, Butte was the toughest and sportiest town in the United Sates, everything wide open both night and day, for the mines ran three eight-hour shifts. We found the good people of Butte full of confidence in their team and, figuring it a safe bet, I put up all the money that I was to receive for my season's coaching. As it turned out, my judgment of the two teams was good but I fell down in failing to take other considerations into account.

The field itself was as bare and hard as an iron griddle, and the Butte cheer leaders were whiskered gentlemen who kept up a continuous fusillade with six-shooters. Almost every man in the crowd had a large gun at his belt, and any time Butte pulled off a ground-gaining play, out came those guns and barked their applause. By way of soothing our nerves still more, we soon discovered that the referee didn't mean to let us win, and when we finally threatened to leave the field after a series of unfair decisions he calmly told us we could whistle for our expense money if we did. We not only lost the game but also our uniforms, for every man on the team came out of the game half naked.

Contrary to general opinion, professional football is not a modern idea by any means. Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, the sport flourished in the Middle West, and sometimes as much as a million dollars was bet on a game between Massillon and Canton, two Ohio rivals. I never saw any of these battles, but Charlie Moran, who won such fame with his Centre College team, played on the Massillon eleven, and once told me that the Roman amphitheater was kindergarten stuff compared to pro football in 1905.

According to Charlie, there was one game when the referee happened to see one player give an opponent a savage kick, whereupon he ordered the man out of the game.



Henry VIII: "Listen, Bill, can you find me a partner? You know how shy I am with women"

James Hammin

"But you can't do that," protested the offender. "I didn't kick the guy until after the whistle blew."

I myself had a go at the professional stuff. It was back in 1902, when I was coaching the Carlisle Indians, and my brother Bill, who had followed me as left guard on the Cornell team, winning the honor of being placed on the All-America by Walter Camp, came to me with a proposition to play in a pro football tournament at Madison Square Garden. Tom O'Rourke, the old prize-fight promoter, was handling the affair on a coöperative basis, and each player received explicit assurance that his share would amount to $300 at least.

I had not played regularly since leaving Cornell in 1894, but my coaching had kept me in fair condition, and $300 looked mighty good to a man on a small salary; besides, I wanted a vacation. Our team represented Syracuse, and in the line we had Jack Wright, Columbia's All-America center, Brother Bill and myself, and Hawley Pierce and Bemus Pierce, two giant Indians who had been stars at Carlisle.

Polishing the Rules

A Philadelphia team, composed of ex-Penn stars, met us the opening night, and the crash was heard as far as Albany. Everything went, and while I managed to play the whole game, the next morning found me a total wreck, and Brother Bill had to help me dress. To add to the pain, the tournament proved a financial flop, and at the end I found that I had died for dear old Madison Square for exactly $23.

The dawn of the twentieth century found football rapidly sinking into public disfavor, for the game not only bordered on brutality, but was also uninteresting. The continual mass plays made it a rare thing for the spectators to see the ball, except on a kick, and "piling up" resulted in serious and sometimes fatal injuries. As a consequence, an agitation started for the abolition of the game, and grew to a point where it seemed that football was doomed.

At the close of the 1904 season, Stanford and the University of California substituted Rugby for the American game, while Columbia abolished football entirely in 1905, President Butler declaring that it was "at war with every sound principle of college sport and athletic exercise." Two rules committees wrangled and did nothing until President Roosevelt, deeply concerned, called delegates from Harvard, Yale and Princeton to Washington, and impressed upon them the necessity of reform. As a consequence, a new and more representative rules committee, meeting in New York, proceeded to give the game a thorough overhauling, and out of the changes came modern football.

The forward pass and the on-side kick were legalized and encouraged as a means of checking mass plays by forcing the secondary defense to play well back of the line. Pushing and pulling were prohibited, and tandem formations, revolving wedges and other purely "beef" plays were ended by providing that there should always be seven men on the line of scrimmage. Hurdling was prohibited, except over players who were not on their feet, and severe penalties stopped the practice of meeting a runner in the face with the heel of the hand.

The greatest reform of all was the change from five yards in three downs to ten yards in four. Under the old rules the losing team seldom had a chance to rush the ball, because the stronger team would be able to grind out short, steady gains until it literally pushed across the goal line. Under the changed rules, gaining first down became difficult and possession of the ball less important.

The on-side kick, which gave the team making the boot the right to regain possession of the ball after it hit the ground, impressed me as a great reform but the play was soon junked. The trouble with it was the requirement that the ball must first strike the ground, and I urged a change in the rule that would permit the kicking team to make a catch just as players now snag a forward pass.

On the other hand I opposed the forward pass as entirely foreign to the game, a direct importation from basketball, and also pointed out that the necessarily large number of incompletions would result in slowing up the game. My prophecy came true, for nowadays the officials spend as much time carrying the ball back and forth as do the two teams. What is more, unless further rules curb its excessive use, rushing and kicking will become things of the past, and instead of football we will have "pass ball."

For a couple of seasons after the introduction of the forward pass there was no prohibition against interfering with defensive players so that they could not knock down or intercept the pass. I got my one consolation out of forcing a change in this rule. I was coaching Carlisle at the time, a lightweight lot but every one as fast as a race horse and trained to leave his feet when he blocked. The Indians used a punt formation on the pass with Frank Mount Pleasant, who could hurl a spiral fifty yards, standing back so far that he needed no protection.

At the start of the play every man not eligible to receive the pass shot down the field at a ten-second gait, some decoying the defensive backs away from the spot where the ball was to be thrown, and the others hitting the safety man like so many catapults. Let me say that very few of the Carlisle passes were intercepted. As one victim said to me, "How can a man keep his eye on the ball when a bunch of big bucks are charging down like a buffalo stampede?"

The Big Three Multiplies

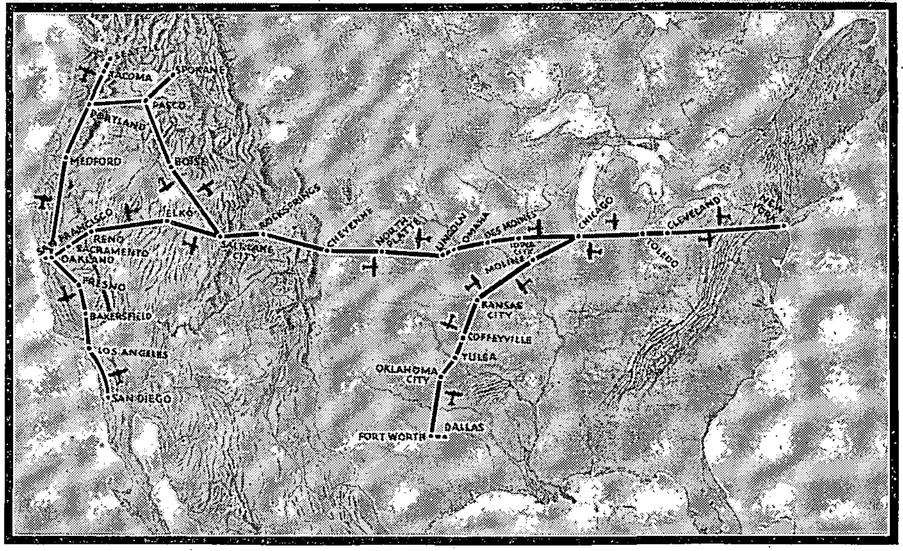
The revised rules, however, accomplished their purpose in time. With the opening up of the game, and larger emphasis on speed, skill and trick plays, football began to have the sweep of a prairie fire. The colleges and universities of the West and South organized teams and engaged high-class coaches, and these men, younger and more progressive than the Brahmins of the East, took full advantage of the changed order, junking tradition in favor of new ideas.

Yale, Princeton and Harvard, engrossed in the contemplation of past glories and holding firmly to old traditions, were tramped over and ground under by small and unknown institutions, and in selecting his All-America team, Walter Camp, beloved overlord of the game, was soon forced to admit the existence of star players outside the sacred confines of the Big Three.

Football supremacy, like the tide of empire, westward takes its way. First from the Continent to Old England, then to the Atlantic seaboard, on beyond the Alleghenies, until today I make bold to assert that the world's best game is now played on the Pacific Coast. Still marching, football is already the most popular sport in Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands, and is slowly gaining a foothold in the Orient. Who can say that it will not yet become a great international binder?

Another article in this series, What's Wrong with Football, will appear in next week's Collier's.

The "MAIN STREET" of the SKYWAYS



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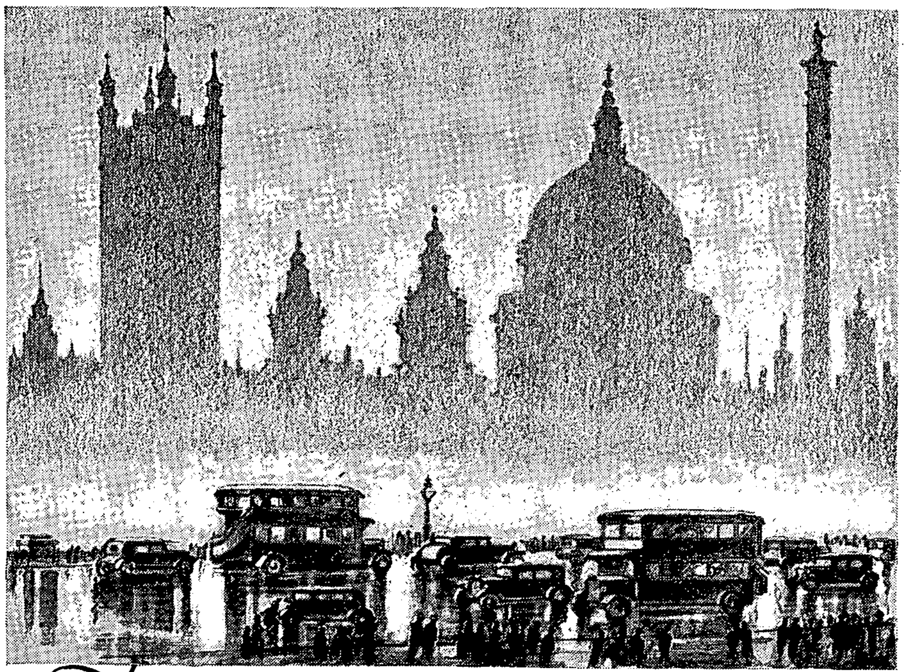

The STREETS are VERY OFTEN WET in LONDON • but COLDS are SCARCE

BEFORE rubbers were invented, colds were as constant as wet weather on the British Isles. Today in England colds are scarce. The wearing of rubbers is an established custom, and rosy cheeks go blithely through the fog. It's wise to wear rubbers when streets are wet. To enjoy the comfort of proper fit, smartness in style and longer wear, ask for Firestone gaiters, rubbers and overshoes. Firestone protective footwear has an extra quality you'll admire, made in a great variety of styles, for every member of the family. Particularly interesting is the new Puritan—a light, flexible all-rubber gaiter that has no fasteners and yet slips on and off with ease and fits snugly. It has a basket-weave design which, in either black or brown, harmonizes with fall and winter suit fabrics. For a full description of this and other Firestone rubbers and gaiters for all the family, send for illustrated folder.

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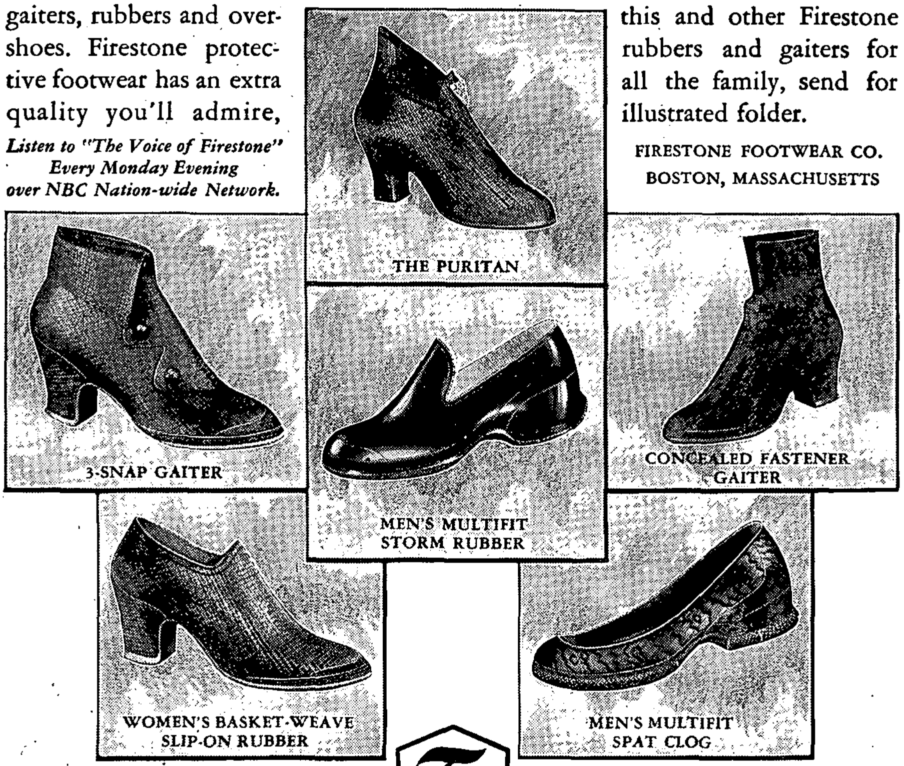
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A Neat, Quick Case

Continued from page 18

told him one thing I wanted him to do, I had forgot another more important thing—and now there was no way of getting hold of him again. As we trailed along behind the marshal I sought through everybody there for somebody I could count on to do what I needed done now; and in the end, hard as I knew it would be for him to work it, there was only one man I could really pick, and that was Dick Wheeler.

I took him by the arm. "Listen," I whispered to him. "You've got to do exactly what I say. Drop back in the shadows quiet, and sneak away." And I told him what I wanted of him. He never asked a question, only nodded, and in a minute or two he was gone from among us.

A LITTLE bit of hell popped, I can tell you, when we got to my shack and Marshal Bill Eads found that Dick Wheeler was gone.

"He went back after something I sent him for," I said. "You'll only make a fool of yourself, hunting him in the dark."

Bill Eads sweated some, but finally he let it pass, for the time.

Meantime we had met Vince Cahill in the street, in custody of the deputy that Crabtree had sent after *him; so now*, with the exception of Dick Wheeler, and By Davison that was dead, we were all ready to reconstruct the poker game.

I told Marshal Bill Eads how Vince and By Davison had been the heavy winners, and the hands they won with; and Frank Ames' bad luck, and him getting kind of black and impatient, like he always got when half drunk; and Dick Wheeler kind of bitter, too, only more don't-give-a-damn; and exactly how much Vince Cahill took away with him at midnight, and all such details.

Then Sheriff Crabtree came in. Like the marshal, he was touchy about Dick Wheeler not being there; but he brushed past that after a second or two. He had something rolled in a newspaper, and now he gave the marshal a hard, humorous look—everybody knew Bill Eads was going to run against Crabtree next election—and I knew that I had sent him to the right place.

"We won't be needing Dick Wheeler, I guess, Bill," he said to the marshal; and you could have played the nerves in that room like a guitar, so tight-strung they were.

"No?" said Bill Eads.

"No," said Crabtree. I thought he was going to bust with it. He turned now to Frank Ames, who was standing up against the wall, his square-set frame sagging like he'd been up a week. "Let's see now, Ames: you went in the house to turn in, and you heard this shot, and then Bill Eads sung out?"

"Yes," Ames said.

"And feeling it was a special occasion, maybe—was that why you stopped and put on a fresh clean shirt?"

Some of us moved, uneasy.

"Well," said Ames—very steady, but even grayer than before—"I'd started to turn in, and I grabbed any old shirt."

Suddenly Crabtree unrolled the thing he had in his bundle. It was a shirt—the shirt Frank Ames had worn that night, only now it was all stained with red.

"Is that your shirt?"

"No," Frank said, looking him in the eye.

"You lie," Crabtree said. Suddenly he stepped forward, grabbed the front of Frank's shirt and ripped it half off.

Frank just kind of tottered for his balance, back against the wall, and slid down to sit on a box. And we saw that all around Frank's chest and shoulder was bandages, and soaking through them that red stain that gave away the story. I'd guessed right about why there was no color left in Frank's face.

Right then there was a tap on the door, and everybody jumped; and Dick Wheeler came in. He was toting an old box with half a dozen cans of coffee in it. He set this down and glanced around, startled, realizing he'd busted into the middle of something almighty taut.

Crabtree no more than glanced at him and turned on Frank Ames again. "By Davison's shot got you after all, huh?"

"Yes," said Ames.

I was watching Dick Wheeler's face. He had taken in now the bandages on Frank Ames, and the bloody shirt; and more bewilderment I never saw on the face of any man. He busted out, "Why, this man—this man couldn't—" and he stopped.

"And there you are," Sheriff Crabtree wound up. "We know now who By Davison fired at and who he hit; and from that we know who struck Davison down."

I waited a minute; and I was kind of surprised that no one butted in nor spoke.

"And there you are," said Pete Crabtree again.

"And there *who* is?" I said in a loud, offensive voice. "Let him tell his story."

Crabtree nodded. "Speak up, Frank! And make it good."

"I was just going into Hepmeyer's when the shot caught me," Frank Ames said. "I thought somebody had been laying for me, at first. But it must of been By Davison's wild shot. I—"

"One wild shot, with everywhere to go in the world—and it landed on you! That's a hot one!" said Bill Eads.

"Will you let him talk?" I shouted, cussing.

"I WENT in to get my gun," Frank Ames rushed ahead, fair babbling now. It's only a scratch I got, but it was bleeding fast. I bandaged up with strips from a sheet. And that's all in the world I've had to do with this!"

"Then why didn't you say so, in place of hiding your wound?"

"I don't know. I kind of stampeded, I guess. When I found out By was dead, and I was the last one with him alive, and me wounded—it seemed like the real killer might get away, through people landing it on me. So I—"

"Of all the infernal lies!" said Pete Crabtree.

Marshal Bill Eads was glaring at Crabtree, furious to have had the case stolen out from under him, as it looked. "Where's the money then?" he demanded. "We don't know where that is yet."

"I think," said I, taking a long chance, "we do know where the money is." Everybody scowled at me. "A little bit ago," I said, "I asked Dick Wheeler to step back and bring some coffee here. I made a special point that he was to bring all there was from the place where I told him to get it. He done so. And I think maybe he has something here he didn't exactly know about before."

I spilled those cans of coffee out of their box, and I found out my hands were shaking as I picked them up one by one. I looked at three cans, then a fourth, and I was beginning to think that after all I was wrong, and had made myself look like a fool. Then, as I picked up the fifth can I knew that I had guessed right about that one lone coffee bean back by old Davison's fence, just as I had guessed right about what had drained the blood from Frank Ames' face. For that can was marked by a thin, well-hidden line where a razor blade had cut the label to open the can; and even before I ripped the top off I knew what I had there.

I POURED the coffee out on my bunk; and there in the middle of it was that big roll of bills. I said, "You all know what money this is, I think; but if you don't—it last left this room in the pants pocket of Byram Davison, that's dead."

"You're sure that's the same roll?" Frank Ames said, slow.

I pawed it over. "It's got your I O U in it, Frank; and mine."

"Where's this thing from?" the marshal demanded to know.

"This coffee can," I said, "come out of Frank Ames' car, where it stands back of Hepmeyer's, loaded with groceries for the Bar 22. And Dick Wheeler will tell you so."

Everybody kind of fidgeted, then was still again, stiller than before.

"It's a case," said Crabtree, the kid sheriff, watching Bill Eads with a little smile. "A neat, quick case, and it's all complete."

"Wait a minute!" I said. I was beginning to sweat, for it's often that you can work a thing out the right way only to get a wrong result that you'll regret the rest of your life. "I ain't sure that I foller this," I said.

"What's that?"

"Maybe I'm dumb," I said, "but I'm damned if I can see how Frank could have killed this man."

"It's plain on the face of it," snapped Crabtree. "Here's a poker game. Here's Frank Ames, half drunk and ugly over his losings. Here's By Davison winning heavy. They walk home, alone in the dark. Frank tries to hold By up. By fights. Frank beans him. He runs out the back way, and over next door to his car. He hides the money in this coffee can. Then he goes in Hepmeyer's where his room is—there's a spot of blood on the front step—and binds up this wound he got, in time to run out and help Bill carry Davison in. Do you get it now?"

"Let me see," said I. "Frank Ames and By walk home—is this how it goes?—and Frank runs on ahead and plugs some bird shot into the lock of By's door—"

"Bird shot—say!"

"Well, we found the lock jammed with shot, didn't we?"

"That's got nothing to do with the case," said Crabtree exasperated. "'Frank runs ahead,' for the love of Mike! That bird shot is just some hoodlum's idea of a joke."

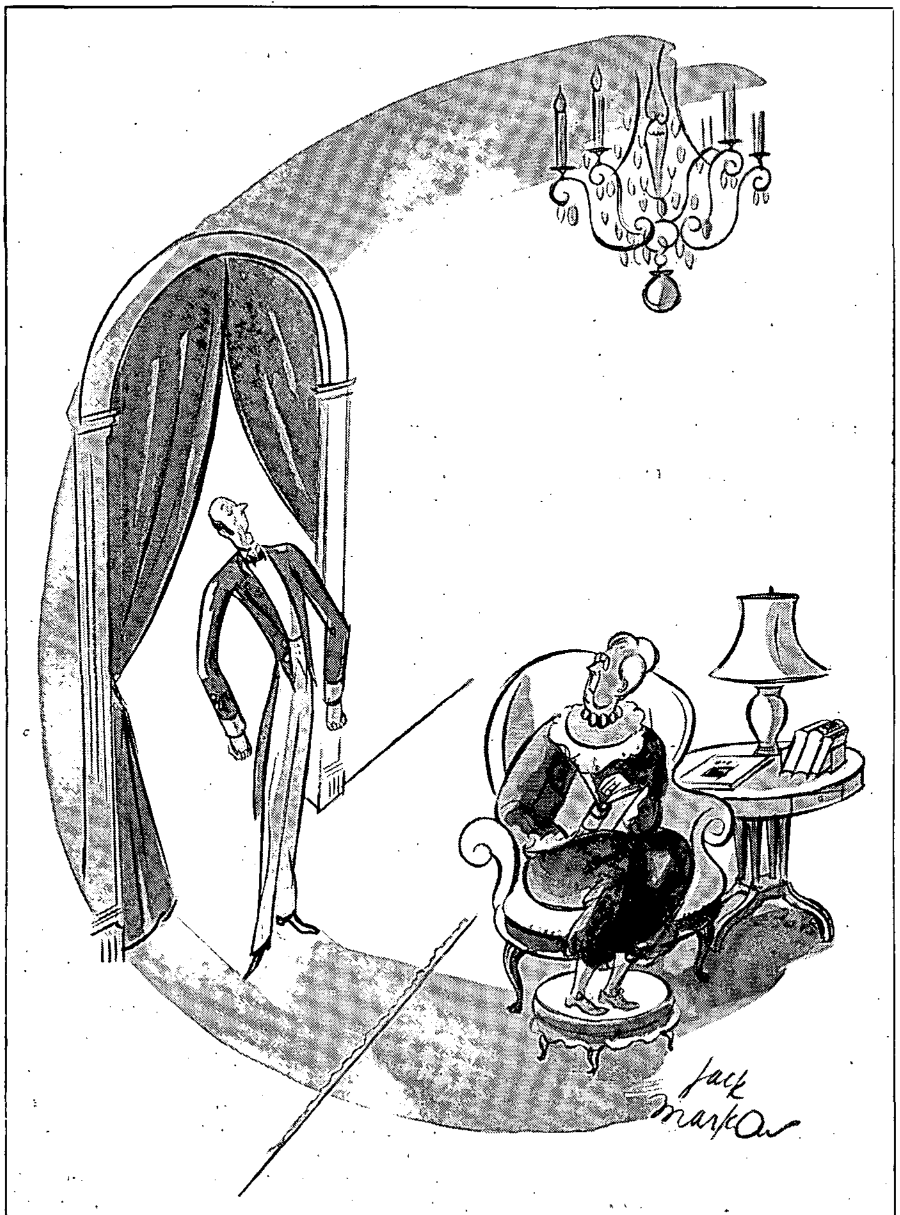
"That's first-class police practice," I admitted. "All clues that don't point to the feller we've picked; they're a joke."

"We're wasting—" the marshal cut in.

"Practical jokers," said I, "have just raised hell all over this case. Take where Frank tries to hold up By—using a lead pencil."

"Lead pencil?"

(Continued on page 50)



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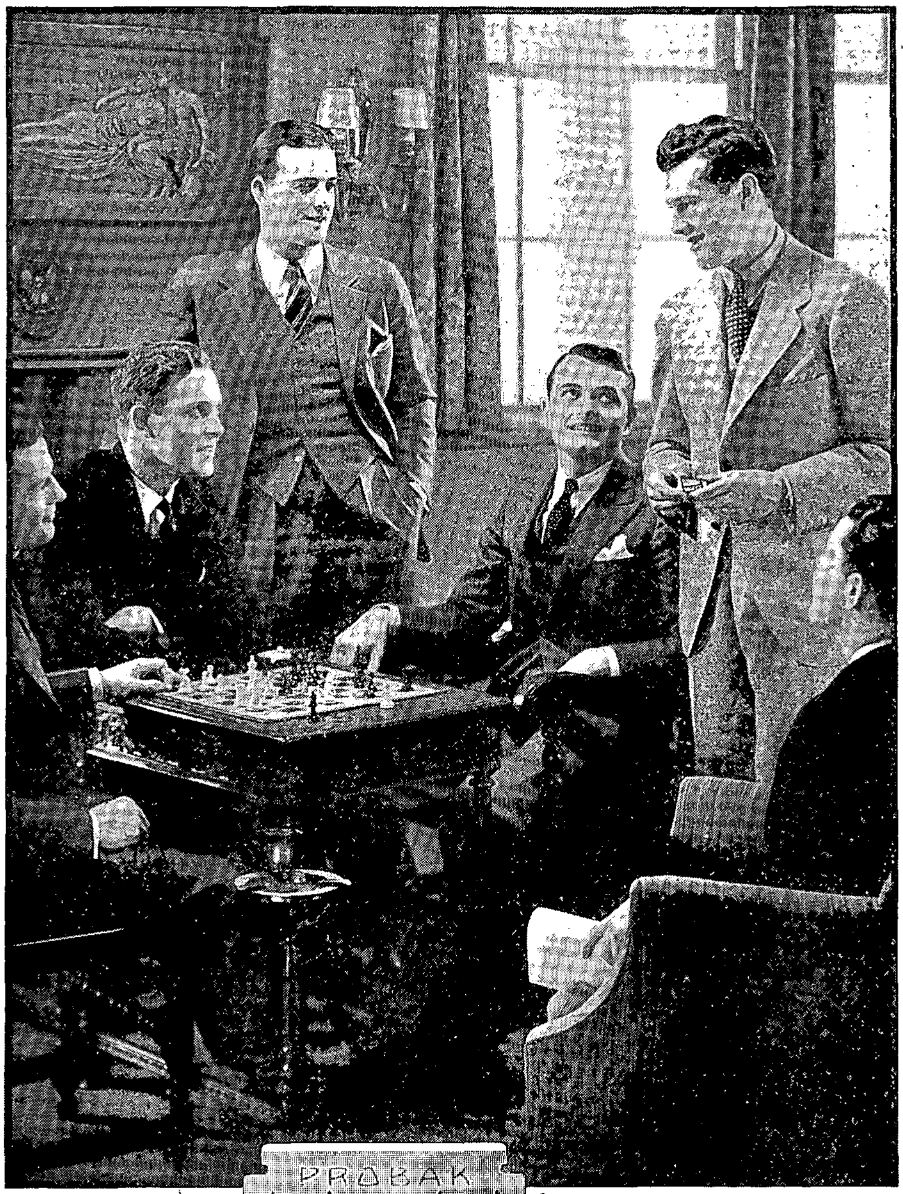

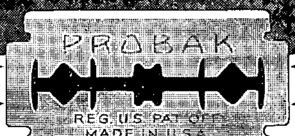
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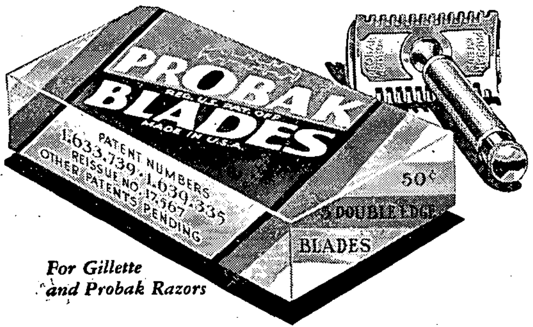

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PROBAK BLADES

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Well, that was his only weapon when he left here."

"He must have tried to bluff it, then!" Crabtree explained.

"All right. Frank Ames tries to hold up By with an imaginary weapon. By draws his gun. Frank brings his imaginary weapon down on By's head—"

"You're making a chump of this case," Crabtree snarled at me, near frantic. "Do I have to explain everything? Ames grabs Davison's gun—it goes off and wounds him; Ames gets the gun and slugs him."

"All right," I agreed again. "Ames then puts the gun in By's hand—probably to suggest By beaned himself—and lifts By's roll. He then takes off his boots."

"Hold on here! He can't stop and—"

"But he did," I insisted, "because he left that stocking-foot track by the back fence."

"You must have misread the sign," said Sheriff Crabtree, disgusted. "Why would he stand at the scene of the crime and take off his boots?"

"Maybe he was preparing for bed," I suggested.

CRABTREE blew up. "I'm sick and tired of this nonsense! Come on, Bill, we have to—"

"Now wait a minute," said Bill Eads, looking at Crabtree kind of narrow-eyed, and speculative. The marshal was already sore to have had the case stolen off him—and now I saw that he had detected a ray of hope. Maybe, you could see him thinking, I'll make a chump of this fresh sheriff yet—and in time for election!

"Let him go on," he said. "This is getting interesting to me."

"He now goes next door to his car," I went on, "and gets the coffee can, like Crabtree says. He takes some of the coffee out of the can, and puts the money in its place. And right here happens joke number five, and it's a lallapaloozer! As he opens the coffee can, one coffee bean falls on the ground. And what a bean! For now this coffee bean starts rolling. It rolls along two sides of a shed, and uphill to the fence, takes a bounce *over* the fence, turns sharp left and rolls forty yards, to end up back of By Davison's place. Because that's where I found it."

Bill Eads like to cheered. "I saw him find it myself," he said, conclusive.

"After swallering a whopper like that," I ended up, "you naturally will not pause to wonder why Frank Ames goes clear around to the front of Hepmeyer's to get in, instead of going in the back, which was nearest. And why his slight wound suddenly begins to bleed, for the first time, at the front door where you found the mark on the step."

Crabtree cussed, and the marshal grinned at him, sardonic.

"The trouble with you is you always start out on the theory somebody done it," said I.

"I suppose your theory is nobody done it," said Crabtree bitterly. "Suicide, by God!"

"If you have to fix on somebody," I suggested, "let's figure for a minute it was me."

"I'm beginning to think it was," Pete growled.

"All right," I picked up, "I leave the poker game early. I go to Frank's car and get a coffee can out of the groceries. I open it careful and pour some of the coffee out, and I stand the can by Davison's back fence. I wait for Davison, who I already know is heavy winner. But I know Frank Ames will be walking back with him, so I cast about for a way to delay Davison at his door, until Frank is out of the way. Finally I shove some bird shot in Davison's front door lock. Ames and By Davison come along, and it works out fine—except By fights. I grab By's gun as it comes out, and the shot goes wild. I crack him down. I take By's money, and put it in the coffee can, and put the can back in Frank's car. Not a thing to connect me with the case, even if the money is found! Not even a boot print, for I've worked in my stocking feet.

"So now I just calmly go off to my blanket roll in the catclaw. Tomorrow, there being nothing against me, Frank Ames and I will drive back to the Bar 22, where I have a job. I'll unload the groceries myself, holding out one extra-valuable can of coffee to take with me on long circle. Now if that ain't perfect, what do you want?"

Well, there was quite a little minute of surcease from sound. And you could see the people there wondering, turning it over slow in their minds, as they studied Vince.

"He could have done it at that," said Pete, at last.

"Except," said Bill, "Old Man Coffee don't work for the Bar 22, and he didn't leave the game early, or at all."

"But—" said Pete, slow, "there's one feller here that hasn't them outs; or any others."

Vince Cahill got out his makings, and he rolled him a cigarette. His eyes were going from one to another, studying each one, not seeming to mind meeting their eyes. People, that man was a hard crowd! The tobacco didn't even rattle as he poured it in the paper. And finally, as he licked shut the brown paper he had his eyes on me, hard and cool and expressionless, so that a cold stroke run down my back, much like a mouse with wet feet.

"You're right on one thing," he said at last. "There isn't a thing in the world to connect me with the case."

"That all you got to say?" Bill Eads blazed out.

"Yes," Cahill said.

"Well," said Bill, getting up to stand over him, "we've got you, and we've got you right! We've traced out your every move, step by step, and it fits together, and it sticks."

"Presumptive, all of it," Cahill said again. "Go ahead and try to prove any one of them steps! You can't."

"You work at the Bar 22," said Pete, "and you hid the money in the Bar 22 stuff!"

"Any man could have pulled that," Cahill said. "Tomorrow he could have dropped by the Bar 22, and asked for the loan of a pound of coffee; and he'd have been told to walk in the mess shack and help himself. You know that."

THEY studied him again; and as they watched them hard eyes of his, staring back so insolent and cool, they were turning over what I had told them in their minds—over and over again; and there was only the one way to put it together. I don't think that anyone doubted, there at the last, that Vince Cahill killed Davison.

Crabtree and Eads were red in the face, the both. "Come on, Bill," Crabtree said; "there's nothing left but to—"

"To go home and go to bed," I said, disgusted. "Cahill's right. You not only haven't one scrap of proof against him, but you never will."

"By God," Pete swore, "I'll break him if it takes—"

"And what good will that do you? The law will unloose him even if he confesses; for they'll say you put the story in his mouth under third degree."

Crabtree and Eads just looked at each other.

"What are you going to do, Bill?" Crabtree said at last. And right there they had a short, dull argument over which of them was up against duty in that case, after all. As they began to argue Cahill began to grin; for that was a smart boy, and knew when his tail was out of the trap.

"This is a terrible thing," said Eads, the marshal, at last. "We know he killed By, as well as he knows it himself. But what Coffee says is true."

"You aren't going to make the arrest?" said Sheriff Crabtree, looking at him hard.

"I have to make the logical arrest," said Eads, very black and dogged. "We've got one man here that was the last one with the murdered man, and he's wounded by the dead man's gun, and the money was found among his things. What'll folks say if I don't arrest him?"

"In God's name," Dick Wheeler bust out, "knowing what you know, you wouldn't put the hooks to Frank Ames?"

"I've got to," said Bill, kind of thick.

"Dear God," said Dick Wheeler. "Dear God!" And then—"Poor Ann. . . ." And he sat down.

EVERYBODY looked at him, very curious; and so did I. There, thought I, was sure enough the measure of this man. Through all this he had thought of it in just one way—as to what grief and fear and unhappiness the trial of Ames would bring to Ann!

Once again it seemed like I could pretty near see in that room the slim figure of a girl, with a glow to her hair like a campfire on a wet night—blurred and smoky, but with a burn to it that draws you a long way, just the same. Did I say love was like fleas? Maybe so. The poet Riley told about a miller, that looked beneath his piller, and there he found a flea; and though he squashed this here flea, it come back later, bigger than a man, and took this miller, and jumped a thousand mile . . .

Wheeler stood up now, steady and slow. "Thank God," he said to Cahill, "they haven't took off your gun."

Cahill looked up at Dick. "What do you mean?" he said.

"Stand up," said Wheeler. "Walk to that door, into the street."

Cahill never hesitated. "Like hell I will! You may be crazy—but not me!"

"Get up and walk into the street," said Dick again. "Because otherwise I'm going to kill you where you sit."

Cahill stared at him, and his sureness began to go.

"Here, what the hell!" he appealed to Eads. "You going to let this go on?"

Eads and Crabtree looked at each other, keyed tight as winter wire; but there wasn't any interference in the eyes of either one.

"Me?" said Bill Eads, so you could hardly hear him. "Why, I didn't hear what Dick said."

"He said," Cahill turned to Crabtree, "if I won't shoot it out in the street, he aims to kill me where I sit!"

"Joking, no doubt," said Crabtree, like a man thinking of something else. And Vince Cahill, looking wild from one to the other of them, saw that there was no rescue there. Crabtree went to the window and stood looking out. It wasn't until I saw the gray line of light along his jaw that I noticed that it was close onto morning. Bill Eads got out his knife and begun to clean his nails.

"But look—but look—" Cahill said. And then he got up, slow, and backed out the door into the gray street.

Dick said, "Put your hand on your gun, and back away. When you're ready, draw and shoot; then I'll draw."

Cahill obeyed, backing off along the board walk. I jumped up and went to a little side window, where I could watch. Thirty yards south stood an old livery barn, and against the front of it was a pile of railroad ties. As he came opposite those ties Cahill took one sidelong jump, and his gun whipped up. His first shot spoke while he was still spraddled out in the air, and I ducked.

By the door we heard Dick rip out one mouthful of red-hot cuss words; and he started down the walk. Cahill's gun spoke three times, fast, then once more, some slower. I rose up, knowing he'd spent his load. Dick hadn't fired yet. He had only thirty yards to go, but it seemed a long time, while he walked, his six-gun in his hand.

Then we heard Cahill call out sudden, like the yelp of a dog that's been kicked. "Dick, I never killed By! I never done it, I say!"

Wheeler said, "That's what I'm killing you for. Somebody's roped Frank Ames, and I'm taking it out on you."

Cahill fairly gibbered. "You'll swing for this!"

"Yes," said Wheeler, walking around the pile of ties.

"In God's name, Dick," came Cahill's voice, *"what do you want?"*

"If you killed Davison," said Dick, "say so!"

"All right—I hit him, Dick!"

"Prove it, then!"

"Prove it? I can't—nobody can prove— Don't shoot!"

"Prove it if you can," said Dick, "but God knows I'm hoping it can't be done."

"The coffee!" Cahill burst out. "I'll show you where I poured the coffee out, to make room for By's roll in the can!"

Dick took Cahill's weapon away, and holstered his own. For Vince Cahill had hit on maybe the only proof in the world that could hang him for the killing of By Davison.

We went down to Hepmeyer's again, all of us, and Cahill showed us where he'd poured the coffee beans, which was down a rat hole under a box in Hepmeyer's shed. When we pulled up the floor, the coffee was there.

"Got him!" said Bill Eads.

"Fair enough," said Wheeler, kind of dim. He turned and walked off, and out the yard and down the street. And he'd gone half a block before somebody, noticing he had disappeared off the sidewalk, discovered that Dick had buckled up, and was lying in the gutter on his face. One of Cahill's shots had got him through the side ribs.

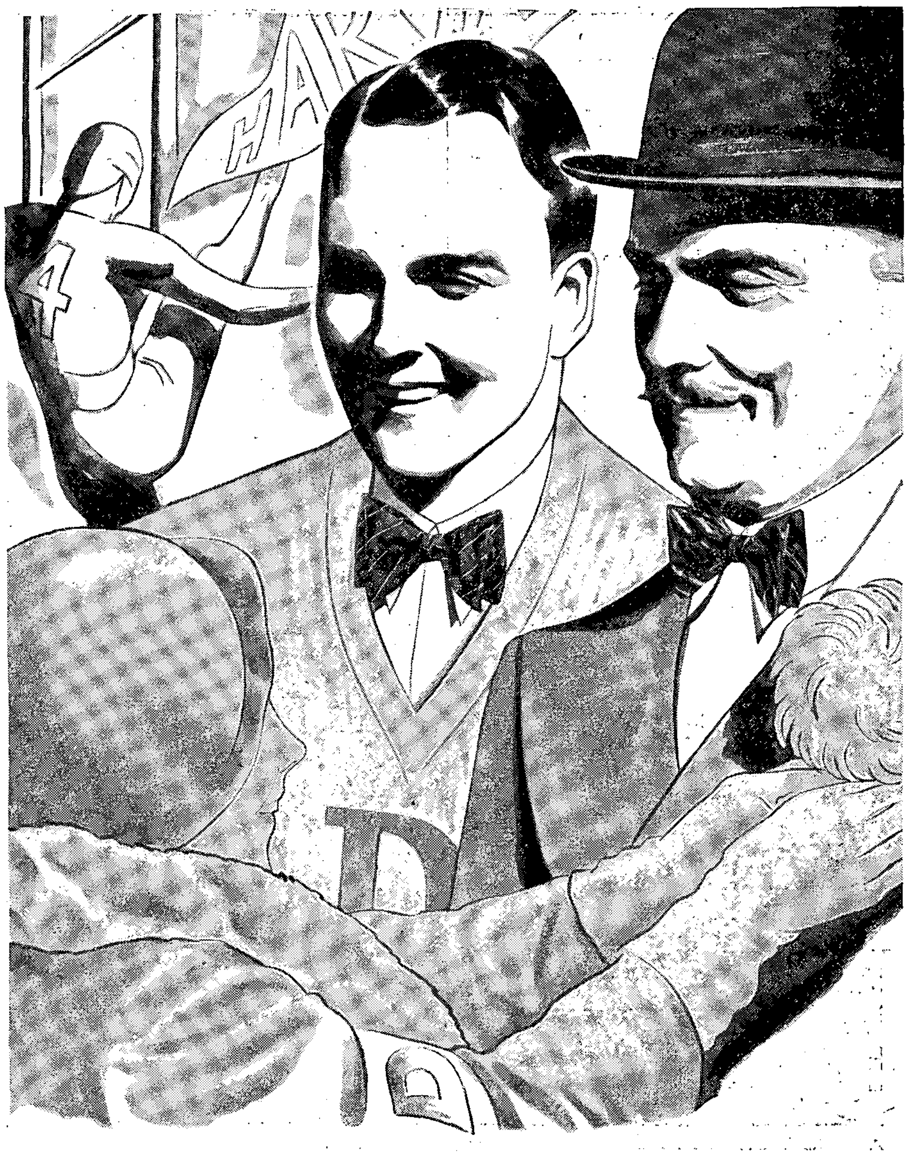
Don't ask me how he stood up! I never saw anything like it before or since, and I wouldn't believe it, I expect, if I hadn't seen. But now if you want to tell me that there really can come a flea big enough to catch hold of a man and jump a thousand mile—I'll just say, "Maybe so, maybe so. . . ."

I WAS kind of hoping that there would come about some kind of fitting finish to this business, such as would make a good story to tell afterwards. But shucks!

We took Dick down to my loaned adobe for patching up; and this girl, Ann Wallace, showed up in a few hours, as soon as word got out to the Bar 22 that Dick was stove up. Dick was out of his head by then, and Ann cried on the edge of the bed. By and by her father came after her, to take her away, but pretty soon found himself fired out of there again, looking dazed. And I had to move out, for Ann had made up her mind to sleep there, rather than leave Dick.

And due to the fact that they couldn't get her out of there, even nights, they had to get hold of somebody to marry them, about the time Dick could sit up some.

So at the end of it nothing interesting happened, except just them ordinary things, like you would expect when a feller goes weak-minded over a red-headed girl; and turns around to find out that the girl is even worse insane over him.



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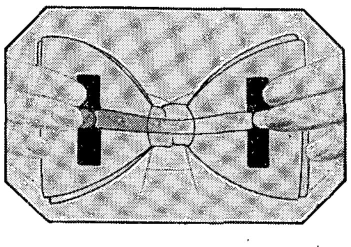

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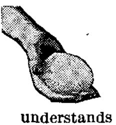

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Little Queerless

Continued from page 22

a sudden, she was up, all of a tremble, and I was up, at her head, with the reins still in my hands, and I didn't have even a sprained ankle, I hadn't been hurt a mite! All that time, sliding along on her side, going forty miles an hour, she had kept her weight off me. It must have been hard; she must have twisted herself half up with awful effort. But she had done it: she had kept her weight off me, sliding along through the mud, forty miles an hour!

"Well, not long after that we started off, she and I and my partner Griffo, to do the gypsy circuits and the county fairs. I traveled in her box car; at the tracks I'd sleep in the stall next to her, and every night I'd hear her scrape all the way down the partition to be as close to me as could be.

"And she raced for me—how she did race for me!

"You know how they run tramp meets, and the things that are pulled off.

"Well, she would do always exactly what we wanted her to do. It didn't seem that she was just answering the pull, or the spur, or the whip or the whipsawing of her boy, but just like she had heard me talk to him, and was doing it all by herself, to do the square thing by me.

"Day after day we'd make her lose. Placing maybe now and then, or showing—but mostly losing, or being left at the post. Till a race would come where the odds were right. Then I'd say to the boy, 'This is the day!' And I'd say in her ear, 'Run your little head off, Queerless!'

"And she would. Just drumming the track with that little, short stride of hers! Fighting for her head, fighting by every horse, just sort of mad with speed and joy! Just making all those other horses look like suckers!

"But the next day, even if she so loved to win, if we said, 'No, she's got to lose for a while now,' she'd lose for us, no matter how much she loved to win.

"I had her four years, and in all that time that little mare never cheated. She'd place if it was in the books to place, or show if I said show, or be distanced, or left at the post—no, sir, that cute mare never cheated. Little Miss Loyalty, that was her name.

"She raced for me, and she made me money. And when I sold her to Black Carter—what do you think?—it was for fifteen hundred—one thousand more than I had paid for her!"

THERE was, as Holman said this, a moment of near consternation in his small audience. I noticed that Bill McNutt, about to press a siphon, remained with finger palsied on the lever; and that Jack Moore, about to strike a match, remained poised, match in the air. "He sold that little mare!" I thought.

Then we saw that Holman, head down, pulling at his bull's ears, was secretly chuckling. He cocked up one eye and said, "Next morning I was down early to the track to see how she was doing with Black Carter.

"It was a fine morning. After a while I saw her come running down the track under her new exercise boy—gee, but she looked fine. She came even with the grand stand, and then she took a long swerve and jumped over the rail!

"They tried her again, and again she jumped the rail. They tried her several times more, and each time she jumped the rail!

"She did the same the next day, and the next day. I bought her back for just one grand!"

The siphon stream hissed to the bottom of the glass, the match was struck. We sat back in our chairs, relaxed and felt we were in a better world.

"I did that quite a few times," Holman went on modestly. "I'd sell her, and she'd go back to her old trick of jumping the rail, and then I'd buy her back. It was a good game. She'd never fail me. Soon as she'd have a new owner, she'd jump the rail again. But me, all I had to say was, in her ear, 'Don't you jump that rail, now, Queerless!' And she'd never jump it.

"Yes, sir. She served me well for years and she was my good pal. She made money for me and she once saved my life. For five years we slept together—those were the good days—I'll never have another like her."

AFTER a while Bill said, "Where is she now?"

Holman raised his head to us and we saw that his old wrinkled face was shining. He swept his arm toward the West in a wide gesture that somehow made us see millions and millions of free square miles. "She's out there," he said, "in the big spaces. In the sage and the grass, no halter on her neck.

"Because it was at Reno, Nevada, I saw that her running days were near over.

"I didn't want it to happen that some day she wouldn't be able to win after I had told her it was the day to win. I didn't want that to happen to her. So I spoke to Tom Johnson, who owns the big ranges in and along the Humboldt. He said, 'Sure,' and about a week later I put her in a box car of a freight, and we rumbled off in the night together.

"When I woke up in the morning, the train was stopped at a siding. I slid the car door open, and there was the desert before us, with the sun just rising over a hill. It was a good place, in the sage. We hopped off, she and I, and I opened a barbed-wire gate and I shooed her through.

"There we were, she and I, on opposite sides of the barbed-wire fence. I pulled her head down over it, and put my mouth to her ear, and I whispered, 'Don't you jump no fence, now, Queerless!'

"And she didn't! When the train started, like freight trains do, with lots of rattlings and shakings, hardly moving at all at first, with me standing there in the middle of the open door of the box car, at first all she did was to sidle a few times—sidle, stop; sidle, stop—to keep even with it. But it got a-going, and she turned and began to walk with her flank along the fence. She walked faster and faster; pretty soon she had to trot. Then she went into a lope, and in a little while she was running at full speed, over there on the other side of the fence, her tail spread out. The train was going faster and faster; she was running faster and faster.

"Then—vvrromp!—the train went into a cut. I often try to think how it must have looked to her. It must have looked to her as if the train had fallen into a big hole, as if the train had just vanished into the earth.

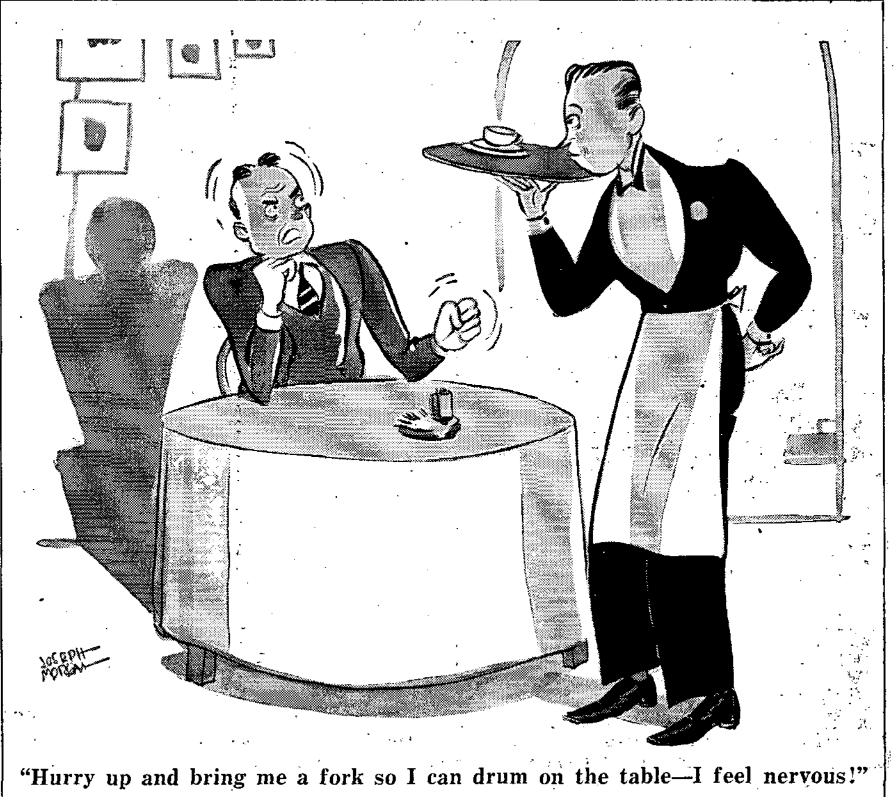
"Well, she's out there now. It's a good place. She's got as much room as on the moon; she can run when she wants to and she can rest when she wants to, she can eat and sleep and wake up when she wants to. She's even got fences she can jump—by this time she has probably forgotten what I whispered in her ear, or she knows I didn't mean it forever.

"There's miles and miles of sage and rock and sand, and there's the flat valley where there is water and there is grass. In the winter, Tom Johnson's boys throw hay out on the snow, and there's shelters for her when it's too cold.

"Yes, I'll bet she is having a grand old time out there, little Queerless. And I, I'm just an old bum, no good at all, bumming around the tracks." . . .

AFTER a while, More said, "She must be worth something even now. Why don't you get a few hundred for her? That would be a start toward that stable! That would be the stake you're always talking about!"

But Holman only bent still lower over his bull pup, and shook his head stubbornly from side to side.



"Hurry up and bring me a fork so I can drum on the table—I feel nervous!"

Joseph Morgan

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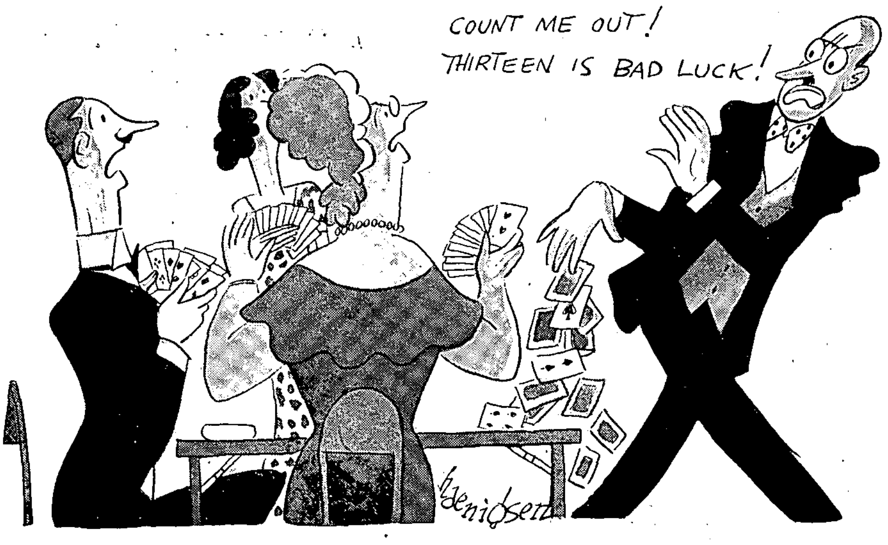

COUNT ME OUT! THIRTEEN IS BAD LUCK!

The superstitious man who was dealt thirteen spades

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 4-2
H. 9-8-4-3-2
D. A-K-J
C. Q-J-10

West
S. 8-3
H. A-Q-6
D. 10-8-5-2
C. 7-5-3-2

East
S. K-5
H. 7-5
D. 9-7-6-4-3
C. 9-8-6-4

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-J-10-9-7-6
H. K-J-10
D. Q
C. A-K

THE above remarkable hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played at a number of tables in a Progressive Duplicate Contract game. It produced some extremely interesting bidding and exemplified the use of a number of bidding systems.

At some tables South, counting his hand (with Spades the trump) as worth six tricks in Spades, one in Hearts, two in Clubs and possibly one more in Hearts and one in Spades, started with a bid of four Spades. In those cases North, understanding the bid to be a preëmptive one, did not advance it.

Some Souths who did not force by a bid of three called three Spades—a more conservative and also more informatory declaration; it guaranteed eight tricks or better. When that happened, the various Norths were divided. Some of them risked a bid of five Spades, in which case South gladly bid six; but more were content to bid only four, figuring that their hands might not produce more than two tricks, and that South might not have more than eight.

The Souths who used two of any suit as a forcing bid started with two Spades, and after North had responded by bidding either Hearts or No Trumps, went to four Spades; and as a rule that ended the contracting. At one table when North bid three No Trumps, South bid five Spades, and then North bid six.

The Souths who used the Official System expertly recognized that they held the type of hand which calls for the artificial two-Club bid; and when it was answered by North with a bid of two No Trumps some extremely sanguine Souths responded with six Spades, feeling sure that, with at least an Ace and a King in the North hand, a small slam would work out. North's two No Trump response might mean the Ace of either Hearts or Diamonds with the King of Spades or Diamonds; or North might hold two Aces with or without further strength. The majority of Souths, however, satisfied themselves with a bid of five Spades (which was bold enough—North might have the Ace-King of Diamonds, in which event ten tricks might be the hand's limit) and North, having better than an Ace and King, bid six.

At Auction Bridge the bidding probably would be: South one Spade, North one No Trump, South two Spades.

The play produced a situation quite a bit out of the usual. West led his fourth best Diamond, and dummy won with the King to secure the lead and continue the Diamonds at tricks 2 and 3, South discarding two Hearts. North then led a Spade and the finesse dropped East's King, allowing Declarer to make his small slam. However, there was one more trick there for the taking.

The lead of the Deuce of Diamonds showed that West had four Diamonds and East five, so there was no risk in leading three rounds of Diamonds; but if instead of discarding two Hearts on the Diamonds, South had discarded his Ace and King of Clubs, dummy would have been left with three good Clubs on which South could have discarded all three of his Hearts. Then the Spade finesse would have enabled Declarer to bag all of the thirteen tricks. Of course this play was open to the danger that one of the adversaries had only two Clubs and would ruff the third round; in which case Declarer would have been set instead of making even his small slam. But West had shown only four Diamonds and probably had a more or less evenly divided hand, almost certainly containing three Clubs. West could not have had five Clubs or he would have opened that suit rather than start with Ten-high Diamonds; so there was but little danger of a ruff by either East or West.

As the hand was played at most of the tables, Declarer losing one Heart, the Spades had to be divided exactly as they were to produce the small slam; and with the hand played as suggested, the small slam would be produced regardless of the Spade division, provided the third Club was not ruffed. The thirteenth trick would have depended upon the capture of the King of Spades.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

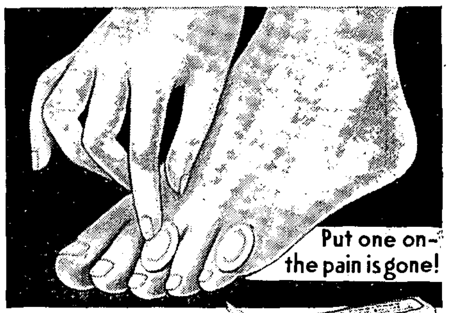
North
S. 7-4-3
H. 5-4-2
D. J-10-7
C. A-J-9-8

East
S. 6-5-2
H. 7-6-3
D. Q-9-8-5-4-3
C. 6

West
S. A-Q-J
H. A-K-J-8
D. K-6
C. 10-4-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. K-10-9-8
H. Q-10-9
D. A-2
C. K-Q-7-5

CORNS



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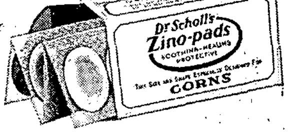

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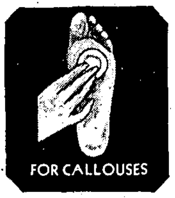

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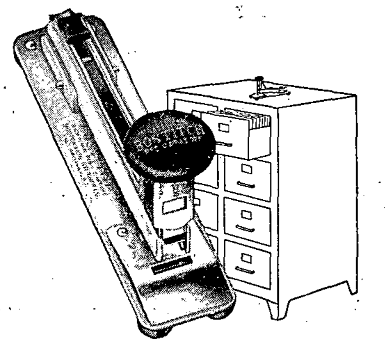

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Wort Money

Continued from page 12

One small brewer told me, "They stung me for $4,000 last year, one gang. When I asked them for the money they asked me if I wanted a ride. So I shut up."

Here's a batch of facts I picked up from this odd "wort world" in Detroit: Some of the breweries own several sedan tank cars and deliver wort for themselves. Several breweries obtain customers among the wort runners by presenting to each runner a "wort-car certificate" from the state license bureau. This costs $25. Every car carrying wort, either in a tank or in ubiquitous five-gallon, tapering-top, tin wort-cans which one sees in stores all about the town, must carry this $25 license. Wort sells at the breweries for from ten to thirteen cents a gallon. The customer pays from fifteen to twenty cents and the five-cents-a-gallon tax. Groups of families living in an apartment house will frequently chip in, buy several five-gallon cans of wort at a brewery and pay some expert to convert it into beer.

Five-gallon cans last about five fillings; they rust out, from dampness, at the bottom. The state tax stamp, costing twenty-five cents for a five-gallon can of wort, must be pasted over the cork that fills the opening. Up to now it has been difficult to find a paste that would stick equally well to tin containing hot wort and to dry, damp-resisting cork.

Detroit wort is being sold in considerable quantities across the river in Canada; it makes good beer, easily and cheaply.

After six weeks of malt-tax enforcement, the state found malt-tax stamps were being counterfeited in small quantities. State malt-tax officers do not work with state prohibition officials. They are quartered in different buildings at the state capitol. State prohibition officials, lying in wait outside brewery gates, might trace the wort cars we saw to their customers. Maybe they do. I couldn't find out, during a short visit, whether they did. When they do they help to cut down the revenue of the state.

The "wort-car" man didn't seem to be greatly worried about state men. State malt-tax inspectors are not stationed permanently at each brewery. They merely move about in pairs from place to place. Most of their work is done from four in the afternoon until five in the morning.

The business depression has hurt the brewery wort business. "We sold three times as much wort back in 1924 as we do now," one brewer told me. Wort has been made and sold in Detroit ever since prohibition went into effect.

How can Detroit breweries legally make and sell wort, while breweries in hundreds of other cities cannot do so?

Not Committed

"When a brewery asks for a cereal beverage permit," Dr. James M. Doran of the Federal prohibition permit department tells me, "we must grant it, if it is asked in good faith. The purpose of such permits is to allow the manufacture of near beer, which is entirely legal. It is stipulated in effect in a cereal beverage permit that the brewer shall not stop his brewing process at the wort stage and sell the wort. If he violates this stipulation, he loses his permit. He must proceed to ferment the wort and then remove the alcohol from it before he sells it as near beer.

"For some reason or other the Detroit breweries have not asked for cereal beverage permits. That makes it possible, I suppose, under Federal laws, for them to make wort because, having no cereal beverage license, they have accepted no stipulation from the Federal government that they shall not make wort. This wort situation is rather peculiar to Michigan. I can't find in my records any trace of a cereal beverage permit granted to any Detroit brewery. They're out of our jurisdiction, as far as I can see, unless they are caught making real beer for sale as such."

Their Thoughts Are Pure

I talked to Federal Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock about the Michigan puzzle:

"It's all a question of what each buyer *intends* to do with his wort," Mr. Woodcock replied. "And the Prohibition Bureau, in order to convict him, must prove before a jury, in his own home community, his intent to violate the Federal Prohibition Act by the purchase or possession of wort. It's an extremely difficult thing to do in a court these days. You may possibly win *one* case under peculiarly favorable circumstances, but that will not cover all wort cases and establish a general principle that will apply to the general manufacture and sale of wort. The intent must always be proven and we can't make a case against a brewery or against any other dealer in wort unless we can show that the positive *intent* of the dealer is to violate the prohibition law."

Chicago breweries, New York breweries and breweries in many other cities have made beer, under cereal beverage permits—and have sometimes gotten into trouble. Their representatives have gun fights in order to capture the trade of speakeasies.

There are no brewery gun fights in Detroit. In the first place there are twenty-two breweries, as we have seen. That's too many for fighting with one another. In the second place, they don't make or sell beer. How many thousands of little "alley brewers" there are no one knows. There are so many of them that gunfire is not an effective implement of business competition among them for the beer trade.

In the state of Michigan, at this writing, in late September, there are thirty-four licensed manufacturers of wort and malt syrup, who pay $250 a year for the license.

There are 152 licensed distributors, at $100 a year each, 2,665 retailers at $25 a year each, and over 500 vehicles licensed to transport wort and malt syrup at $25 a year each.

Within the first three months the state had taken in over $318,000 for licenses and tax stamps. Under the law, all the income from the malt tax goes in part to aid the eighty-three counties of the state in the care of tuberculosis victims; the average cost per patient is about $3 a day. A tuberculosis sanitarium to cost $1,250,000 is to be built with malt-tax money.

However, the question of *how* this money is spent appears to an observer in Michigan as of secondary importance. Nor does the question of how much money is thus collected seem to be of prime importance.

The outstanding fact is that the state of Michigan, through its legislators, decided to turn into its state treasury money from the rich bootleg industry. Because it was a tax on bootlegging the governor vetoed the law. It was repassed last spring over his head.

It is the first state in the Union successfully to tax bootleggers.

Other states have taxed malt syrup, which is used by bakers but may also be used for making beer.

But Michigan, openly and unashamedly, with no hypocrisy, goes straight to the brewery and takes a tax from men who are most assuredly in the business of helping to supply the public with alcoholic drinks.

A Step—Toward What?

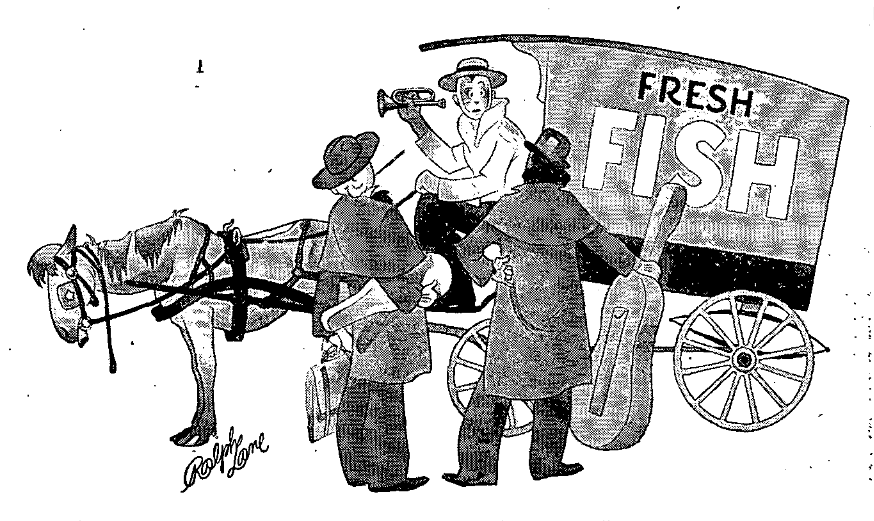
Michigan, by taking a tax at the brewery, is the first state in the Union to face the facts and to begin to knock the hooey out of prohibition as it is now operated throughout the United States.

She's leading toward—what? Figure it out for yourself. At any rate, it's toward some new position in our fight against prohibition hypocrisy.

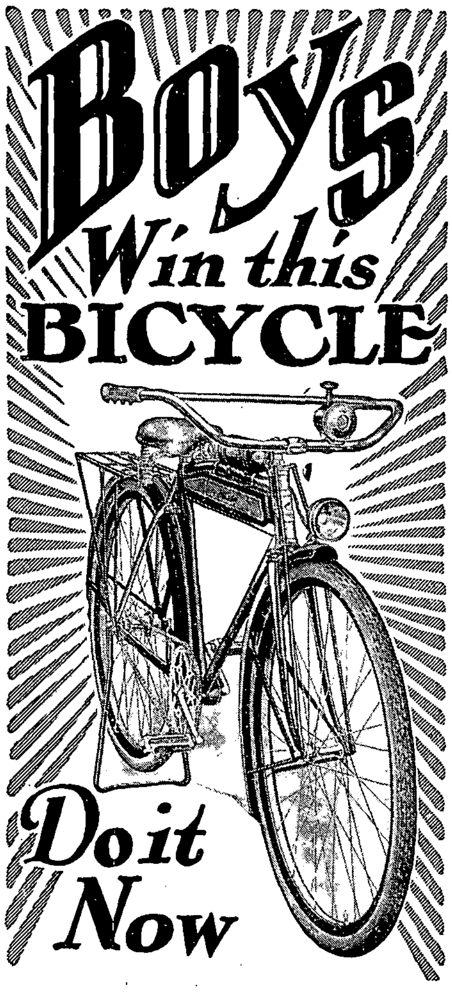
Bills to tax wort and malt syrup were introduced in the legislatures of sixteen states this year.

The bills were *not* introduced by bootleggers, of course; nor by makers of malt syrup; nor by brewers who make wort. No business interests of any sort were behind them. The authors of these bills in sixteen various states were legislators who argued that it was about time their states began to take taxes from the underground alcohol industry.

In fifteen states the bills did not pass. The Michigan bill went through.



"Could we see your union card?" *Ralph Lane*



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Silent Weapons

Continued from page 21

which my lady tugged firmly, whereat Miss Janet started and slipped two fingers into reticule as, high above them, a bell jangled harshly.

"I'm going up wi' ye, Charmian!"

"Certainly, dear. Though, of course, I must see him alone."

"Alone? But—"

"Hush!"

Heavy boots upon the stair in clattering descent and four very observant feminine eyes beheld a small, grim, fiercely-mustachioed man at sight of whom Miss Janet's hand vanished and to whom Charmian addressed herself in fluent French.

"Don't talk it, lady!" said he, with weary gesture. "You don't 'ave to. Me name's Bob Medders and I'm as Henglish as you be, I am—so don't!"

"Oh!" said Charmian with look and tone of sudden friendliness. "Well, Mr. Meadows, I wish to see a Mr. Willoughby-Gafton—"

"Can't be, ma'm! Me master's out and won't be 'ome till Lord knows when."

"Ah!" murmured Charmian and thrust a coin into his unready hand.

"Eh, ma'm?" he inquired, staring from the money to her bewitching face just now smiling on him very kindly. "Wot's this 'ere for, lady?"

"I WISH to speak with Mr. Willoughby-Gafton . . . please . . . at once!"

"Why then, ma'm, all the gold in the mint ain't no good—for ye see I'm tellin' ye gospel-true . . . me master's out."

Charmian's vivid lips pouted ruefully and her deep eyes held the little man with a look kinder than ever.

"I wonder if you would permit us to see his apartments?" she murmured. "Just a peep!"

Bob Meadows fumbled with his fierce mustache undecidedly, then his grim features softened and, touching finger to shaggy eyebrow, he led the way upstairs.

" 'Taint wot you might call a pallis, ma'm," said he, opening the inner door, "no, it hain't no marble 'all, and yet to-day it don't seem so bad, somehow!" For Charmian had entered, filling that dingy room with her vivid, radiant presence.

"Not many books!" said she, glancing round about.

"And them only French!" quoth Bob. "But why books, ma'm?"

"To be sure! I am used to seeing books—a great many!" she answered, her eyes suddenly wistful and tender. . . . So you are an Englishman, Mr. Meadows?"

"Born in Sussex, I were, lady . . . but . . . I went to London and . . . ah, well, there be no place like Sussex!"

"I live there, too, in the summer."

"Do ye, lady, do ye now! Lord, wot wouldn't I give—if I 'ad it—for a sniff o' the air and a glimp o' the Downs 'long over Westdean way! . . . But Sussex ain't for me—never no more!" Now at this moment a door in remote corner opened and a little elfin face peeped in at them shyly, at sight of which Bob's naturally harsh features were transfigured by look of such doting love that my lady, acting on swift impulse, reached out her hand to the child:

"Come hither, little one!" said she, whereat the child, timid no longer, fled to her and cuddled down at her knee.

"Love me eyes!" exclaimed Bob. "Wot, lady, and was it you as comforted of her down in the yard, was it you, ma'm?"

"Yes," answered my lady, soothing the child's dark curls, "is she yours?"

"Well, ma'm, y'see her pore ma died and she ain't got no pa so—I've took her over, as y'might say."

"What is her name?"

"Well, ma'm, bein' only French, it's Nanette, but I calls her Nan. I'm a-teaching of her to talk proper English and an uncommon rapid larner she be."

"A sweet, lovable little soul, Mr. Meadows! But she needs pure air and sunshine."

"Don't I know it, ma'm!" cried he, bitterly.

"Well, why don't you take her away into the country?"

"Lord love you, lady—'ow can I? Ain't I a slave and worse, and never no money—"

"Then why not earn money and be free? Why not earn enough to take her back with you to England—and Sussex?"

"Because this here ain't no age of miracles, ma'm!"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said my lady placidly and still smoothing little Nanette's glossy hair. "Miracles happen every day only we don't recognize them as such. This miracle is that you may help me and be paid a great deal of money."

"Oh, ma'm? 'Ow much?"

"Two thousand louis!"

"Two thou—but, lady . . . oh, lady, wot for . . . I asks ye?"

"For kidnapping a friend of mine."

"Eh . . . wot man . . . kidnapping. . . ! But why pick me for sich a job?"

"You look capable, and I saw you with two men in the courtyard who also looked—capable."

"And you want us to . . . kidnap . . . a friend o' yourn?"

"Yes, a . . . much loved friend. You would take him out of Paris and keep him away for . . . three days. Ah, but—you would have to be very gentle kidnappers, wherever you take him he must find every comfort—if he were so much as bruised you would not have a franc—a centime."

"Sacred name! 'Tis a fortin' you offers, lady—if so be you ain't flamming—"

"Could you contrive it, Mr. Meadows?" she inquired in the same placid tone.

"Lord, yes, my lady, the kidnappin's easy enough, I knows two coves as would be main glad o' the—"

"You would need at least four men."

"Why so, lady?"

"Because my friend is so very strong, so very brave and resolute."

"WELL, I could get four—old pals as I can trust . . . if you ain't flammin' me . . . a joke lady or—a trap?"

"Neither, Mr. Meadows, I'm desperately serious and to prove my good faith, come with me and I will give you five hundred louis as a pledge."

"Well—dash me eyes, lady—axing your pardon, ma'm, but this is a reg'lar go, this is—ah, rum ain't no word for it! But—always s'posin' as you ain't flammin'—where is this gentleman and 'ow am I to know same?"

From the laces at her bosom my lady drew a miniature and gave it into Bob's hand.

"There he is, Mr. Meadows! He is tall and even stronger than he looks, so you will need to take him unawares . . . and be very, very careful, for if you hurt him—"

"Lady, 'e shall be handled gentle as any tender babe, I give ye my word and Bible oath on that! And now if you'll kindly wait while I gives me face a sloosh—"

(Continued on page 56)

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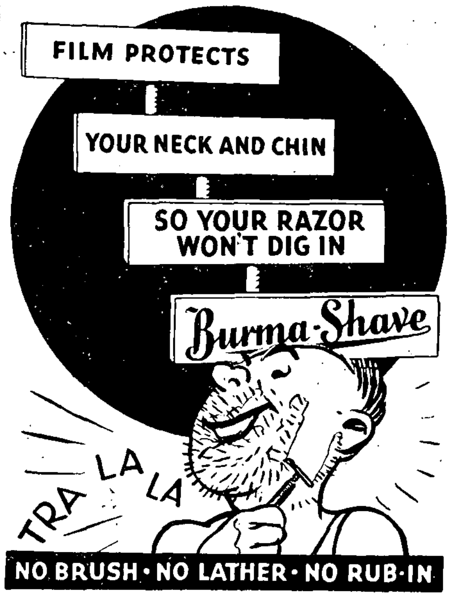
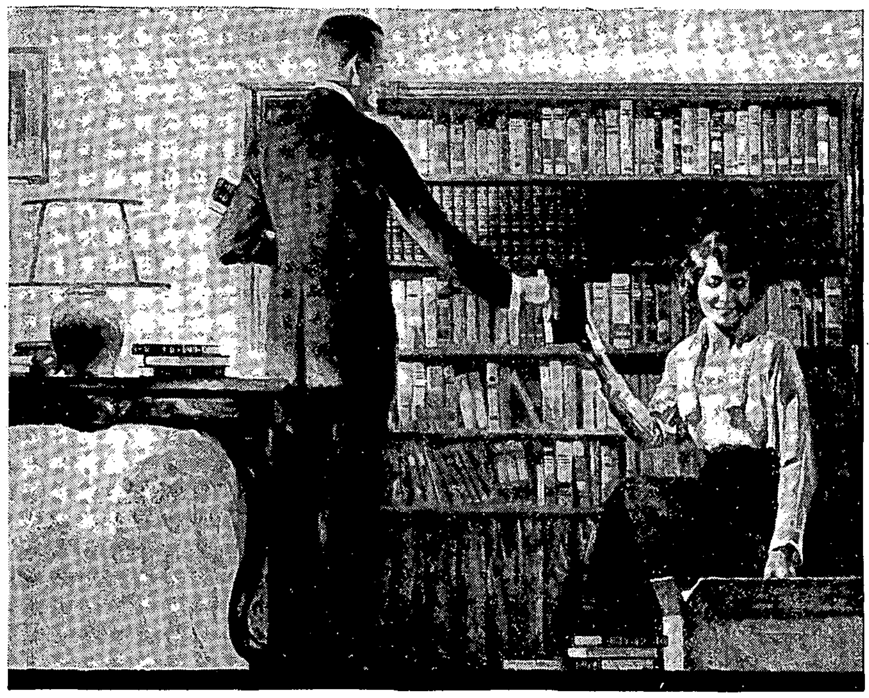


NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN



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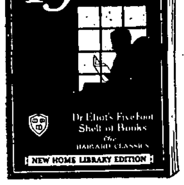


(Continued from page 55)

"Oh, Charmian! Oh, my dear!" whispered Miss Janet in shaken voice, so soon as they were alone, "oh, but 'tis an awfu' despret thing ye do—a wild, wild scheme!"

"Yes!" sighed Charmian, her dimpled chin rather more prominent than usual, "but desperate ills need desperate remedies . . . also, Janet, I believe in God!"

ALONG far-flung highways bordered by illimitable trees, whirling through sleepy hamlets, clattering through the narrow streets of pleasant towns, rumbling over bridges, splashing through glimmering fords, a swaying, fast-traveling chaise bore Sir Peter Vibart on his hazardous venture.

Night was falling when he passed the barriers and nine o'clock striking as his chaise clattered into the courtyard of the inn of the *Soleil d'Or*, whereat was instant excited bustle and confusion; amid which hubbub two feminine heads out-thrust from window above and, wholly unnoticed, watched Sir Peter step forth of the dusty vehicle to be ushered indoors with many bows and much flourishing of arms.

"The dear love!" murmured Charmian. "How splendidly English he looks! How masterful! How engagingly sinister! To think I must so mortify his dignity, or risk a hair of that loved, majestic head! And yet, Janet, if he be bruised indeed, as I fear he must, or . . . or even break a bone—which kind Heaven forbid—yet better that than suffer him to get himself shot! So creep away, Janet dear, go and warn the Meadows man—"

"Ah, must I, Charmian?"

"Instantly! Go—ah, go before I grow foolish and weaken!"

Meanwhile Sir Peter, having followed a deferential person upstairs to a certain door, dismissed him with a gesture and, opening the door, beheld his son who, dropping the book he had been endeavoring to read, leapt from his chair and advanced in eager welcome:

"Father!" he cried. "Sir?" then paused, for Sir Peter's face showed pale and stern and his tall, lithe form seemed unapproachably stately.

"So," said Sir Peter, laying aside hat and gloves, "you are become quite a man of the world, Richard!"

Now, seeing the boy's shaken look, the quiver of his sensitive mouth, the slow, painful flush that swept from chin to brow, Sir Peter's severity relaxed and, stepping forward, he laid both hands on Richard's drooping shoulders and gave him a little affectionate shake more eloquent than any words; and, looking into his father's eyes, Richard smiled, though somewhat uncertainly, and spoke from his very heart:

"Sir . . . oh, Father, it's good . . . I'm glad to see you again. Are you here because . . . have you come to . . . second me—?"

"No, Richard, no—to inquire into this unfortunate business and settle it—one way or another. Where is Mr. Chantrey, by the way?"

"He went to bed, sir, with a headache. But, sir, pray how do you propose to . . . to settle it—this affair?"

"First be seated, Richard, and tell me all—or as much as you will."

"That will be all, sir. But first, have you dined?"

"No, indeed I'm not hungry—" But heedless of all protestations, Richard rang bells and so bestirred himself and others that his father was very soon seated before a very tempting meal. And now while Sir Peter ate and drank, his son, attending on him with filial solicitude, told his tale:

"I had remarked Mr. Willoughby-Gafton frequently as I rode in the Bois. He was splendidly mounted, and at last we spoke, struck up an acquaintance. He seemed a very fine, dashing fellow, knew a great many people and was a member of several famous clubs. He introduced me to one or two where I . . . I gambled, sir."

"As you informed me in your letters, Rick."

"Yes, Father. But each night the stakes grew higher and—I lost."

"To him, of course!"

"Yes, sir, and to his friend the Vicomte de Villebois, principally—"

"Yet it was not a vulgar quarrel over money, Richard?"

"No, sir, the cause was my—mother."

"Good gad!" murmured Sir Peter, laying down his knife and fork. "The scoundrel!"

"No, Father—it . . . it was not so much what he said but his manner . . . and in a gambling hell!"

"What were his words?"

"He congratulated me on possessing *for mother a paragon of beauty and . . .* chastity."

Sir Peter pushed away his plate and nodded gently.

"Well, Richard?" he inquired.

"He said, sir, that he had the felicity of her acquaintance upon a time."

"Anything more, Richard?"

"He said that . . . he and the bewitching Charmian Sofia Sefton of Cambourne had . . . had paddled together in the same brook."

"Yes, I believe they were children together. . . . And what then, Richard?"

"Why then, Father . . . I hit him."

"Indeed, Rick?"

"Yes, Father, it . . . was something in his smile, his look, his tone . . . impossible to describe—however, I struck his smiling mouth . . . on impulse, sir."

"Hum!" murmured Sir Peter, but his eyes held such a look that young Richard caught his breath, and then was upon his feet for—his stately father was actually bowing to him and speaking in the same affectionate murmur, "Under which circumstances, Rick, I almost think my impulse would have been the same."

"Then, sir, you . . . you find no fault—"

"None, my dear Richard—ah—except those gaming hells! Once, yes—twice, perhaps—but thrice was merest folly! And yet I suppose a boy of nineteen—even your mother's and mine—must play the fool like the ordinary boys of other folks, though not so often, I trust—eh, Rick? And now I'll trouble you for Mr. Willoughy-Gafton's address."

"SIR, pray . . . pray what do you intend?"

"Well, I shall—reason with him."

"But how, sir, how can you ever induce him to forgive that blow of *mine*?"

"By administering one of my own—if necessary."

"Ah, great God! Then you do . . . it is your intention to save me by forcing him to . . . fight you, sir?"

"Always supposing there is no other way, Richard."

"Then, Father, I beg you, I entreat you to suffer me . . . for my own sake, Father—for yours, for my dear mother's—sir, I do implore you—!" Thus young Richard, his shaking hands outstretched, all passionate supplication from head to heel.

Sir Peter rose and taking those quivering hands in his own firm clasp, smiled and shook his head:

"Impossible!" he answered. "You see, my mind is quite made up. And now, Richard, favor me with Mr. Gafton's address and pray ring for a hackney-coach, a *fiacre* or anything on wheels."

"May I go with you, Father?"

"Thank you, Rick, but this is an occasion when I had rather be alone."

"Then, sir, should it . . . come to a duel, may I have the . . . the honor of seconding you? Please, Father!"

"Gad, Richard, not for worlds! No, the Beverleys are in Paris—Sir Peregrine will act for me, I'm sure—always supposing—hum! My hat and whip, pray . . . If the coach is not here I'll find one or walk." But at this moment came a waiter to say the carriage was below.

"I . . . I'll stay up until you return, Father."

"No, no, Richard. I have other calls to make and shall be late. Very well, Rick. . . . But you're forgetting my whip!"

BOB MEADOWS, clattering down the dingy stone stair, perceived by the aid of dim, uncertain light a tall, rather formidable, very autocratic gentleman who, surveying him with dark, piercing eyes, demanded instant speech with Mr. Henry Willoughby-Gafton.

"Wot name, sir?"

"No matter—show me up."

"The master's engaged, sir—comp'ny, sir."

"No matter—I'll go up." And the gentleman set polished riding-boot on the lower stair, whereat Bob made as if to oppose his further progress but, meeting these keen eyes, thought better of it and led the way up forthwith and, halting at last, rapped on and opened a dingy, time-scarred door:

"Your honor," said he, "gen'leman to see ye!"

But even as he spoke a masterful hand set him aside and the gentleman in question stood upon the threshold. Now the room was well lighted and thus Bob was enabled to see this gentleman's face very distinctly, beholding which, he started, pursed his lips as if about to whistle but, instead of so doing, turned suddenly and sped away down the stair and for once, it was to be noted, his heavy boots clattered not at all.

Mr. Willoughby-Gafton was drinking wine in company with Colonel Santerre and the debonair Vicomte de Villebois but, beholding his visitor, he rose and bowed:

"You desire to see me, sir?" he inquired in French. "I am Henry Willoughby-Gafton."

Sir Peter stepped into the room, closing the door behind him.

"Sir," said he, "my name is Vibart."

Mr. Gafton's eyes narrowed suddenly, his brows twitched. Then he smiled and bowed more profoundly than before.

"I am honored!" said he. "You are perhaps Sir Peter Vibart, related to young Mr. Richard—yes?"

"His father, sir."

"Ah—permit me! Messieurs," said he addressing his companions, "I am charmed to present Sir Peter Vibart, baronet, sire to Monsieur Richard Vibart whom you know."

Hereupon vicomte and colonel rose to bow very ceremoniously.

"I am here, sir," said Sir Peter, returning their salutations a little stiffly, "to ask on what conditions you will forego your meeting with my son—having regard to his impetuous youth?"

"Alas!" sighed Mr. Gafton, shaking his head affectedly, "under no conditions, I fear."

"Sir, my son was just nineteen years old last month!"

"And a remarkably fine fellow for his age, Sir Peter."

"And, seeing he is indeed so very young, I come on his behalf to proffer such reparation as I may."

"Pray, sir, what do you mean by 'reparation'?"

"That is for you to define, sir."

"But, my dear Sir Peter, at your son's age I had 'been out' twice, I assure you."

"Possibly, sir. But then Richard is—my son!"

"Oh, perfectly!" nodded Mr. Gafton. "Yet your son was old enough to . . . strike me! And, sir, no one may so affront me with impunity."

"Not even a boy?"

"No one alive, Sir Peter—no, not even—your son! Two days hence I must shoot him—oh, without fail, regrettable, but—my honor demands it."

"That," said Sir Peter, his lip curling, "that will be quite impossible."

"Sir, you amaze me! Why 'impossible,' pray?"

"Because I shall not permit him to meet you."

"Death of my life!" exclaimed Mr. Gafton and, turning to his friends, he imparted to them this astonishing fact in rapid French.

"Ten thousand thunders!" quoth the colonel, with restrained ferocity.

"Oh, but it is incredible!" cried the vicomte. "No man of honor dare refuse a challenge. *Ohé*, the so grave English gentleman makes you the joke, Henri, and I see it, and I laugh"—and the vicomte laughed forthwith very youthfully while Sir Peter surveyed them all three with an austere curiosity.

Mr. Gafton emptied his glass thirstily and refilled slowly.

"You think our gentleman is joking, Victor," said he, "but no, I assure you, he is merely English and therefore of an arrogance." Here he emptied his glass again and turned smiling to his silent visitor: "Sir Peter," he laughed, "let us suppose the impossible, let us imagine that I forget this outrageous affront and forego calling your so cherished offspring to account—how then?"

"You will have his parents' gratitude, sir."

"But the gratitude of parents does not interest me in the very least, Sir Peter."

"Then anything else—in reason!"

"Unfortunately, my dear Sir Peter, I was never reasonable."

"Mr. Gafton, you being a duelist so expert and infallible, you might reasonably forego the shooting of an inexperienced boy since none would dare question your motive."

"Perfectly!" murmured Mr. Gafton. "And yet, having regard to that blow . . . alas, sir, I fear the shooting must be! . . . And yet again . . . perhaps . . . I might be dissuaded, or shall we say—persuaded to . . . spare your idolized son."

"Pray be more explicit, sir."

"Well—there is his . . . mother."

"Sir?"

"She might succeed where you fail."

"Indeed, Mr. Gafton?"

"A mother's eloquence, my dear Sir Peter! Indeed I almost think I might be persuaded if she came pleading his cause . . . yes, she might perhaps win me to . . . reconsider the matter—"

"Lady Vibart is in England, sir."

"Well, she might be here in time, Sir Peter—yes, I would even defer the encounter to suit her convenience."

SIR PETER'S right hand clenched, a white yet very solid-looking fist; but his look and tone were serenely impassive as ever when he answered:

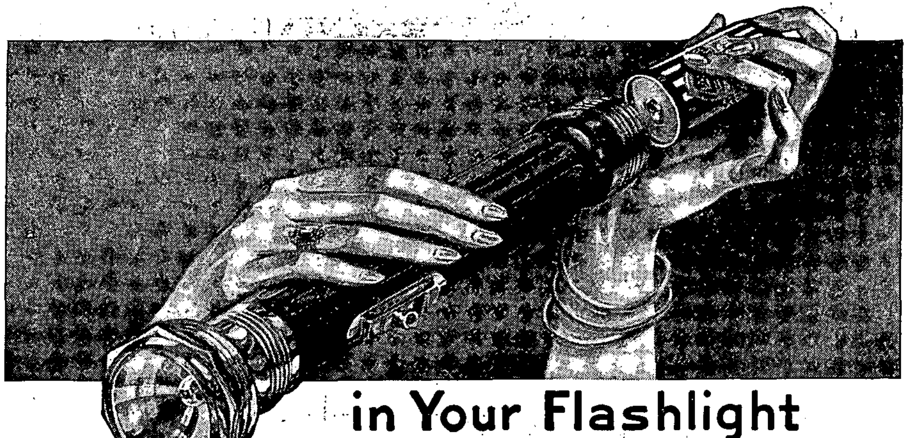
"Sir, such consideration touches me very sensibly!"

Mr. Gafton brimmed his glass, viewing the wine with eyes strangely bright and avid, also his cheeks showed unwontedly flushed and a faint tremor seemed to pass over him; then he smiled and bowed:

"Consideration?" he repeated. "Ah, but certainly—are we not all slaves to beauty? And beauty such as hers might win a man to—anything! . . . And Charmian, Lady Vibart as a suppliant would be—"

Sir Peter, eyes flaming, leaped forward—and struck!

(To be continued next week)



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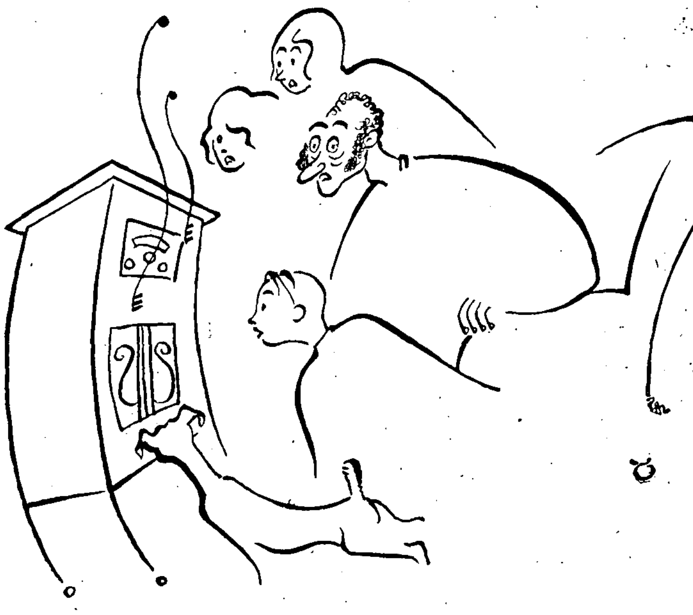

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Moaning Low

ANYONE who sells a bear on the United States will go broke," was the elder J. P. Morgan's expression of faith in the future. Selling short or "selling a bear" is the speculator's way of saying that things will be worse, or cheaper. It is the pessimist's attitude. Nobody ever got far in this country by pursuing pessimism. America was, is and will continue to be the land of opportunity for the industrious and capable.

Yet when times are bad we incline to pessimism. We have been disappointed and hurt. So we profess to believe that things will always be bad and uncertain. Our greatest obstacle today is our own thinking or feeling or whatever it is that inspires our speech.

Moaning low has its merit as entertainment for those who like that kind of thing but it is a poor substitute for straight thinking. Just now we can profitably employ a lot more thought and a great deal less moaning.

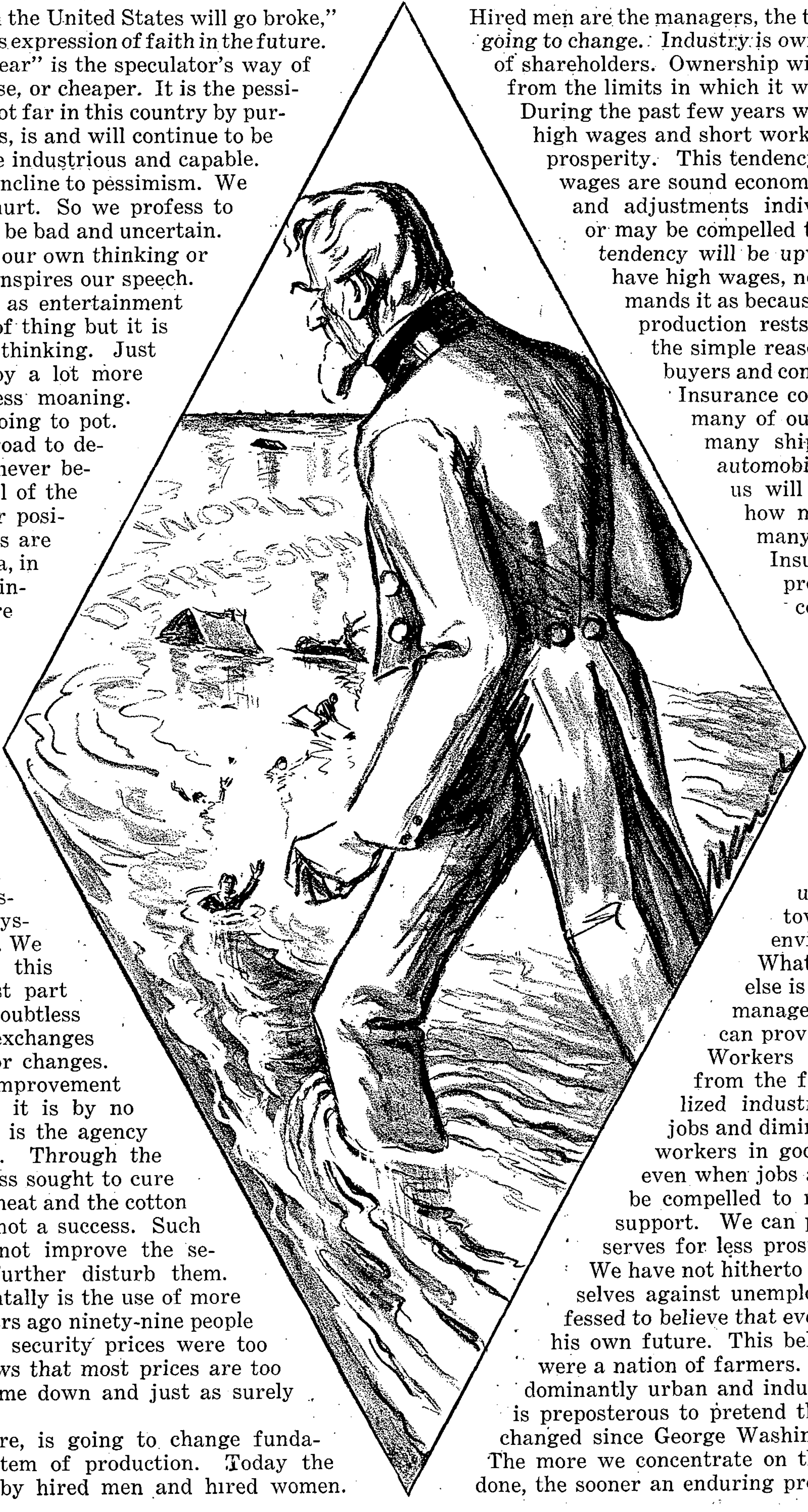
The United States is not going to pot. Nor is the world on the highroad to destruction. On the contrary, never before have this country and all of the other nations been in a better position to move forward. Forces are at work here, in South America, in Europe and in Asia which inevitably are making for more and better prosperity, for a greater production of desirable things and for a wider distribution of them.

We can hasten the day of recovery by the use of character and intelligence. Hysteria and its confusions serve only to postpone needlessly the inevitable return of prosperity.

When Congress and the legislatures meet much of this hysterical emotion will find voice. We shall have investigations of this and that which for the most part will be useless. We shall doubtless have inquiries into the stock exchanges and numerous suggestions for changes.

There is room enough for improvement in the security markets but it is by no means certain that Congress is the agency to accomplish these reforms. Through the Federal Farm Board, Congress sought to cure the evils which afflicted the wheat and the cotton trade. The experiment was not a success. Such clumsy intervention would not improve the security markets; it might further disturb them.

What we require fundamentally is the use of more foresight. Two and a half years ago ninety-nine people out of a hundred knew that security prices were too high. Today everybody knows that most prices are too low. What was too high came down and just as surely what is too low will go up.



Nothing, here or elsewhere, is going to change fundamentally our prevailing system of production. Today the work of the world is done by hired men and hired women. Hired men are the managers, the thinkers, the doers. That isn't going to change. Industry is owned by an ever-widening circle of shareholders. Ownership will tend to spread even farther from the limits in which it was once concentrated.

During the past few years we learned as never before that high wages and short working hours were basic to great prosperity. This tendency isn't going to change. High wages are sound economics. Whatever the reductions and adjustments individual businesses may make or may be compelled to make temporarily, the long tendency will be upward. Workers are going to have high wages, not so much because justice demands it as because business must have it. Mass production rests on a high-wage system for the simple reason that wage earners must be buyers and consumers if business is to be big.

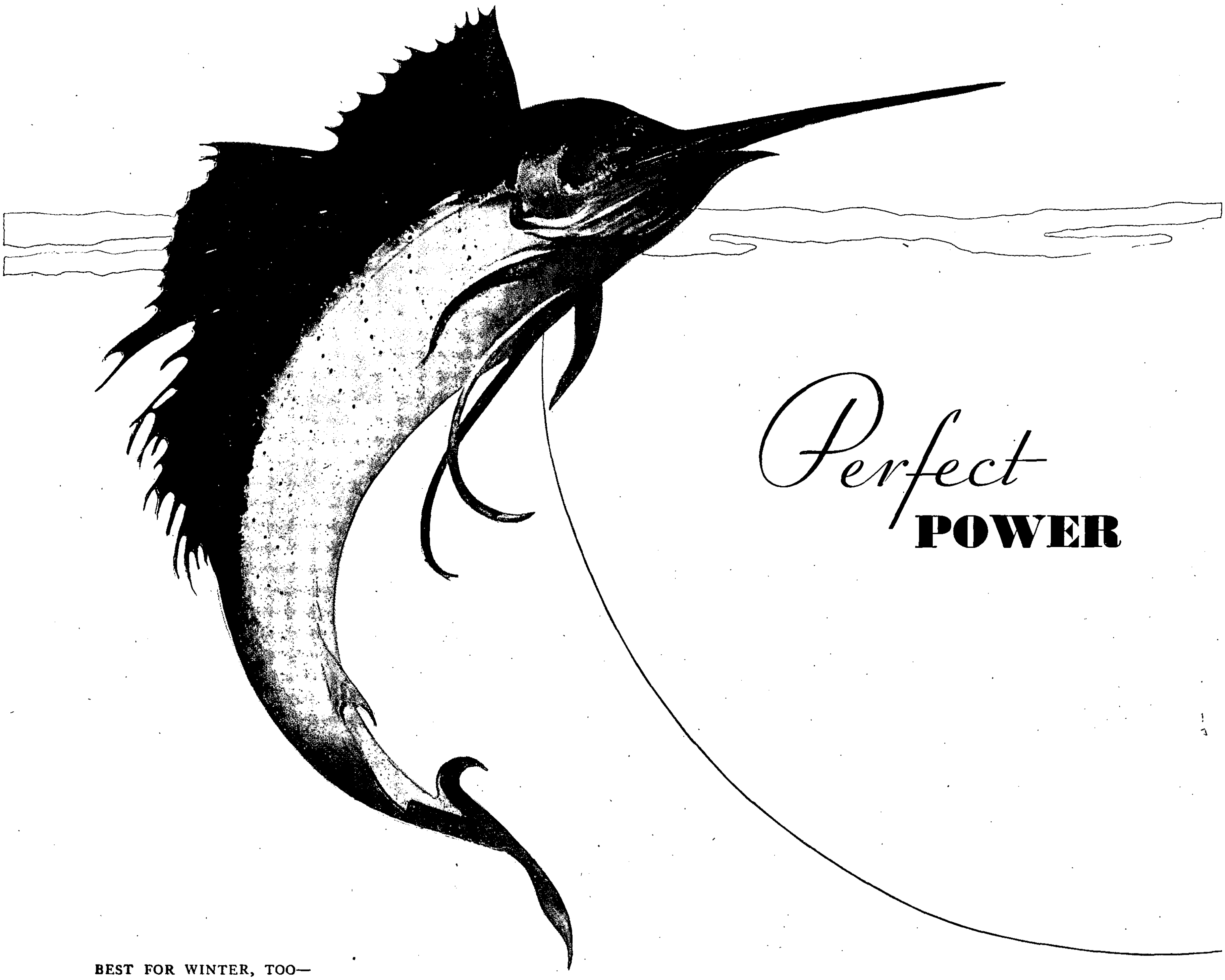
Insurance companies know in general how many of our houses will be burned, how many ships will be sunk, how many automobiles will be stolen, how many of us will break our legs in bathtubs, how many of us will be sick, how many will die within a given period. Insurance rates are built on these predictions. Insurance companies conserve their resources for the purpose of meeting these expected emergencies.

Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, proposed the use of the same quality of calculating intelligence in the management of our great industries. Whether Mr. Swope's precise proposals are adopted or rejected, unquestionably we are moving toward the kind of management envisaged in his plan.

What we need more than anything else is to bring security to industrial management. Only stable industry can provide full employment.

Workers of all classes must be freed from the fear of unemployment. Stabilized industry will provide more steady jobs and diminish the fear which hangs over workers in good times and bad. Moreover, even when jobs are lacking, workers must not be compelled to rely upon private charity for support. We can produce enough to provide reserves for less prosperous times.

We have not hitherto set up reserves to protect ourselves against unemployment because we have professed to believe that every man was able to safeguard his own future. This belief was partly true when we were a nation of farmers. Now that this country is predominantly urban and industrial it is no longer true. It is preposterous to pretend that social conditions have not changed since George Washington was a great gentleman. The more we concentrate on these things which need to be done, the sooner an enduring prosperity will be retrieved.



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ETHYL GASOLINE

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FEATHERY BISCUITS

The "balanced" flour

. . . . . prove that the "balanced" flour is the most economical flour!

The discovery of "balance" in flour is saving American women thousands of dollars! *It enables them to bake without waste!* Read about these amazing baking tests, which give you an idea of how Pillsbury's Best, the "balanced" flour, can reduce your baking costs:

37 bags of Pillsbury's Best were bought from 37 grocers, scattered from Maine to California. They were mailed to the home economics department of one of New York's leading universities. 12 biscuits were baked from each bag. The method and results were closely checked by Good Housekeeping Institute. Every one of the 444 biscuits was perfect—uniform in texture, grain, flavor, and shape!

Then one big bag of Pillsbury's Best was used to make bread, cake, pies, muffins, and shortcake. Every one turned out as perfectly as though Pillsbury's Best had been milled especially for each of these foods!

Think of being able to bake with machine-like regularity, without a single failure to waste your precious shortening, milk, eggs, fuel, etc.! Think of the money you can save if everything you bake turns out perfectly, day after day, month after month! Pillsbury's Best simply can't cause a baking failure, because it is scientifically "balanced"—the most important discovery in half a century of flour milling! Even today some flour is made from *only one* kind of wheat—whatever is produced by a near-by crop. Sometimes it's all right—sometimes it isn't. Not so with Pillsbury's Best. Pillsbury's Best is "balanced". Made of a scientific mixture of many different kinds of wheat, "balanced" according to an exclusive Pillsbury formula. As a result, Pillsbury's Best does better baking, and does it *every time,* saving you time, trouble, and money!

You might think a flour that is "balanced" in this way would cost more than an ordinary "good" flour. It doesn't. You pay the same price for Pillsbury's Best—*but it's worth more,* in cold dollars and cents. Be sure you get it!

Here's the biscuit recipe used in the above tests:

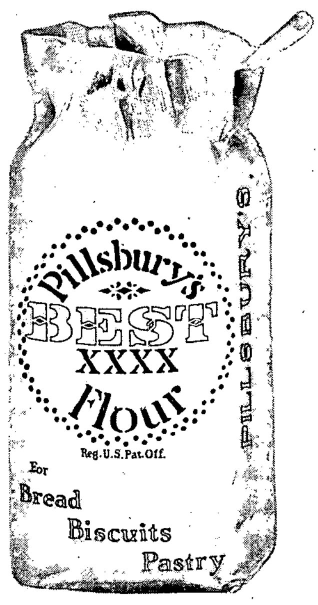
2 Cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
½ Teaspoon Salt
4 Teaspoons Baking Powder
5⅓ Tablespoons Shortening
⅔ Cup Milk

Sift dry ingredients together, and work shortening into mixture with knife. Add milk, stirring constantly with knife. Knead dough on lightly floured board for one minute. Roll to ½ inch thickness and cut out with floured biscuit cutter. Bake for 12 minutes at 425° F.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
General Offices, - - Minneapolis, Minnesota

LISTEN

to the music of the Pillsbury Pageant, each Friday night at 10:00 to 10:30, Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



PILLSBURY'S BEST